

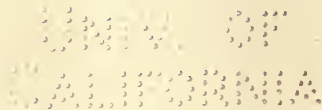
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Boys and Men

A Story of Life at Yale.

BY

RICHARD HOLBROOK



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BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

TO THE
AUTHORS

UNIVERSITY PRESS · JOHN WILSON
AND SON · CAMBRIDGE, U.S. A.

TO
MY MOTHER

282113

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. THE MERRYMAKERS	1
II. THE GOURMETS — ALSO BUDSON	20
III. A RIOT	32
IV. HIGHER THINGS	42
V. TOIL AND POLITICS	51
VI. JACK WRITES A LETTER	57
VII. EXODUS	62
VIII. DESMOND	66
IX. TWO POINTS OF VIEW	74
X. A COWARD'S HONOUR	79
XI. INTO THE WORLD	84
XII. MARGARET GLENN	98
XIII. WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT	106
XIV. THE TEMPLE BAR	114
XV. THE FENCE	120
XVI. TORCH AND COWL	124
XVII. AT TURN OF TIDE	128
XVIII. AFFINITIES	131
XIX. CONFESSIONS	141
XX. JACK'S LIMITATIONS	147
XXI. A TEST	153

CONTENTS

	PAGE
XXII. ON THE VERGE	152
XXIII. A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER	162
XXIV. AFTER THE BATTLE	174
XXV. THE PARTING OF THE WAYS	189
XXVI. THE BAUBLE FAME	212
XXVII. LOVE AND GLOOM	226
XXVIII. ON THE RAILWAY	243
XXIX. WHEN STORMS ARISE	248
XXX. THE POINT OF HONOUR	256
XXXI. REPARATION	274

BOYS AND MEN

BOYS AND MEN

I

THE MERRYMAKERS

“HELLO! Anybody at home? Are you in, Jack?” Billy pushed the door of 162 Farnam as wide open as it would go, and looked in. “What are you doing?”

“Ploughing,” returned Jack, placidly, as he thrust head and shoulders into a yawning trunk. “When did you arrive, William?”

“Oh! lately. Can I come in?”

“You can if you can,” observed Jack. “How is the boy, Billy?”

“Me? Sound, thanks.”

“I am glad to hear it. Climb in and help me. Be useful. Got any conditions?”

“Don’t speak of it. Hang them! Yes, four. Mathematics, mathematics, mathematics, and mathematics!”

Jack grinned. “You’re a proud scholar, Bill, but it’s pleasant to see you with such a summery expression on your young phiz.”

The two boys (or men, as the last-born freshman will call himself) shook hands vigorously, with the

air of renewing an old-time comradeship. William James, a dark-haired, dark-eyed stripling of eighteen, a hand's-breadth under the ordinary height, was one; the other was John Eldredge.

"How do you like my room?" asked Jack, as he resumed his diving into the baggage that lay strewn upon the floor.

"It's pretty high," mused James.

"But the price is n't, and if you insist I'll have an elevator put in for you. Look out of the window! Is n't that nice? Gaze at the churches on the Green, and the City Hall, and the street, and the grass and things, — all for three dollars and fifty cents a week."

As he talked, Eldredge continued to unload his trunk, now spreading some precious garment on the dirty floor, now shying deftly a pair of boots into farther parts. James had discovered a guitar amongst the litter, and was mangling a tune. He sat on the high window-seat with one leg thrown over the other, and his right foot braced against the casing.

"Where's your wife, Jack?"

"Joseph? Oh, I don't know. Nosing around down town, maybe. He saw an antique table this morning, — something with six legs, a sort of centipede in the furniture line. Probably he's trying to buy it in. Joe is no small potatoes as an antiquary, you know. He's a connoisseur."

"A what?"

"A connoisseur."

"Oh, sure. I didn't catch on at first. Joe's guitar was making too much noise. When'll he be back?"

THE MERRYMAKERS

"Most any time. Where are you staying, Bill?"

"At a very good place," responded James. "The landlady is a friend of a chap who had a friend there last year. She says she always tries to make her house seem just like a home. My window looks out on a lumber yard. There's a brass bedstead and a hair-sofa in the bedroom. Mrs. Jones thinks I'll be very cosey."

Eldredge smiled a little and yawned. There was a tap at the door, and a thick voice mumbled something unintelligible. In the doorway stood a short negro with sloping shoulders and arms long as those of his distant cousin in the African woods. On his head, or, rather, over that all but intelligent receptacle, rested a derby so large that it seemed to repose upon his protruding ears. In his buttonhole was fastened a white porcelain disk, on which was inscribed in red letters "One of the 400." The man had appeared so suddenly as to seem like some grotesque apparition. James looked out of the window for an instant. Eldredge said, "What will you have?"

"Ah yo' Mr. El'rdge?" asked the darky, doubtfully.

"Yes," he answered. "Do you want something?"

"Yessir. I fought mebbe you had n't given de job o' keepin' dis room to anybody else, and dat I might as well ask fo' it myself. I done swep' yere goin' on twenty yea's. De las' man I worked fo' wuz Mr. Lee. He done gradyeated."

"How much do you want?" asked Jack.

"I mos' gen'ly gets two dollahs a week. You spect me to shine shoes?"

BOYS AND MEN

"I want you to keep everything clean. What is your name, please?"

"Mistah Jackson." (This in a double bass.)

"Is your first name Andrew?" asked Eldredge, with dignity.

"Yessir," replied the man, somewhat puzzled.

"Very well," said Eldredge, "you might begin by putting away everything that 's on the floor."

"Does all dat belong to you?" asked the darky. Without waiting for a reply, he set slowly about doing as he was bidden. Suddenly he stopped. "Somebody 's callin' me," he said. "Dat sounds like Mr. White." Dropping an armful of apparel, he went to the door and listened.

"Oh, An'rew Jackson!" came a voice from below. "Where you done hide ma duster?" The sight of that implement sticking from Andrew's rear pocket like a misplaced tail was strange enough. Had he unwittingly wagged it, the men might have laughed. For a moment the fellow stood dubiously scratching his woolly head. "I guess I mus' a lef' it down in de secon' entry," said he, and was off without further consideration.

"Useful article," remarked James, chuckling. "Oh! he 's a peach, dyed in the wool."

"Suppose," said Eldredge, "that instead of abusing that guitar you get off that perch and do a little work."

With an animation as great as his sloth, James flopped off the window-seat, and fell to the task with such energy that the disorderly pile had all but disappeared when there came a timid knock at

THE MERRYMAKERS

the open door, and, looking up, the men beheld a new visitor.

Before them stood a personage whose voluminously uncertain figure was clad in a gown of purple calico. With a folded newspaper she fanned her perspiring face, and, having caught her breath, presented herself in these simple terms: "Well, by grashis, 't is very hot to be climbin' three pair o' stairs. 'T is a warrum day to-day."

After a short pause, during which she gazed at the new-comer's things in a friendly way, she wiped the moisture off her forehead and resumed:

"Arr you the gintleman that lives here?" said she to Jack.

"Yes, I live here. Would you like to see me?"

"Well, I guess I do," she went on blandly, "if ye have n't put out yer wash to some other lady." Then, in a tone of commendation, "I washed alriddy four years fer Mr. Eddy."

"Very well; you'll find what there is in the corner. Will you write your name and where you live on this bit of paper?"

"Mamie!" cried the woman. At the summons there sidled into the room a small girl, wagging her head and blushing coyly. She stood gawkishly awaiting further instruction.

"What do you want, mama?" she faltered.

"Put me name on the payper."

"Oh, is that all you want?" said the girl, and, taking from Eldredge the slip of paper, she laboriously scrawled the words "Miss Mamie McCann." Her mother, who had now gathered up her bundle,

BOYS AND MEN

bowed benignantly to each of the men, and floated out. On reaching the hall she turned to say "Good-day;" her offspring blushed once more, and both departed. The pair had not long been gone when there came another visitor. He rapped firmly, like an old acquaintance.

"Come in!" cried Jack, and there entered a youth of about two-and-twenty. His look was infinitely callow, and there was something cheeky in the very hair which curled in golden waves about his temples. Mr. Edwin Budson introduced himself like a long-lost friend. "Delighted to make your acquaintance," said he. "Are you men camped here? I'm right across the hall."

"Are you?" queried James, with a shade of impudence.

"Well, just for the present," he answered, "but I can tell you that I don't intend to stay there forever. Every year a fellow moves into a sweller place. That's done by lot, you know. Mr. Hitchcock 'tends to all that. Have you met him?"

"No. I have only been here a couple of hours, and have n't had time," replied Jack.

"Well, you just want to keep on the soft side of Mr. Hitchcock, you bet! He runs the whole business. By the way, I neglected to ask your names."

"My name is Eldredge," said Jack.

"And mine is James — *W.* James," said Billy, cautiously.

"Well, mine's Budson. You'll find my card tacked on the door. That's the proper caper here. You fellows are chums, are n't you?"

THE MERRYMAKERS

"If you mean that we both inhabit this room," said Billy, "we are not; if you mean that Mr. Eldredge is my friend, he is."

"May I ask which of you lives here?"

"I do," replied Eldredge.

"In that case I judge that *you* don't."

"No, I don't; I live a long way off, but the name of the street has completely slipped out of my mind."

"Perhaps we might strike a bargain then, James."

"How is that, Mr. Budson?"

"Look here," said Budson, "read that;" and he handed James a telegram.

Billy read:

Regret to say have flunked again everything except Roman History. Sorry to have missed you. Have decided to go into business.
H. BOSLEY.

"Too bad, is n't it?" said Budson. "Bos is a good all-around practical man. I've known him for years, and I tell you I am somewhat disappointed. He will be a loss to the University. Well, there's no use in crying over spilt milk, so I suppose I shall have to do the next best thing. How would you like to take Bosley's place, Mr. James? Fine room, you know; looks out on the Campus. You can see everything that goes on, and it's dirt cheap. We can easily fix it up with Hitchcock."

"You'd better take Mr. Budson up on that," remarked Jack, placidly. "Such chances come only once in a long while."

But Billy declared he was sorry — that a previous engagement made it impossible — indeed, he had

BOYS AND MEN

got into the clutches of a landlady, and was n't sure she would let him go even at the end of the year.

"However, I tell you what I'll do, Budson; I ran across a man this morning who would help make a congenial crowd in this entry."

With a reassuring glance in Jack's direction, Billy continued: "I'll just look that fellow up and send him around. He would jump at the chance."

"Thanks, ever so much, old man," said Budson. "Well, good-day, gentlemen. Drop in any time — 161, across the hall — card is on the door."

"Say, Billy," said Eldredge, "you are n't putting up a game at my expense, are you?"

"Of course not, but I know a man that will manage that fellow, — a wild Westerner from Arizona. I took breakfast with him this morning. He is years older than you or I, and looks as if he meant business. You fellows will like him, and he's probably run up against stranger things than Budson."

Suddenly there was a clatter of heavy feet coming up the stairs three steps at a time, a whack on the door, which flew open before any one said, "Come in;" and four Andover boys were shaking hands with Jack and Billy, and offering their congratulations on the appearance of the room, which was declared to be a "daisy." Then they all posted off to a restaurant which one of the crowd believed to be a freshman "joint." The place was already almost full, and everybody seemed to be making acquaintance with every one else, which is a matter of course at Yale during the first days before a man has had a chance to choose his friends. James found his Ari-

THE MERRYMAKERS

zona man somewhere in the crowd, and introduced him all around as "My friend Tarbell." Then Jack spied his room-mate, Joe Glenn, and the whole party sat down at one table. There was a terrific din, but no ladies were present, and the waiters seemed used to it. Occasionally a tureen landed with the soup on the under side, or somebody's chicken changed places with somebody's lobster, but in a scramble like that you swallow what you get, and pay what the waiter puts on your bill.

"Look! There's Budson!" cried James. "Good heavens! I wonder if there is any one that man does n't know! Oh, Budson! I say! Budson! Come over!"

Budson tore himself away with a "Sorry, old man — I've got some friends over yonder. I may be back presently." He had donned a blue sweater and some other warlike togs.

Budson awaited no presentation. He was one of those people who in ten minutes would slap any royal duke upon the back and call him "Old man," or some other endearing name, just to show how much he liked him. However, James said, "Budson, — Mr. Tarbell." Tarbell offered Budson his hand in a very dignified way; Budson shook it eagerly, his eyes sparkling with cordiality.

"Ah, delighted to meet you, Mr. Tarbell! I hear you're from Arizona. Great place, is n't it? I had an uncle out there two years ago, — P. G. Budson. Maybe you know him? He's a bully chap. Owns a mine or so. Well, how do you like this? Great place, is n't it? I tell you, if a man has any stuff in

BOYS AND MEN

him, Yale is the place to bring it out. By the way, Tarbell, my room-mate has gone back on me at the last instant. Too bad! Bosley was an all-around good man. He would have made a great hit here." Budson drew up a chair close to Tarbell, and asked him how he would like Bosley's place. Evidently the Western man felt quite capable of looking out for himself, and, having knocked about town all day with no finds to suit his purse, he informed Budson that he would accept if he could get permission of the Dean. For that night, at all events, he would share the room.

The hubbub that had momentarily succumbed to food now began again. Suddenly a huge fellow stepped on a chair and said, "Gentlemen!" in a deep bass that made every one look his way. "Gentlemen!" said this self-appointed herald, "there is to be a great game this evening, — wrestling and other 'stunts' — the sophomores may 'rush' us, so every man ought to be there."

"That's why I put on this sweater," said Budson.

Presently every one was hurrying into the street, crying, "'95, this way! '95, this way!" As the column marched, others joined. Some had put on canvas jackets; most were hatless, though there fell a drizzling rain. The ranks grew more serried, and, as they neared the scene of combat, they were marching three by three. The big man with the bass voice was leading. In one hand (he had no other) he held a small blue banner with a white '95 upon it. From time to time he would face his advancing host and roar like a bull: "Keep close, '95, — column right,

THE MERRYMAKERS

—this way!” and everybody in the small army shouted “Right!” or “Left!” according to which foot he happened to have foremost. The huge man with the tiny banner walked now backwards, now forwards, and his recruits followed him as spontaneously as sheep follow the biggest ram. Some had reefed their trousers to the very knees, some had donned their football jeans, some wore rubber boots; but they all splashed carelessly through New Haven’s infinitely and ever dirty streets. This Coxe army, this veritable rabble, filed into an open lot in which another crowd had already gathered. A great circle was formed, near the middle of which flamed a small bonfire. Those in the front row squatted or knelt. The sophomores were yelling in chorus, “Oh, Freshmen, bring out your man!”

Presently a senior, who seemed to have been chosen umpire, stepped into the ring. “The first event of the evening,” he announced, with the approved professional drawl, “will be a wrestling match between featherweights. Owing to the weather, the performance will be limited to one bout for each pair. ’94, bring out your man!”

A wiry little fellow came forward and stood waiting in a Napoleonic attitude. The freshman champion did not appear.

“Come!” shouted some facetious sophomore, “there must be lots of featherweights in your class. Trot ’em out!”

Another little man emerged from nowhere in particular; the umpire said, “Time!” and they were at it furiously.

BOYS AND MEN

First they danced about like two gamecocks; then there was a dash, and one seemed to pass right through the other. The upper classmen jeered and the champions rushed again. This time they grappled and went rolling around, until of a sudden the freshman stood on his head and in another second came down flat on his back.

“Featherweight goes to '94,” said the umpire. The sophomores cheered and patted their champion on his sweaty back.

“The next event of the evening,” announced the umpire, “will be middleweight wrestling.”

Again a sophomore strode very promptly into the arena. Some sophomoric joker cried out: “Be easy with him, Jonesy. His bones are young and delicate.”

This time the freshmen delayed; they seemed to have settled on no man. Their adversaries began shouting, “Oh, Freshmen, let's have Edwin Budson! Come, Edwin, brace up, old man!”

“Shall I go?” said Budson to his neighbours.

Before he could master his hesitation some one else stepped forward, and the tussle began. The wrestlers sprang at each other — slapped each other's ribs in the effort to get a hold — dodged — grappled — broke away — but, all at once, the freshman caught his opponent fairly about the thighs, bringing him down with a crash, and pressing his shoulders and hips tightly to the earth.

“The second event goes to '95,” said the umpire.

The sophomore limped away. The freshmen raised a cheer and a few of them cried, “Good work, Eldredge! you downed him beautifully.”

THE MERRYMAKERS

“The third and last event of the evening,” cried the umpire, “will be a bout between heavyweights.”

“You’re the man,” whispered James to Tarbell. “I know the fellow ’94 has chosen; he is a brute, but you will throw him if he does n’t get you around the waist.”

“I should n’t like to disgrace the class,” Tarbell answered; but James cried, “Hurrah for Tarbell!” and then there was no getting out of it, so Tarbell stepped forward very deliberately. His adversary was waiting for him. The Arizona man had simply slipped off his coat and waistcoat; the sophomore was naked to his trousers. Evidently he hardly expected to be thrown, as the ground was uneven and stony. There was excitement on each side, for this was the decisive bout and would raise or lower the prestige of the class that won it.

The two men walked up to each other and shook hands. Then they backed off and began circling slowly, with their bodies bent slightly forward and their arms working nervously.

“Careful, Brown,” some one said; “you know where to catch him.”

The sophomore made a quick rush at Tarbell, who jumped aside and slapped down the hand that clutched at his waist. Then, before his adversary had quite recovered his balance, both Tarbell’s hands grasped him by the wrist and gave him such a wrench that he spun half-way round and fell full on his face. In a second the Western man was on him, but the match was over. The sophomore was winded; his skin was scraped and bleeding.

BOYS AND MEN

“The third and last event of the evening,” cried the umpire, “is won by Tarbell, and the honours go to '95.” Straightway there was a scramble. The freshmen gathered about their champion, cheering themselves hoarse. That is one way in which men begin to be known at Yale.

The crowd began now to break up. Various groups straggled through the streets, singing their pet ditties, shouting, talking, laughing, — defeat or victory making little difference. Eldredge, Tarbell, and a few others were still on the field.

“I say! Tarbell,” said James, “you spun that man to the Queen’s taste. I am deeply grateful to you. He tried some nonsense on me this morning, but now I am even with him.” Tarbell laughed.

“That was great work!” chimed Budson, putting one arm about Eldredge’s shoulder and patting Tarbell approvingly on the back. “I hope neither of you men is hurt. If you are, come over to my room — got a whole chest full of drugs over there, and can doctor you up in no time.”

At this instant a new man joined the group. He was very modest and affable. “I saw you fellows standing here,” said he, “and as you evidently belong to my class, I thought I’d ask you if you wished to see a little fun down town. Lots of us freshmen will be there. There’s going to be a celebration.”

Everybody seemed willing enough, so the newcomer made himself guide. He appeared to know a deal about the University and the town. They crossed the old Green, passed through a dirty alley, and entered a small court. The well-informed young

THE MERRYMAKERS

man knocked at a door; it opened, and the new party entered. The door shut behind them. Immediately there arose a confusion of yells: "Hey there! More freshmen! Bully for you, Dodge!" The room was crowded with men who sat at tables, drinking beer in tankards. The air was thick with smoke. One fellow was perched on a chair which had been set upon a table. He was blindfolded.

"Well," said Eldredge to James, "we're in for it!" and added, "Perhaps that Dodge heard you say how you had got even with Brown."

Billy looked rather sheepish at having been tricked so easily. Tarbell showed no emotion. He was quietly "sizing up" the situation. Somebody shouted: "Sit down, Freshmen! What do you mean by standing up while everybody else has a chair?"

"There are n't any chairs left," remarked Budson, guilelessly.

"Then sit on the floor and hang your feet off. Take off your hat! Gentlemen never wear their hats in the house."

"Then why do you wear yours?" retorted Budson.

"I am not a gentleman," said the tormentor, "I am a lady. Waiter, bring this freshman a glass of water."

"Hello! Why, holy smoke! If that is n't my friend Budson!" cried another. "How d'ye do, old man? Waiter, put a little salt in that water. I say, Freshman Budson, do you recognize that boy on the table? We've been trying to find out whether he knows you. Hey there, child! Look

BOYS AND MEN

this way! I want you to meet Mr. Budson. Mr. Budson is one of the brightest boys in your class. Are n't you, Edwin?"

The blindfolded youth was now commanded to descend, and, before he quite realized what had occurred, Budson was in his place, but they put no bandage over his eyes. Then a slender youth beat upon the table for silence.

"Gentlemen!" cried he, "let us all join in singing 'Bingo!' Do you sing, Edwin?"

"A little," replied Budson.

"I did n't suppose you were a De Reszke. What voice?"

"Baritone, I guess."

"You should say baritone, I *think*, sir. Gentlemen don't say I *guess*. Now we will sing the air and you may join in the chorus. Do you know how to sing chorus?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then. Have you learned the words?"

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"*Tray beens!* Now we're off!"

"Here's to good old Yale, drink her down, drink her down;
Here's to good old Yale, drink her down, drink her down;
Here's to good old Yale, she's so hearty and so hale;
Drink her down, drink her down, drink her down, down, down."

"Now, chorus!" shouted the conductor.

Budson started off loudly: "We won't go there any more;" but the room was so still that you could have heard a shadow.

"That will do for you, Budson," said the conductor, and Budson was taken down amid shouts of laughter.

THE MERRYMAKERS

Tarbell looked on grimly; Eldredge said nothing; James seemed to be immersed in thought.

"Whose turn is it now?" yelled several at once. "Ah! yes, the gentleman from Kentucky. Up, sah! Stand on the table!" The man from Kentucky stood on the table, and there was fire in his eye.

"Now, Colonel," said a flabby youth who had just drained another tankard, "will you kindly give your maiden name and state when and why you were born?"

"My name is Fitzhugh Clifton Thorndyke, sir; I refuse to answer your other question."

"Never mind, Mr. Thorndyke, the fact is of no importance. Will you be so good as to tell us what is the most remarkable thing in the State you hail from when you are not at home?"

"Apparently," replied Thorndyke, with the tone of his native soil, "you consider yourself a wit, but it strikes me as bein' of a very low order."

When a man has a temper like that, and dignity to boot, it is wiser not to goad him too far. The Southerner was requested to get down, which he did with the haughty air that bespeaks your thoroughbred. It is generally true that Southerners and men from the mountains of the West have small liking for Yankee chaff. Perhaps it comes from living in a sparsely settled region where firearms are looked into more often than comic papers. However that may be, a Yalensian usually has the tact to know the difference between jest in fun and jest in earnest.

"Where is the next victim?" asked an inquisitor.

"My new friend James," some one answered; and

BOYS AND MEN

Billy recognized the voice of Dodge. But there was no help for it; so Billy mounted the table and in an instant every joker or would-be joker in the room was firing the small shot of his wit at whatever he imagined to be a weak spot in the young man's armour. Some of the questions James pretended not to hear; others he answered with amusing good sense, restraining the flood of his repartee just where it might become impertinence.

Finally some well-moistened individual bawled out, "I say, Mr. James, how do you decline the verb *bibo*?"

There was a storm of caterwauls and derisive shouts: "Down with Old Stuff Bingham!" "Oh, Bingham, guess again!" etc., etc.

James stepped down from the table, and finding Tarbell and Eldredge, slipped out into the street. They went along together, arm in arm, as if they had known one another all their lives.

"Say, Jack," blurted Billy, as he started out of a sleepy silence, "had we anything to grind out for to-morrow?"

"Of course; it's all on the bulletin."

"In that case," said James, "I shall have to burn the midnight oil."

"Oh! worse 'n that," responded Jack, cheerfully.

The town clock was striking eleven. "Well, good-night," said James; "it looks as if I were going to be prevented from living up to resolutions."

"Good-night," said his two companions; and they crossed the old Common and passed between Durfee College and Battell Chapel on to the Campus.

THE MERRYMAKERS

As they climbed Farnam's stairs, Tarbell said, "How is it, Eldredge, that you and I were n't made to share in that nonsense?"

"Between ourselves," answered Eldredge, "I know some of those fellows and asked them not to bother us. I am pledged to join one of their societies — secret — you know, and I thought you might like to be with the crowd. That's why they left us alone — do you see?"

"Yes, I think I do," answered Tarbell, "but it is d——d strange. I wonder where my room is."

"Here; strike a match," said Eldredge. "It's just across the hall. You'll find Budson's card on the door. Good-night."

"Good-night."

John Eldredge threw off his dirty clothes and crawled into bed. He was bruised and weary. The rain had ceased to fall, and a full September moon was shining into his small bedroom, while somewhere down on the Common three or four tuneful voices were singing a sentimental song. Joe Glenn was slumbering just audibly in the twin bedroom across the study. For a while Eldredge lay thinking the vague thoughts that come to a man just before he falls asleep. Then he heard the chime of the college clock making ready to strike twelve. How beautiful it sounds during the first few weeks of college life! But when a man has heard it awhile he finds that the clock is imperious, and that the bells are out of tune.

II

THE GOURMETS—ALSO BUDSON

SAVE in a volunteer regiment on the brink of battle, there is no place where a man can make friends more quickly than at college. They come quite naturally, because what pleases you pleases also them; and they stay till time and necessity have slowly rubbed them from your memory, and you are obliged to forget them as old age sometimes makes men forget even what they themselves once were. In a week you have known your neighbour a year; in a year you have known him all your life. He borrows your books and sleeps in your bed; he sins and you repent for him. He may even end by marrying the one whom you had chosen, but still he is your friend. St. Elihu is the tie that binds. It is his spirit — the Yale spirit — that for two centuries has breathed such force and optimism into his innumerable brood.

In making these friends, what strange things may happen! Suppose, for instance, that your name be Smith. On one side of you sits Smiley; on the other, Smythe. Smiley invites you to his home to spend Christmas. Smiley has a beautiful sister who straightway falls in love with you. Flattered at being valued at your true worth, you reciprocate Miss Smiley's passion, overcome the obduracy of

THE GOURMETS — ALSO BUDSON

her sire, and eventually marry her. As likely as not her father's fears were groundless, — a fact which may easily be proved by your living happily ever afterward.

Now, suppose that you like Smiley less than Smythe. Smythe has no sister, but he is enormously rich. He sees in you one of those men who have an inborn capacity for managing vast estates. This fact he communicates to his father, who obtains your services, and, having discovered that your talents surpass his most sanguine expectations, intrusts to you the care of his prodigious fortune. In a few years you are rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and ultimately secure a seat in the Senate.

Evidently, since all your weal or woe may hang on just such a chance, if you are a wise man you will go with both eyes open, and make a careful study both of Smiley and of Smythe before you risk your happiness. A man should choose his friends as he chooses his clothes, — to fit. Therefore be circumspect, eschewing all Budsonian cordiality, which must inevitably lead to a deadly snub.

Glenn and Eldredge were aroused at a sunny hour by Andrew Jackson, who was looking for their boots.

“Is that you, Andrew?” said Eldredge, engulfing the last word in a yawn. “What time is it, Andrew?”

“Fo’ minutes pas’ seven, Mistah El’redge.”

“Then wake me up in just twenty-six minutes.”

“Oh, Jack Eldredge!” shouts Glenn. “Are you up?”

BOYS AND MEN

“At this infernal hour? I should say not! Go to sleep.”

“Get up, you lazy duffer. It’s twenty minutes to eight.”

“Great heavens! No — is it? Andrew, I thought you said it was four minutes past seven.”

“Excuse me, Mr. El’redge, I reckon ma watch must ha’ got twisted. It’s now exackly twenty-eight minutes and a qua’ter befo’ eight.”

“Thanks, Andrew. Joe, remind me to buy an alarm clock. Our sweep is liable to break his main-spring and leave me in the lurch.”

This trivial conversation having passed, the two leap out of bed. Eldredge makes some passes at an imaginary boxer, splashes himself with cold water, dives into his clothes, spends five minutes looking for a button, and is ready for breakfast, which is consumed in about fifteen minutes.

The Chapel clock is striking eight, and long lines of students are straggling toward morning prayers. Most of them are well-dressed, and bear themselves with an air of easy-going elegance. It is not raining, but many have their trousers turned up. The custom is quite justifiable, since it enables a man to show his taste in socks, and saves him the arduous labour of taking a reef in bad weather. Others wear white or plain blue sweaters. On some of the blue sweaters are white numerals to show membership in a class or college crew, or in some other of the many small teams. A few bear huge Ys, — a token of high estate, — for the wearer is on a Varsity team or rows in the Varsity crew. And

THE GOURMETS — ALSO BUDSON

still others there be who wear sweaters out of thrift.

“Observe the lazy Peterson.
He has an ancient sweater on.
He wears it all the week and Sundy
And does not get it washed on Mundy.
If I had half a dozen dollars
I'd buy this man some linen collars.”

The great pointer on the clock is moving visibly toward ten minutes past eight, and the straggling lines grow denser. This is the moment when the future incurable dyspeptic is bolting his last mouthful. He knows to a second just when he must break for the Chapel in order to escape the marks which may doom him to a six weeks' residence in the country if the great doors are shut in his face instead of just behind his back. The crowd moves faster and faster. Upper classmen quit the Fence, where they have been basking in the morning sun, and join in the rush. From the farthest part of the Quadrangle the most hardened loiterers begin their daily paradoxical sprint. It is a two-hundred-yard dash to the Chapel door. The organ, with a habit known to old-timers, plays threateningly. In an instant more the big doors swing into their locks, and Lazy Tom is left outside to reckon his marks with Sleepy Dick and Shiftless Harry.

Freshmen are very careful not to miss this first morning, — quite as careful as the improvident are to stay in their beds. It has a novelty then, and there is a fascination in being inside a church where a thousand men are gathered to respect a tradition.

BOYS AND MEN

Besides, the music is ponderous with basses robustos and baritone tenors. It thrills for a while in those first days of innocence, but after a time you get used to it, and finally hear nothing at all. The first year Chapel is a task; the second it is drudgery; the third it is duty in duty's most utilitarian form; the fourth and last it is a habit,—twenty minutes of something between a stupor and a waking sleep. When it is all over, the man who has gone through comes to the conclusion that Chapel is a very beneficial institution,—a conclusion which he enforces upon his younger brother or unwilling son.

But for a new-comer it is a pleasing sensation to sit within those walls and breathe in Yale's oldest tradition. Tarbell, who was not a pious man, sat beneath the oaken gallery, and, like a true Westerner, "sized things up." As the organ began the chant, he could hear Budson blurt one faulty note, and abruptly stop, as no one in the church save the choir was singing. "However," thought Tarbell to himself, "Budson is n't such an ass when you have eliminated his most salient characteristics." The fact was that Tarbell, who had bought no furniture, had been obliged to resort almost to violence before he could persuade the man not to give up his narrow bed. Tarbell slept on the floor as he had many a time slept on the bare earth, and thought the more kindly of Budson.

The Western man had hardly been out of his own State until now, but he was shrewd enough to rise or sit at the proper time, and he observed that the boys immediately about him watched the upper classmen narrowly, so as to make no "bulls." Presently there

THE GOURMETS — ALSO BUDSON

came the benediction ; then every one stood while the seniors faced the centre aisle. The organ struck up a recessional, and the President passed down between the senior pews. As he did so, the men immediately in front of him bowed to their waists, and fell in behind the President, following him so closely as almost to touch the tails of his coat. There used, by the way, to be a superstition that actual contact therewith would work a charm.

In another instant every one was moving toward the doors. Two orderly lines passed, — one along College Street between the University buildings and the Green ; the other down the Campus, chatting over morning papers or whiffing short-lived cigarettes.

Tarbell walked along with James, who had the bedraggled look which comes of going to bed at four and rising at seven. Close behind came Eldredge, walking mechanically, while his brains absorbed the intricacies of a certain transparent figure which looked to him more like a badly made rat-trap than a problem of solid geometry. Now the long lines broke into smaller groups which entered various buildings or went wherever their business carried them.

Who that has not been through it can know the queerness of those first days of college life ! It is a new world, differing from the bigger one without as a beehive differs from a Noah's Ark. Small wonder that a youth who has freshly tumbled into it should go about in a sort of maze, with his head full of blunders yet unborn, and stepping at every instant upon the toes of some hallowed tradition !

BOYS AND MEN

The very first day, Budson was guilty of smoking a pipe (which he was promptly requested to put into his pocket), and of taking a beardless tutor for a freshman. Budson had, purely out of habit, addressed him as "old man," and did not realize his error until he saw the beardless young man behind a desk, and heard him explain how it was that "Hamlet" was writ by Shakespeare and not by Bacon. "I tell you," said Budson, afterward, "these tutors have wonderful tact. Why, that man didn't even notice me on the street an hour later! But it was a great joke on me, was n't it?"

After the first recitation, Tarbell, who could get something useful even out of Budson's conversation, with a few hints from Eldredge, began to organize an eating club, thereby doing away with an expense of five or six dollars a week. Tarbell — to use his own expression — was "considerably shy on money," though he confessed to having four thousand dollars invested at twelve per cent somewhere in New Mexico. Jack smiled when he heard this, as he had a couple of hundred thousand drawing three per cent when times were good.

"Tarbell, you are certainly a hustler," said Jack.

"You have to be when your capital is no bigger than mine," answered Tarbell, and then added, "The lucky thing about this eating club is that my partner is rounding up one for himself. I believe he has fifteen men."

"I should like to have a look at them when he has them all together," remarked Jack, with a tinge of irony.

THE GOURMETS — ALSO BUDSON

By the evening of that day Tarbell had mustered in what James afterward characterized as "the most interesting aggregation of freaks that ever sat at one table." Of course that meant himself as well as Tarbell, Eldredge, Glenn, and others unnamed. Moreover, Tarbell had found a landlady who promised all that he asked, and volunteered, without so much as a hint, that she served pie only twice a week. When one considers that in Connecticut pie just as normally ends a meal as soup outside of the pie belt begins it, the fact gains an almost historic importance. Certain it is that during four years no one ever quit the Gourmets — barring two or three who went to the training table, and Mr. Fitzhugh Thorndyke and James, who in due time spent six weeks of enforced absence in the country. The famous Tobacco Parliament met in the first place to Smoke, in the second to think; the chief aim of the Gourmets was to Eat. But what substantial consequences are wrapped up in that one word! If a man is healthy, he is hungry; if he is hungry, he eats; if he eats, he will not quarrel, because food maketh friendship. Ergo, the Gourmets did not quarrel — except sometimes.

How full and joyful are those first days! Everything seems so strange that a man loses his own thoughts, almost his own emotions; but he comes to with the realization that to cope successfully he must put forth his strength and do something, else his own existence will be submerged, and others will wear the tiny crown that the admiring majority sets upon its heroes. It is a mimic world without the women. There are friendships, meannesses, jealous-

BOYS AND MEN

ies, and galling strife. It is a jumbled comedy without a plot, with stars and supes; and once in a while there is a touch of something that for a moment robs the situation of its gayety, as a small cloud casts a shadow on a sunlit day.

On the afternoon of the third day everybody had begun to find himself. Tarbell and Eldredge, sore in muscle but stubborn of spirit, were struggling for places in the University football squad. James was suffering all the pangs of the lazy man who has ideals and a conscience, while Budson was making and losing friends at the rate of a dozen a day. To say that Budson had ambition would belittle the truth. His imagination soared to ambition's highest peaks, scanning the horizon with the eagle glance of a desire that has no end. Was there a place on the Crew? Then he would fill it. Was the University in dire need of literary talent? Budson was the man. There was no honour to which he did not aspire, and none that he received. Hardly a week had passed when there was to be an election to a high office. Budson informed everybody in strictest confidence that he had packed the meeting and expected to be chosen by a unanimous vote. He was named, seconded, and, lo! the ballot box held only one slip bearing his name, and that in his handwriting. A weaker soul might have faltered. Not so Budson. His eager brain was fired to greater efforts, just as a man may be fired by a bomb which explodes in his own pocket. He had been informed by a skilled leech at the Gymnasium that his shape was perfectly normal. "What does *perfectly normal* mean?" said

THE GOURMETS — ALSO BUDSON

the inner consciousness of Budson to itself. "Why, strength, of course, manly strength!" So Budson inspected his muscles and went forth upon the football field to do battle. There was a mighty heave, a cloud of dust, and when the pile was undone Budson was found holding the runner securely. He had "downed him in his tracks." Then somebody said, "You idiot! Don't you know that man is on your own side?" — and thus another glory was never won. So he turned to literature. Here was a field where neither the corruption of politics nor the need of unthinking brute force could prevail. What madrigals dripped from his pen, what epics soared, what ballads danced upon innumerable virgin quires! It was a wonder the very paper did not blush. How little the editors of the "Lit" appreciated these genial flights will be easily seen from the following, which now for the first time stands in print. Who the fair lady was may never be known; perhaps but a tender creature of rhapsodical fancy. The poem is called "To Elsa's Eyes," and thus it runs:

Deep azure orbs, sweet eyes of brown,
Adown your hazel depths I gaze.
You sweetly smile — you could not frown!
And searching in their beauteous maze
My heart is filled with Love's loud glee;
For then, Fair Elsa, as I gaze,
Methinks that I *my* image see!

This dazzling gem was confided by its author to one W. James, who, seeing its chaste excellence, shared it with others, and thus it became known to almost every one in the University. So what

BOYS AND MEN

advantage could there have been in giving it to print?

None of these vagaries bothered Tarbell in the least. He took Budson seriously, therefore charitably. There are people who seem fated to show their frailties, while their virtues stay at home. Deep down in Budson there was a kernel of generosity. He was cheeky, but he was not selfish. Tarbell knew all this; so, when others tickled their vanity by raking poor Budson fore and aft, Tarbell stood by him, and more than once felt his long right leg itch with a desire to kick several fellows into a proper state of humiliation. Meanwhile he set to work to get some sense into his room-mate, who listened to him as a boy listens to his grandfather. And that was about the difference in growth.

“Budson, the trouble with you is that you set your mouth going and then go off and leave it. If you don’t quit that, somebody will call you an ass.” Thus would Tarbell pitch into him, and it was marvellous how Budson took it. Of course Tarbell knew that Budson’s parents were responsible when it came to the last analysis, but that was something he never intimated.

“What you need,” said the Arizona man, “is to quit pottering over poetry and bone down. This college is n’t meant for such soaring ambitions as yours. So cool off, put your wings into your trunk, and take a turn at solid work.”

“But the other men will scoop the prizes.”

“Prizes be damned!” said Tarbell. “This University is n’t a little two-for-a-cent Olympia!”

THE GOURMETS — ALSO BUDSON

This sort of thing happened frequently during the autumn term, and Budson went about like a man who has made an heroic sacrifice, — which means that he looked melancholy. The net result was that he swallowed Tarbell's doses, laid in a stock of "trots," and began to make up lost time.

III

A RIOT

THOSE late October days were beautiful. The big elms were just turning to a tawny brown, and the outlying country was glorious with hues of decay. This was just what pleased the romantic James.

“You may say what you will about the benefits of the higher education,” quoth he, “but give me a good book and let me lie under a tree away from bells and whistles.”

It was the demon of sloth laying snares for the man who was born tired and needed all his life to rest. So Billy studied just enough to satisfy his conscience, which was lenient, and spent hours wandering over the hills with Joshua Drake, whom he had nicknamed Josh the Geologist, and other worshippers of Pan. Or they would join the other worshipful crowd which spent its afternoons on the Field, where the various squads were getting into trim for the coming struggles with Princeton and Harvard. Two heavy ropes were stretched, one on each side of the gridiron, behind which stood some hundreds of youths, who watched their heroes as they surged back and forth, mopping the grime and gore from their reeking faces. It was no farce, either, but every one tussled as if the fate of the University's honour reposed upon his own sweaty shoulders.

A RIOT

"Hey! Tarbell's got the ball! There he goes through the line! Look at the hole! Gad, did you see that tackle?"

Then the coach would berate some unlucky wight for not being livelier, and the scrimmage began again. Whenever the ball was passed the ropes were strained by the fascinated crowd, which now and then burst into a cheer as some one made a brilliant play. Eldredge had a black eye, and stopped frequently to nurse a bleeding nose, but he pranced around or through the opposing lines like a crazy bull, his long hair flying and a baleful gleam in his sound eye. Now and then he dropped the ball, and the bald-headed coach would launch at him a volley of rough criticisms. At Yale this sort of thing is a tradition sanctified by victory and the democratic spirit. Nobody has any business to be ruffled by it, and nobody ever talks back.

When the practice was done, the dirty heroes put on their sweaters, climbed into wagons and were hurried to the Gymnasium, where the coaches delivered a second round of abuse at the wriggling, naked forms beneath the showers. Thus: "You men play as if you had never seen a ball before. — Tarbell, why don't you use your elbows more? McBurney, you run as if your legs were asleep. The first thing you fellows know some little fresh-water college will beat you, hands down. Eldredge, why don't you hang on to that ball?" etc., etc. Nevertheless, Jack was made half-back on the Varsity and, like Tarbell, stayed there.

Meanwhile the crowd of non-combatants comes

BOYS AND MEN

flocking in; some studying for the evening recitations, others going over for the hundredth time the points of a pet athlete. Some men know, or pretend to know, the precise condition of everybody on the Varsity or College teams, — how much he loses in perspiration, whether he has symptoms of water on the knee, the girth of his chest, his grip, and his prospects of being elected to a secret society.

“What d’ ye think of Freshman Tarbell?” asks one youth of another.

“He’s a sure thing, man; I’ve got him slated for everything in sight. He has tons of grit and is as strong as a young giraffe. It’s dollars to doughnuts he goes to ‘Bones.’” The layman can hardly imagine what that expression signifies. To the mind of a Yale undergraduate it means a sort of half-way house to heaven.

“I’ll wager you even that Eldredge stays on the team. That boy is full of ginger, and he’s quick enough to dodge an ordinary thunderbolt. Good-looking chap, too, — though I don’t like curly brown hair. What’s his heft?”

“A hundred and sixty-two with his hair cut. D’ ye know him?”

“Well, yes, — distantly. I’ve met his room-mate, Joe Glenn. *He*’s a heavyweight. They say he knows more about languages than anybody on the Faculty. He never thinks of using a trot. I wonder if any of the Faculty trot out their translations! Well, day day, old man! Look for me at Mory’s about ten P. X.”

The Clan has no need of going outside its own

A RIOT

boundaries for something to talk about. Its glories are quite as apparent to the undergraduate as any glories of the outer world, and, in those days, far more absorbing.

Every evening a band of youths with time and to spare foregathered in Tarbell and Budson's rooms, reposing in every place where a man could sit or lie, — one of the penalties of greatness being that a man's admirers, if they don't worship at a distance, are sure to waste a great deal of his time. About nine o'clock the lazy man unwillingly takes leave and dawdles mournfully homeward. From nine to ten he slaves, then he merely works, and finally he dreams that he is working. At this psychological moment his chum, who may be industrious, yells, "Go to bed!" and the next morning the toiling youth wonders why he has such a treacherous memory.

When the band began to arrive, Tarbell would barricade himself in his bedroom, and there he studied as if the place had been as quiet as a church on week-days. The first comer was usually one Robert Ballentine, who lived next to Eldredge and Glenn. The reason why Ballentine came first was clear. He did all his work in classroom, and therefore had nothing to bother him out of hours. Another reason why Ballentine came early was that if anything was said or done he purposed to be on hand to know it. Tarbell knew his rap, which was confident but inoffensive.

"Hello! Is that you, Ballentine? Take a seat; I'll be out in a while. I'm very busy this evening."

Then there would be a pause and another visitor.

BOYS AND MEN

"Come in! Good-evening, Bill. Mr. James, — Mr. Ballentine. Make yourselves at home; I'll be out in a couple of hours."

"You're getting to be an incorrigible grind, Tarb."

"I know it, Bill."

"Besides, you are not at all hospitable."

"Thanks! I say, Billy!"

"What'll you have?"

"Open the door, please, so as to save guests the trouble of knocking."

Here is another brief silence; then Ballentine says, "Oh, Tarbell! is it true that Pudge Sweet has a game ankle?"

"No!"

There is now a tramp of feet on the broad wooden stairs, and the "guests" arrive in numbers. A discussion immediately arises as to whether it is justifiable for low-stand men to crib in order to stay in college. This knotty subject soon develops into a discussion of morality in general, — Mr. Fitzhugh Thorndyke being of opinion that morality can be boiled down to "personal honour," while James maintains that it grows, "sometimes by the simple action of nature, sometimes by cultivation," — an opinion which Joshua Drake declares to be right in the main but loosely stated. Thereupon Ballentine deftly turns the conversation to University politics.

"What a fellow needs," observes Ballentine, "is a stout pull. If you haven't got a pull, your college life is dead sure to be a fizzle."

The youth lowers his voice slightly, and speaks with a conviction born of personal experience. He

A RIOT

has a soft, earnest manner to indicate belief in his own views, but watches his audience keenly, so as to veer imperceptibly into another channel whenever anybody's face may suggest a rising hostility.

"Now, this is how I look at the whole business. If a man is a big athlete, unless he makes an unmitigated jay of himself, he is absolutely sure of having anything he wants. Tarbell, for instance, and Eldredge. Why, in two years those men will have the whole University in their pocket!" This information is imparted almost in a whisper. "But suppose that a man is n't an athlete, — I calculate that there are only ninety-nine connected with the University teams, — what kind of a chance has he then of being known? What does debating amount to, anyway? In my opinion it's a fake. Did the man who virtually downed Harvard last year receive any recognition? Not on your life! Now, just suppose a fellow has literary talent, — not genius, but just talent. Well, he probably will write and waste lots of good paper and ink, to say nothing of his own time, but how will he come out? Nine times in ten he won't be able to do the Yale style, and if he tries anything original, they'll be sure to chuck it into the basket marked 'Hell,' which is the end of it. Isn't that so, James?"

"Oh, I don't know," says Billy, with a rising inflection.

"Well, maybe it is n't entirely so," he admits; "but suppose your writer has the luck to get his work printed, ultimately becomes an editor and wears a golden triangle on his chest. Do you imagine for

BOYS AND MEN

one instant that *that* assures him of social distinction? No, sir! What became of McKeever? He went up like a rocket, popped out a lot of stars, and that was the end of McKeever. Yet he was probably one of the greatest literary lights this University ever produced, not excepting Fenimore Cooper. Now, my point is, that if you want to be a high-cockalorum, literature is a damned shaky way of going about it. Here 's Jack Eldredge; I say, Jack! What 's your opinion?"

"What opinion?"

"Well, about making a big success and all that sort of thing?"

"Excuse me; my train is fully ten minutes late, but you 're about right. Oh, Tarb! Are you there?"

"Yes."

"Come over to our house. My wife is translating Demosthenes. He 's better than a trot."

"Gosh!" said James, — "three long-haired grinds on one floor! How can you stand it?"

"We would n't," observed somebody, "if Tarb did n't make a regular rampart out of his bedroom outfit. He has to give us everything else."

"Oh! Is that so?" said Tarbell, looming into the doorway. "I 'll bet you boys a stick of pink candy all around that Eldredge and I can put you all out in five minutes, and let Ballentine lock the door and put the key in his pocket before we begin."

"Thanks," remarked Ballentine; "I resign in favour of Drake."

"Don't be afraid, Josh," said James; "I 'm on your side."

A RIOT

Joshua locked the door, stuck the key next his skin, somebody cried "Time!" and in a trice there was a scuffle that sounded like the din of Bedlam. There was a whirl of unidentifiable legs, a noise of bumping heads and ripping cloth. At the bottom of the heap a muffled voice said, "Here 's the key, Jack. Open the door!"

Eldredge knocked a couple of heads together, piled a tablecloth, a heap of window cushions, and several chairs on to the squirming legs, upset two more of the enemy, and opened the door in a flash. An instant later several men went through the door as if shot by a catapult, and, shoulder to shoulder, Eldredge and Tarbell jammed the rest of the panting, bedraggled rioters out into the wide corridor.

Just then a suspicious step was heard on the stairs. Ballentine dodged discreetly into his closet. A couple more made a bold dash for the Campus, thereby having to run the gauntlet. Somebody else rushed back to the scene of disorder, whence he climbed out upon the gutter and, entering a friend's room, escaped by another entry, while Eldredge, Tarbell, and James slipped swiftly into Eldredge's apartment. Just one was too late, and that was Joshua Drake. Drake was coatless; his cravat was screwed disreputably over one ear, and his trousers were ripped to the suspender buttons, showing the original Joshua in several places. In this array he found himself confronted not by the Campus watchman, nor by a parietal functionary, but face to face with a pale young man of stooping shoulders and a wry neck. This individual squinted awesomely

BOYS AND MEN

through his spectacles, and said: "I want you Freshmen to restrain your childish emotions. You have caused a piece of plaster to fall from my ceiling upon an ink well. It came dangerously near my head."

This said, he awaited no reply from the abashed and dilapidated Joshua, but betook himself again to his labours. Drake borrowed a few pins wherewith to close his exposures, and departed, vowing by the Great Horn Spoon that he'd be hanged if he ever again went into such a rotten game either in or out of hours; while the wily Odysseus Ballentine stayed in his closet an hour or more, until his room-mate came and asked what the deuce he was doing there. Whereupon the fellow declared that there had been a terrific scrimmage (for the truth of which one empurpled eye bore witness), that two members of the Faculty had suddenly appeared and probably caught everybody except himself.

"James, you look like a ruffian," said Eldredge, laughing. "Tarb, you ought to give William a cent to buy a stick of pink candy to console him. Go home, William, and in future keep away from buzz saws and bad company. Brute force is evidently not in your line. I did n't catch sight of you once during the battle."

"No. Tarb sat on my head, which prevented me from being of any use; but my nose feels like a half-peeled banana. Good-night, boys. Please don't say I called!"

That entry, which is next to another called Hell Entry, which is next to the University Chapel, was once more as quiet as the stairs of a monastery.

A RIOT

Glenn, who would hardly have budged for an earthquake, was sitting in his pajamas, following intently the antics of various Ancients as set forth by the deathless Demosthenes.

“Hope we did n’t disturb you,” remarked Tarbell. “Jack and I needed a little exercise to make us sleep. Did you hear any sickening thuds?”

Whereupon Glenn observed: “You men look slightly rumpled, but otherwise respectable. How the dickens did you keep clean?”

“It’s this way,” replied Tarbell: “we avoided getting dirty by wiping up the floor with the other fellows.”

Then Tarbell and Eldredge got their books, and Glenn read old Demosthenes into smooth, unconventional English, here and there stopping to give the principal parts of a verb or to make some humorous comment, till the college clock boomed out the ten heavy strokes which send Yale’s great athletes to their perforated couches — *τρητοῖς λεχέεσσιν!*

IV

HIGHER THINGS

THE giant elms were for the hundredth season dropping their withered leaves. Looking out of their high windows, Glenn and Eldredge could plainly see the Colonial Meeting-houses on the Green, and, farther away, the City Hall, with its illuminated clock-face, and even the Town Pump under the Ben Franklin Elm. Then came Thanksgiving, with the great game between Yale and her historic rival. It was an unusually harmless combat. Tarbell got out of it unscathed; Eldredge sacrificed a collar-bone to the University's honour. This happened before the game, but a surgeon patched the thing, and the "Yale Daily News" announced to its hundreds of anxious readers that "though the left halfback had suffered a bruise, it was hardly thought that the University would be put to serious inconvenience;" so Jack played with a wad on his shoulder, and nothing inside him rebelled till after the match. Then, of course, it made no difference.

At Christmas the Eldredges bade James and Tarbell and Glenn to a house party at The Oaks. Close-mouthed or modestly evasive about his own affairs, Jack had said so little about his family or his home that his college friends had been nearly in the dark until they came to The Oaks and learnt for themselves.

HIGHER THINGS

Mr. Eldredge they found to be an affable man of much homely mother wit, who smoked incessantly and seemed to have no desire to impress anybody with the fact that he was president of a great railway. As for Mrs. Eldredge, she was the loveliest of her kind, brimming with a motherliness which made her son's friends at once her own; mindful of all ways of adding to their pleasure, and ready to do anything within the conscience of a saint for the greater glory of Jack, whose virtues she adored and magnified in silence. Oak-trees sheltered the fine colonial mansion which Mr. Eldredge had bought from the last of three well-born but impoverished sisters, at a valuation not depreciated on his part by her necessity. The handsome, old-fashioned furniture was purchased with the place, and thus some choice heirlooms, a venerable grandfather clock, various prim mahogany chairs, a spinet, and a hundred other fine old things with a history passed honourably to the house of Eldredge. These possessions the Eldredges cherished, with none of the pretensions so likely to be found in persons "whose origin is lost in an obscurity not remote." It was a home like the character of our forefathers, solid and simple, a rebuke to the flimsy vulgarity of many pretentious houses of these upstart days. There was a roomy piazza with a wintry view of the sea far off through the trees, a spacious lawn, and a stone-walled road beyond, — a delightful rambling road, built, no doubt, in the days when kine were the chief surveyors. In a word, it was all very beautiful, and its owners loved it, and it was their home.

BOYS AND MEN

After Christmas holidays came that great dance called the Junior Promenade, — a festivity which may lead young men from Texas to lay their allegiance at the feet of Maine. It is a scene where every fashion flaunts in cosmopolitan union. In those days freshmen bought tickets but were taught to stay at home. So Eldredge and Tarbell and James went to the Glee Club Concert, where naughty little boys sit in the loft and throw placards, or let down foolish screens upon the stage. This was and still is a tradition dear to the freshman heart. Seniors are posted in the gallery to control this ebullition of youthful gayety, but they inspire no fear because they will soon be gone, and the guests speak of it as a “curious custom,” even going so far as guilelessly to ask its origin. Joe Glenn thrummed skilfully the guitar and sang songs which stirred new emotions in many a bosom. One of these was composed by James, who lived in Delaware. Here it is, with the original title, — “Afro-American Ballad.”

Who's all dem Lees an' Skinnaahs
A-puttin' on such style?
Go 'long, trash! an' sinnahs,
You boun' t' make me smile.

An'rew wuks at collige
(Gwine to quit it soon);
I tell you An'rew Jackson
'S no awdina'y coon!

You 'd ought t' see me Sundy
Wid Miss Hetty Lisa Brown;
Oh, hit takes a pint o' hai' oil
But I make dat hai' lay down!

HIGHER THINGS

Um, um, chil'n, can't he'p it!
Was bawn wid silver spoon;
Jes' recollect dat Jackson
'S no awdina'y coon!

These gaieties are soon over and the guests scatter, but if one could pry into the *histoire intime* of those few days enough material might be brought to light to keep story-writers going for years. All this happens once in a twelvemonth and has considerable bearing on the lives of a few people. For Eldredge and his friends it meant nothing except an occasion to show good manners by being absent.

The depleted Gourmets were once more in panoply. Tarbell was too big to train for the Crew, and Eldredge had a bad shoulder. It was now midwinter, and in the short afternoons scores upon scores of skaters, clad each in two or three sweaters, played hockey on Lake Whitney. Tarbell kept goal as effectively as if he had been a pair of folding doors. Jack could skate like a Flying Dutchman. Whenever the ball seemed to be slipping away from him he would run on his steel toes just as if he had been on a football field, and then it was a pleasure to see him, followed by the Gourmets' other champions, zigzagging the ball toward the enemy's goal—now holding it between his skates—now suddenly straight back toward the home goal—and making mere spectators of his classmates until he had nursed it in a long curve and by some dexterous manœuvres sent it spinning through the very legs of the opposing goal-keeper.

During these days Mrs. Jones, the landlady, made

BOYS AND MEN

no money. Another remarkable fact was that every one worked hard, — even Colonel Fitzhugh and W. James. Every one knew that the Colonel was working, because he borrowed everybody's trots, in order, as he said, to give a little more polish to his translations.

“I don't see the use,” said the Colonel, with his soft, Southern accent, “and I'm more and more inclined to believe that putterin' over dictionaries takes all the life out of classical study. If a man spends so much valuable time in mere labour, he's just bound to lose in elegance what he gains in erudition.”

“Hear! hear!” said James. “Them's my sentiments! Go on, Colonel!”

“Well, sir,” continued the Colonel, “what gives an air of refinement to university graduates is appreciation of letters and fine arts. If there's one thing that lends distinction to education in the South, it's more or less the complete absence of drudgery. In my opinion, gentlemen, the North has yet to learn the precise meanin' of the word ‘university.’ Like the word ‘gentleman,’ ‘university’ has various acceptations.”

“What's yours?” asked Tarbell, with a deep and genuine interest.

“In the first place,” continued Mr. Thorndyke, “I should do away with all examinations. There's a growin' sentiment in favour of just such action in many parts of the South. The minute you've broken down these barriers education becomes more general, and a deeper culture pervades the whole

HIGHER THINGS

mass of the population. Say, James, will you kindly len' me a cigarette? Mine have run out and I have n't had occasion to get any."

"Sorry," said James, "I gave you my last this morning and I've sworn off. So I haven't a cig., Colonel."

"No, you don't mean it!" exclaimed Thorndyke. "This is only one of your freaks, is n't it?"

"No, it's dead earnest, Colonel. I asked the doctor if he thought smoking was injurious and he said yes. He says there is a slight blur in my eyesight, caused either by smoking or by excess of work."

"You undoubtedly struck the right explanation," remarked Eldredge. "Is there anything else to pay, Jimmie?"

"No, sir! The doctor says I'm otherwise physically perfect. My solar plexus is just the right height from the ground, and my lumbar region is blooming. I say, Josh! Will you kindly but firmly pass me the butter? Thanks! Now, Annie," to the small coloured girl who helped Mrs. Jones, "if you will just request the hen to lay another omelet, I shall be grateful to both of you."

"Speaking of choice language," said Glenn, "how is your literary style progressing, William?"

"It grows rottener day by day, Joe. I've tried everything from Kipling to Maeterlinck — yes, even that — but it's no go. I'm looking over a lot of old 'Lit.' magazines now, in hope of being able to grasp what is meant by the 'Lit. style,' but I fear that's a pure fake."

"Why don't you say so then?" said Tarbell.

BOYS AND MEN

“Just write a tearing article, rub it into everybody and let ’em know exactly what you consider good literary form.”

“Or give it up!” quoth Eldredge.

“Not on your tintype!” replied James, hotly. “I’m determined that there shall be some evidences of intellect in the Gourmets’ Club, and I’m going to keep at it until I show those confounded editors that I can write.”

“James, you’re a gentleman!” said Colonel Fitzhugh; “I like your independence. Permit me to grasp your hand.”

“Me too, William!” cried Glenn, reaching almost three feet of arm across the table to James. “When the day of glory comes, don’t forget that I encouraged you. Young authors always have had somebody to back them when the world was cold; so, courage, Billy! Don’t mind Jack; he worships the body. The ‘Yale Lit’ is stored away in the British Museum, which is a regular subscriber to that Oldest Extant Monthly, and some day we intellectual people — that is, you and me and the Colonel — will be stuck in niches with little bronze tags to tell how great we were. Thus: William James, born at Wilmington, Delaware, 1873. Died in such and such a year, having enriched the world with the wealth of mind. He was a faithful student.”

“Thanks, Joe; I’ll write a book with you as the top hero, and Jack and Tarb will do the minor rôles. They’ll be *grex*.”

Tarbell laughed with the rest, but, though Eldredge looked pleasant enough, a passing thought cast its

HIGHER THINGS

shadow on his face and he turned a little red. Tarbell remarked this psychological display, but he distracted attention from Billy's romance by saying: "You're very thoughtful, Jamesie, my boy, and, if you please, I'll get Ballentine to boom you. Booming is his strong point. His latest scheme is a gem."

"What is it, Tarb?" inquired one of the party who had a way of keeping silent until he got a chance to ask some question. Every member of the Gourmets turned toward Tarbell. Colonel Fitzhugh had succeeded in borrowing a cigarette, which he now lighted, keeping one eye on the match and one on the speaker.

"It's this way," began the Arizona man. "You know Ballentine?"

"Slightly," said Eldredge.

"Well, he was in my place one day, telling me how to 'get there' in college as well as everywhere else."

"Do you mean the night I tore my jeans?" interrupted Drake.

Three or four yelled, "Shut up, Josh; you've missed your train!" and Tarbell resumed his tale.

"One thing Ballentine said struck me particularly. He was giving me points on popularity, and I inquired how you could know a man was popular. 'One way,' according to him, 'is that men call up to your window. I'll give you a straight tip,' said Bal. 'There is n't a better way of getting prominence than to have people yelling your name, especially if it's a name with lots of vowels in it, like Mallory, or Pomeroy, or something of that kind.' Well, one night I heard somebody shouting for Ballentine. He

BOYS AND MEN

did n't seem to hear, so I went into his room. Door was open, and gas full on, but no Ballentine. The man on the Campus kept yelling, 'Oh, Bob Ballentine! Oh, Bob Bal-len-tine!' So I just slipped downstairs and out on to the Quadrangle. I could see somebody standing in the shadow, but he could n't see me. When he yelled, 'Oh, Bob Ballentine,' again, I nabbed him and said, 'Can't you see your friend's gone out?' Of course he will do anything for me now. If any of you people want a boomer, see me and I will arrange with him."

"Who was it, Tarb?" asked Joshua.

At this there was an uproar of derisive shouts which ended in Joshua's being enthusiastically escorted into the street, where he was borne in triumph to a deep snowbank and there ensconced head down. A few snowballs were thrown, one of which hit a policeman who threatened to "run everybody in;" but everybody disappeared with great swiftness, leaving Drake to settle with the policeman.

V

TOIL AND POLITICS

WINTER in New Haven is a sloppy old codger who goes about in rubber boots and carries an umbrella. He is an intruder and stays too long, but he does some good on the sly. During the three months of his visit everybody works, or, at all events, everybody thinks that he ought to be working, which is a feeling that tickles one's sense of moral obligation even if it does n't lead to anything. That word "work" has been wofully perverted by lazy people who have given it a twist of their own, so that instead of implying a pleasurable activity it means for them dire and, if they be young, unnecessary drudgery. It means vexatious plodding by late-burning lamps, when a fellow is so weary that he hardly knows the difference between a parallelopiped and a digamma; it means a forced absorption by the intellectual stomach of things repugnant to every sense of inborn and inalienable rights. In good sooth how utterly to be pitied is he whom the world has dubbed a grind! If Fame speak truly, he has long hair and a stooping gait; he is of sallow hue, and wears thick glasses on a thin and querulous nose. He toils simply because he listeth, and when he has gained knowledge stores it away in crannies whence it will never issue more. To him the seasons make no difference. He sees no

BOYS AND MEN

mirth in the joy of others, but counts their pleasures foolishness. Happy he who can do without knowledge, or acquire it without pain!

How can any one who has not gone through it know the suffering of a dreamer like James? Had it not been for the angel of Beauty luring him on before, and the imp of Conscience scourging him behind, he might have settled down into the silken cushions and smoked and read and dreamed until the day of reckoning came. Instead of that he choked down the required studies, and relieved his spleen by cursing their originators both silently and aloud.

Ballentine, who had only a rudimentary conscience, managed otherwise. By the judicious exploitation of other men's labours, by copying their work and cribbing in a masterly manner, by lying to the Faculty, and by cheating himself in every way his ingenuity could devise, he clung to the ship, and survived to have a part in this tale.

Glenn had gifts that were astonishing. Had he met Cicero upon the street, he could have startled that voluble gentleman. He could have been a boon companion to Socrates, and given Euclid points about the Fourth Dimension. No one ever knew where he got his learning, but every one believed that Joe was a great man. That was because he conversed with all the Arts and Sciences on such free-and-easy terms. When he rose in classroom to recite, he had the air of one who is about to flunk, but somehow he never did, and after a few preliminary drawls would acquit himself so gracefully of his knowledge as to make the lazy men count him a freak, — in a complimentary

TOIL AND POLITICS

sense, of course. Time and again poor Billy would come to Glenn's room in an agony over some vile trigonometrical riddle, and while he cursed the "system" Glenn would explain away the difficulty and soothe him with the prospect of being rid of the stuff at the end of another year.

Eldredge had received thorough preparation and, with the hours for study that he could sandwich between his avocations, stood respectably. As for Tarbell, he worked tremendously, grasping every opportunity to offset the rude life he had led through his adventurous boyhood. Tarbell seemed to learn by brute force. He continued to barricade himself in his bedroom, and occasionally ejected in a jovial but not the less effective manner some particularly irksome customer.

Dull February and sloppy March wore by, and the heaps of filthy snow which the City Fathers each winter cause to be dumped upon the venerable Green, began slowly to thaw away. And then came those delicious demoralizing months of April and May, with the odours of a freshly budding world. That is the time when one's mind—especially if one is not yet two-and-twenty—is overcome with a desire to change thoughts into lazy musings that have no beginning and no end, when one envies the very cattle as they lie blinking in the fields. It is also the season when contemplation assumes a vaguely rhythmic form, and ideas drift in a haze through well-nigh useless brains.

How tempting it is then to toss all science upon the floor, and lie at one's window somewhere along

BOYS AND MEN

the northern end of the Quadrangle, watching the other idlers as they come and go! They stroll down the long walks beneath the elms with their hands on one another's shoulders, as if they had nothing in the world to concern them — and that is almost true. Certainly few of these youths are bothered with their studies. They become a secondary consideration, the main one being to get the greatest possible pleasure out of life with the least possible effort. Those who toil, and they are the majority, keep to their rooms.

Just as the ancient Greeks had their Agora, or town square, where they met to discuss life's problems, leaving the physical side of things to their slaves, so the Quadrangle is the meeting-place of Yale. Here her easiest-going denizens are wont to congregate, and, perched the whole length of the immortal Fence, to while away the evenings of autumn, spring, and summer, cracking jests as venerable for the most part as the University itself, or wearing their brains over the coming elections to senior secret societies. There is a topic of absorbing, perennial interest! To outsiders it means nothing; and it means very little to the men who have left the fold and been elbowed by the world. But to undergraduates it is a matter of terrible importance. Some of them think of nothing else, and spend their days in small diplomacy or calculating the chances of other men. Every possible candidate is anatomized a thousand times. If So-and-So is seen walking with What's-his-name, straightway the occurrence is noted, and these youthful politicians fall to wondering whether the person in question has hurt or bettered

TOIL AND POLITICS

his chances. Every list is revised and the whole situation is again discussed with reference to the latest change. Perhaps America's chief school of diplomacy meets by the Yale Fence. At all events, it is a nursery for wire-pullers. You may see them any hour in late April or May, gathered in twos and threes a little aloof from the mirthful crowd, hatching with great seriousness plans which to them have an almost tragic importance. This seems ludicrous to you and me now, but perhaps there was a time when the matter wore quite another face, and we would almost have bartered our souls for the badges that make men better than they are.

When two men stand upon a like footing, one of them is usually sure to wish he were a bit higher than the other. Ambition kills equality. It is not so much the badge of distinction as it is a sense that one's merits will be recognized which spurs to the struggle for honours. The rivalry created by the desire to assert one's self begins in early childhood and never ends. The honour itself is purely relative. What angel but would fain be St. Peter and wear at his girdle the Bunch of Keys! It is notorious, also, that there is a biggest toad in every puddle.

The truth of this being granted, one no longer wonders why a Yale undergraduate should set such store by secret societies. In the first place they are secret, therefore awe-inspiring. In the second place they are limited in membership to a small fraction of each class. Hence, if you are among the chosen, you cannot help feeling that others have regarded you as superior to your fellows, even if you are modest

BOYS AND MEN

enough yourself to believe that the assumption is untrue.

Each year of college life, except the first, has its particular societies. So each year has its struggle in which the prepotent survive socially. That is why there are wire-pullers. That is also why some heads are very sore at the end of junior year, when they have learned that whatever other qualifications they may have they have not such as gain this distinction.

There are many secret heartaches, mingled sometimes with a disappointment so keen that men otherwise strong and thoughtful enough have been known to declare that they looked upon their whole university life as a failure because they had missed the coveted place. Incredible as it may seem, there are some whose almost single occupation during their college life is the effort to secure a badge which shall be a token to the rest of their little world that they have succeeded.

VI

JACK WRITES A LETTER

IT was the last Sunday in May, one of those days when the climate of the New England coast steams you until your whole body is a warm, wet rag. If you move, your temperature rises straight-way several degrees and you are forced to sit still until evening to get back your strength. On such days the Quadrangle appears deserted. Excessive heat is the only thing that will make the Campus perfectly still.

Sunday was the time that Jack Eldredge chose for his correspondence, — not that he had nerves or needed quiet to think, but simply because he looked upon the Sabbath as having been originally assigned by the Creator to church-going and letter-writing. Moreover, there was no one about to bother. So, having divested himself of all but two garments, and having splashed water on his naked parts, he sat down at his desk, chewed the tip of a penholder in a five-minute coagulation of ideas, and wrote this letter:

YALE COLLEGE, May 29, 1892.

DEAR FAMILY, — As I sit here in the top storey of Farnam this frightfully hot afternoon, I can imagine you on the piazza at home enjoying the sea-breeze, and it makes me wish the year were ended. Two weeks

BOYS AND MEN

from now our final examinations begin. They take about a fortnight. I am going to New London to see the boat-race in Van Rensselaer's launch. Van is in my class and is president of the Freshman Navy. The launch belongs to his father.

This year has been all I could desire. I've made lots of friends — the best I ever had — and it seems as if everything had come my way. Getting on the Eleven probably helped me somewhat, and I have n't been obliged to pull any wires. You know I was only talking in fun that day before I left The Oaks to come to Yale. There are lots of wire-pullers here, but most of them make a flat failure of it, partly because they don't know how, and partly because they have to keep it up so long that everybody catches on, and, when the time comes, they discover that they have blown their horns too much. In my opinion a fellow who has n't anything in him does n't deserve to succeed. That's the Yale idea. Of course it makes lots of soreheads.

Last week I joined one of the Sophomore Societies. They are secret, so I cannot tell you anything about it. They are not recognized by the Faculty, but everybody knows they exist, and some fellows would give their souls or anything else to get in. Tarbell belongs to the same one as I do, and so does Joe, but poor Billy was left out. I used my influence to get him in, but there are some fellows in the Sophomore class that don't like him, and in mine too. I tell you in the strictest confidence that I think it's a shame. James is our Fence Orator, which is a big honour. He will roast the big men in the Sophomore class and tell some rattling stories. The Fence oration takes place in front of Durfee, near the Oak. First the Sophomore mounts a platform built over the Fence, and scores all the queer fellows in the Freshman

JACK WRITES A LETTER

class. Budson, whom I told you about at Easter, will get it hot and heavy. Then he springs some fine rhetoric about historic associations and intrusts the Fence to our care. The Freshman Orator replies, and after having his fun he says some nice things about the democratic spirit, and tells how grateful we are to have the privilege of sitting on the Fence. The Sophomore Orator is a very witty man. He's on the "Record," which is, as you know, Yale's funny paper. I'll send you a copy of the "News" containing the two speeches.

James is such a strange chap that it's hard even for me to tell whether he is much disappointed at having missed an election. He told Tarb that they could go "plumb to" for all he cared. Just the same, I think he feels pretty bad about it, and I'm going to try hard to see he comes out all right when our class is up for the Senior Societies. Next year about sixty of us — I mean of '95 — will be initiated into Junior Societies. That (between ourselves) does n't amount to a hill of beans. Almost everybody who has done anything gets an election — and a good many who have not. Sophomore Society men never miss it, but some of them get a horribly disappointing jolt when it comes to the tapping for the three Senior Societies.

I don't suppose you care so much for these things as we do. A man has to be here awhile before he sees what it means. Then everybody but a few useless chumps who take no part in college life learns all about it; and there are some fellows who actually spend their whole time trying to put this final feather into their nests. It is commonly believed here in college that a Senior Society man has much better chances in after life, because he will get fine opportunities in business and be able to go into the swellest society in every big city in

BOYS AND MEN

the country. But Joe Glenn's father, who belonged to the best Senior Society, has told Joe that he would n't take a man of his Society into his firm under any circumstances.

I've worked for the Faculty pretty steadily throughout the year — though, I must say, I could n't do much during the football season. I was so tired nearly every night then that I had to go to bed about nine o'clock ; but I stand above the middle of the class. Joe is said to be the highest-stand man — though the Faculty keep these things to themselves. I sometimes wish I could trade off a little of my muscle for some of Joe's brains. By the way, Joe intends to bring his sister Margaret here to the Promenade next winter and maybe to the big football game. I have seen her just once, and it strikes me she is about the most stunning girl I ever saw. She is at school in Farmington. Joe goes up there to see her rather frequently. He probably knows some of her friends too.

Tarb wants me to go down to Arizona with him this summer. He says he'll teach me how to punch cows and give me a little shooting before we return to college. If you don't want me all summer, I should like to take Tarbell up on that. I want to be an all-around man (as Budson says), and I think a little cow-punching and meeting a new kind of people would help me out. Besides, it will keep me in good training for the football team. The captain has asked us to meet him at Newport about the middle of September ; but as Tarb and I can give him a good excuse, he'll be sure to let us off.

It's awfully hot (as I have said before) and terribly hard to study. However, it will all be over in a few days and then I shall be with you. Please ask Thomas to get a regular Western saddle for Toby. I am going to

JACK WRITES A LETTER

put in a couple of weeks at rough riding, so those people in Arizona won't think I am a tenderfoot.

I must stop here: some of the fellows have come and want me to go to supper.

Your devoted

JACK.

VII

EXODUS

THE examinations came, — an ordeal of fire because a quantity of dross is burnt up along with some really good material of which the University has not been able to discover the value. It is the time when laziness and procrastination bring men into such sore straits that they sit up all night listening to relays of illiterate urchins, hired to read ponies by the hour, while industrious youths of slender means make swift and abundant gains by drumming a lot of indispensable but short-lived ideas into very dull heads which somebody has thought worthy of a collegiate education.

In these days Billy James, who loathed mathematics and inveighed against them as if they had been personal enemies, became possessed of the theory that he could keep his brains more clear and active by taking violent runs over the country, and finishing with a plunge into cold water, than by studying. So, when the doors of Alumni Hall were thrown open and the surging crowd pressed in, Billy entered gaily, cheering with the rest, — that battle-cry of the Yale undergraduate, who wishes to impress the Faculty with his gladness and also with his particular and gregarious belief that he is prepared to answer any

EXODUS

question that the Faculty is able to ask. *Nil desperari — desperatis!*

Strange things happened. Ballentine, for instance, rashly carried into examination some borrowed brains on a long roll of paper acutely devised so as to snap up his sleeve at the approach of a proctor. The contrivance was not detected, but certain suspicious phrases on his blue-book, and an accurate estimate of the young man's mental attainments, caused him to lose the advantage of six months' residence at college, — an occurrence interesting in itself but of no historical importance.

Thus the year has come to an end. Another generation of Yalensians is shaken off Alma Mater's apron-strings, and three classes change their names. Over every one, slight though it be, has come some change which tends to liken him to his neighbour, — a change impossible to escape, whether it brings him nearer to his ideal or daily makes him what he would not be. Budson is still cheeky at times, and will be callow all his days; but he has had his hardest knocks, and the process of undoing the work of his parents has begun. This is due in the first place to a whim of the crotchety but ever perspicuous James; for, had he not taken it into his head to have Budson invite Tarbell to be his room-mate, Budson might have fallen in with some one like himself and lost the best part of his training, some of the deepest lessons that a man learns in college not being set down in the catalogue.

In the nine months of buffeting with other souls, James, too, has unconsciously sloughed off some of

BOYS AND MEN

his extravagance, and become more like the type which the Clan — with the self-approval which we are wont to forgive in large bodies — calls a Yale man. The word bears its own praise, as do “Christian” and “gentleman.”

The Quadrangle is once more in upheaval. Big wagons with fat horses, and small wagons with lean horses, are gathering hundreds of trunks and all the promiscuous baggage known to migrant gentility. Washladies are passing to and fro in the hope of collecting tardy bills, or staring tearfully into deserted rooms from which careless or impecunious patrons have departed without paying them their hard-earned wage. Faded Africans and Ethiopians dyed in the wool rush hither and thither in order to create by a final burst of activity the impression that they have laboured diligently throughout the year. Along the dormitories departing seniors have hung from their windows facetious signs: “HEIRLOOMS FROM GRAND RAPIDS!” “EMBRACE YOUR OPPORTUNITY!” (with illustration). “HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y NILI!” “NOBBY ARTICLES IN GENTS’ ROOM FURNISHINGS!” — and some of them are accompanied by grotesque cartoons. On the Campus prowls the dwarfish Jew, ever ready to waylay the spendthrift, who for jingling cash is willing to part with good clothes at a twentieth of their worth; others, their arms laden with spoils, are hurrying to their lairs, where they will sell them to wage-earners for Hebraic gain.

In the midst of all this turmoil Colonel Fitzhugh, his hands tucked in his pockets and a straw hat tilted back from his tranquil forehead, saunters down the

EXODUS

Durfee walk, and reposes himself with leisurely elegance upon the Fence. He is colouring a meerschaum pipe, and seems hardly to know that the year is ended; and really, from his point of view, it makes little difference. In front of Farnam Tarbell is shaking Budson's hand, and as he turns away, Budson stands looking wistfully after him until he is lost to sight. Gradually the last stragglers depart, and the great buildings begin to stare desolately through their blank and empty windows. It is far into June.

VIII

DESMOND

IN summer New Haven dozes. One might almost think the good old place had ceased to breathe. In this state of suspended animation, and quite as doleful as a frame that has lost its picture, New Haven remains until the revolving months have travelled their dusty road, and autumn has once more touched the leaves. Then you see collegians in the streets, and recognize them by something in dress and gait as easily as an American can distinguish a fellow-countryman on the Champs Élysées. They saunter along, puffing their pipes, with as little regard for public opinion as for the Punic Wars. Here a couple stop a moment at the photographer's window, to see if he has changed his samples of pretty girls; farther on, a group of six or seven stand in the middle of the sidewalk and chat unconcernedly, while townsmen veer from their paths. They are both used to it now, but time was when there were daily squabbles and frequent spillings of bad blood. Town and gown have become more civilized, and no longer look upon each other as belonging to separate species.

Inside the Quadrangle, which is enclosed by iron gates and big buildings, you may see the rushing of busy but ineffective sweeps, — of draymen, agents,

DESMOND

and washerwomen, — all the motley throng that gets a living out of this migratory population. Mrs. McCann floats complacently down the eastern walk, followed by her increasingly aristocratic daughter, and yonder is the representative of the Crystal Pool Laundry with his suavity and his diamond. There are young, unfamiliar faces which wear an expression of doubt and timidity, or the slight swagger that comes from not being quite sure of one's ground. As a company of these novices passes the Chapel, sophomore idlers on their end of the Fence begin in concert a sneering and impertinently monotonous whistle, to which the freshmen are obliged to keep step with that fatal obedience to the sense of rhythm which is in every breathing thing. It is called the Freshman March, and is composed of exactly fourteen notes. One of the whistlers is Budson. Basking in his sophomore glory, he smokes triumphantly. Colonel Fitzhugh's meerschaum pipe, after three months of unflagging devotion, is just turning to a blotchy brown. The Colonel holds his carven shrine gracefully, and watches the smoke as it ascends in pearly waves to the divinity of sluggards and tobacco. James, his brown face resting between his browner hands, sits humped like an S upon the comfortable Fence, and his expression is earnest to the verge of melancholy.

“Look here, Bill,” said the Colonel, with an accent more rich and musical than in June, “I reckon you've got the mopes, have n't you, or are you countin' on swearin' off again?”

“Fitz, I have n't even the intention of swearing to

BOYS AND MEN

swear off. If I had any plans I'd gladly let you into them. No, I'm building no fancy chances this year. Have you any tobacco, Colonel?"

"Most assuredly I have, and take this occasion of repayin' a pinch of the pound I must have borrowed of you last year. Speakin' of tobacco, William, are you still engaged in the pursuit of literature? I reckon you'll be palmin' off some of your summer love affairs on the old 'Lit. Magazine,' won't you? Just put yourself in the third person and mix up the ladies' characteristics, and you'll have enough to keep you goin' till the Fourth of July. For the lan'-sake! If there is n't old Jack Eldredge, lookin' just as natural as life!"

Fitzhugh and James rapidly undo their legs and make for Eldredge with outstretched hands. Jack's sunny countenance beams healthily as he responds with a vigorous grip: "Howdy, Fitz? What's the good word from the Blue Grass country? Well, well, Billy! Why did n't you tell a fellow? What do you mean by raising a moustache in my absence? But you have n't grown a bit — I can still see over your head. Where have you been and what have you done? Come, out with it now, if you've got anything concealed on your person — Colonel, Bill looks suspicious, does n't he?"

"That's just what I've been observin' myself," said the Colonel. "It would be more than surprisin' if he had n't been up to some of his pranks. I'm lookin' for some literature as soon as the mill goes to grindin' — By the way, Jack, ain't you smokin'? Here's my little old briarwood and a bag of choice

DESMOND

Virginia — James 'll kindly provide you with a match."

"No, Colonel, I can't go you. I've been in training for a week. Have you seen Tarbell? He has been at my house, feeding up. Are you coming out to the Field this afternoon?"

Here the three men return to the Fence and settle on it comfortably. There is one advantage in a board four inches wide: it will fit any shape. Presently Budson, who has been absorbed in his conversation, spies Eldredge and comes running over. His eyes are watery with glad emotion, and he seizes Jack by the hand before the latter has time to climb off the Fence.

"Hello, Jack, old boy; you're looking as brown as a berry." (That was precisely Budson's expression.) "Well, it seems good to be back at the old College, does n't it? The old familiar faces do a fellow good. How do you like James's moustache? It's a corker, is n't it? How's your muscle, Jack?" (feeling Eldredge's biceps.) "I guess you'll do. We fellows won't be anywhere by Christmas if you go on piling up your honours at such a rate — I suppose you'll be captain next year, won't you?"

"It looks as if Budson had had a relapse," growled James to Thorndyke. "He's probably been spending the summer with his parents. Tarbell ought not to allow that man out of his sight a week at a time."

"Well," said Budson, who began almost every sentence with a *well*, "I must be going along; we'll all go out to the Field this afternoon and see Jack buck the line. Oh, say! We'll have a little fun

BOYS AND MEN

with the freshmen to-night. They're fresh as green paint."

"Don't be too hard on them," quoth Billy; "you remember your own experience."

Now Budson had never thought there was a serious side to that, so he merely laughed and said something jocular about the wholesome effect that a mild dose of hazing may have on the character of one who needs it, as a parrot might say "Poor Polly," and went cheerfully on his way.

Mr. Fitzhugh Thorndyke carefully dug the ashes out of his pipe, replenished it, and sauntered elegantly down the Campus. There was just the thought of a swagger in his indolent gait, and his hat was cocked slightly to one side. There are persons whose character is discernible in their very backs.

James and Eldredge basked silently in the noonday sun. Around them other fellows were chatting and laughing at jokes of their own. One was patiently absorbed in carving the class numerals on a smooth spot in the Fence. By and by James knocked a reeking lump of nicotine from his pipe and rubbed the glossy briar upon his nose.

"Have a nice summer, Jack?"

"Not very dull, thanks. I have seen some lively times. Have you ever punched cows, Billy?"

"No, milk punch is the nearest I've been to it. Did you get any shooting?"

"Oh, I had a lot better sport than that! Tarbell and I helped run down some wolves. My boy, you never had such fun! If you really want to enjoy something, just get a rope around one of those beg-

DESMOND

gars and then go jumping over the prairie on a tough little broncho with the wolf dragging after you. I'd rather do that once than dodge every man on a football field."

"I should think it would be a pleasant sensation," said James. "How did Tarb seem on his native heath?"

"Tarb knows a few things, Billy, that we have n't guessed. He's a star broncho-breaker, and can brand more critters in one day than you ever saw this side of Chicago. But you ought to have seen him with the other boys on the ranch! They've got a prejudice against Eastern people and are pretty hot about politics, but Tarb kept them in hand in the nicest way possible. They were bully to me all the while, and I tell you there is n't a whiter lot of fellows anywhere. Where are you living this year?"

"The same old place. I had thought of moving on to the Campus, but my landlady was so nice that I could n't break away. Besides, it's too hard to study on the Campus. Here comes Desmond, Jack. I think I'd better be going; I'll try to see the football practice this afternoon."

Eldredge did n't quite catch the hidden inference. Desmond had always been obsequious to Jack. He was always amiable when there was something to gain by it. If he swore falsely to the Dean, snubbed his obscure classmates, and hid under his bed to avoid paying a wash-bill, it was not well enough known to make much difference.

Desmond wished to be seen in the society of prominent men, being one himself. Besides, he had a few

BOYS AND MEN

feelers to put out in order to see how he stood, and Eldredge would be likely to know. With all the skill Desmond was to show, a few years later, in culling what Americans, with a fine respect for their institutions, are accustomed to call "plums," this precocious Talleyrand was now making plans to gain some more of the distinctions which Yalensians prize. Everybody was aware that Desmond was a serious man; he had written divers articles on the "Yale Spirit," the "Opportunities of a College Life," and other weighty matters, to prove it. He was also inscrutable, and to be inscrutable at onescore years is to be a person of great resources.

After a while the politician went upon some other errand, and Jack betook himself to the Eating Club. The various members made remarks on one another's appearance, and each man was asked where he had passed the summer, why he had n't kept his promise to visit somebody else, when he got back, and many like questions. Glenn demanded of James wherefore he had such a "grouch," to which he got no satisfactory reply. Drake was requested to give a detailed account of the fauna and flora of British Columbia, and Joshua would fain have made reply, but some one cracked a joke and there arose a din of unquenchable laughter like to that of the riotous heroes quoted in Hadley's Grammar.

That afternoon a great throng flocked to the Field. Tarbell and Eldredge made a brilliant play on the first snapback and were cheered to the welkin. Tarbell took it unconcernedly, but Jack's sweaty face reddened with a flush of pleasure. A minute later

DESMOND

he missed the ball, and caught a rebuke from the coach for being the worst fumbler on the team. Whereupon he seized the next ball passed to him, and with but a single man to interfere, dashed through the opposing line and sped down the field, dodging right under a pair of hands outstretched to down him, hurling another adversary so that he turned a somersault and rolled off, *hors de combat*, a rod away. Like a human cyclone, he zigzagged and squirmed his way to the goal and made his touch-down. The crowd went wild with enthusiasm, yelling "Eldredge! Eldredge!" and "Rah! Rah! Rah!" till the conflict was resumed.

There was not an eating club but discussed that play at dinner, and afterwards, as if it had been a battle or an assassination; but Jack and Tarbell went to training table, where such things are talked of cautiously, for fear of swelling somebody's head or damaging the team's morale.

IX

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

HAVING tussled for a disagreeable hour with a small but vicious book on "Analytical Trigonometry" with no more serious results than a few impotent curses, James hied him to Glenn for help. Glenn had gone out, so James flopped disconsolately into a chair and waxed satirical about mathematicians.

Jack had worked his problems, but he had n't the knack of explanation, which is harder than comprehension.

"What bores me," said James, "is to know that I do know something; but all this mathematical rot is keeping me down in everything else. To think of being herded off with the dunces in the class, and having to listen to their footless recitations in subjects about which I really can think intelligently! I wonder if professors — Well, it's no go. Give me a cigarette, Jack. No, of course you have n't any. I'll forage." He went into Glenn's room and returned with a lighted cigarette. "Tell Joe I've taken a nail out of his coffin."

"Billy," said Jack, "do you care anything about your own interests? Because, if you do, you are taking a poor way of pushing them."

"What do you mean?"

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

“I mean,” replied Eldredge, “that it’s blamed bad policy to be making enemies. D’ye see?”

“Whom, for instance?”

“Don’t be silly.”

“Silly? Oh, I see what you mean! But I’ll be hanged if I can look at it in that way, and, moreover, I’ll be hanged if I will. What’s-his-name knows I’m not fond of his type, but that’s no reason why he should lay himself out to spoil *my* fun. I’ll tell you something interesting, Jack, — but you must excuse me for talking about things which you consider holy. A chance has brought you into close relations with Desmond, and I suppose you’ve sworn great oaths to cherish him like a brother; but, you see, I’m free as the air, and can therefore enjoy the privilege of despising the man for just what he is.”

If Eldredge had n’t been straightforward, he would have regarded this mention of his secret society as an offence. He merely looked more earnest.

“Desmond made a mistake, Billy.”

“Oh, a mistake, was it! Then you consider it a mistake to slander and lie and steal!”

“Come, Bill,” said Eldredge, soothingly, “you’re just imagining.”

“Yes,” retorted James, wrathfully, “just the same as when somebody sticks you in the back. Of course you’re supposed not to know it. But I do know it, and I’ll make myself even if it takes a year.”

“That’s a pretty spirit, Bill; I did n’t know you were such a revengeful cuss.”

“I can’t help what I am, Jack, and you can’t

BOYS AND MEN

know. Everything goes just as you would like to have it; everybody treats you fairly, finding it unnecessary to tell lies; but it's not quite all it looks to be, and some day you may get a chance to see things from my point of view. Possibly you'll be disgusted just the same as I, am, and even go low enough to loathe a man who snubs decent fellows in order to please other snobs, and hides under his bed to avoid settling his wash-bill. Well, good-night, Jack; I've got a fearful grouch."

With that James went off, leaving Jack in a quandary. He leaned his elbows on the cushioned window-seat and looked out upon the tree-tops and the Green without seeing either. It really seemed to him in this moment of sober reflection that he ought to do something to offset Desmond's work, for he knew that James had suffered disappointment and was likely to suffer more, and Jack, despite his sworn obligation to Desmond, was a lover of fair play. He despised the paltriness of the thing, and at the same time he felt a great reluctance to meddling in other people's quarrels. Any direct resentment or interference he regarded as Quixotic, and therefore resolved to let James fight his own battles, yet he felt a sort of personal indignation which might have become material if the offender had appeared at that moment.

In the midst of these ruminations Glenn came in, and seeing his room-mate in so pensive a mood, asked if anybody had died. Eldredge did n't quite like being considered solemn, so he shook off his thoughtful air and did not even say that James had been to

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

see him, until Glenn remarked that he had just met him on the street looking very glum.

“Joe,” said Eldredge, “I hardly know what to think of Bill. One day he seems as gritty as any one, and another he appears to give in. I wish he was n’t so ticklish. If you had heard him lay out a certain acquaintance of ours! The unfortunate side of it is that I know Bill to be truthful, and am therefore forced to change my views about somebody else.”

“Who’s that?” asked Glenn.

“First, I want you to answer a question. Suppose a fellow a few months younger than you or I joins a secret society and, without really knowing what sort of a crowd he’s in, swears he will be a friend to every one of them. Later he finds out that one of his fellow members is a — well, a man like Desmond.”

“I should say,” replied Glenn, “that he was foolish to make such promises, and also that the whole business strikes me as childish. The person you mention has always stuck in my crop because he is a hypocrite, but, leaving that aside, he has n’t got in my way and I have n’t cared a rap what else he did. It’s too bad, though, that such a miserable specimen should be looked up to.”

“Here’s a nice mess,” said Jack. “I have to see the man every day of my life, and I don’t know how long I can stomach it. If Bill had n’t said anything about the thing, I might have found it out for myself; but now it’s like meddling in other people’s quarrels. Well, Joe, we’ll see what turns up.”

“Which will be nothing at all. Billy will chew a good deal of soap and waste considerable valuable

BOYS AND MEN

time worrying over his grievance, but Desmond will go his own way, — over a few of his friends' necks, — and what are you going to do about it? Things are arranged that way. It is n't at all pretty, Jack."

"No, it is n't, for a fact."

"How was the practice to-day?" asked Glenn, who had got enough of the other matter.

"Bad! I was perfectly rotten to drop that ball. It came too high for me to get a grip. Great Scott! I was lucky afterwards."

"Yes, I heard about it. Everybody says it was a grand run."

"Do they?" asked Jack.

"And they also say that you are erratic. Well, good-night, Jack. I'm one night behind on sleep."

"Good-night," responded Eldredge; and the two men retired to their cubby bedrooms. One of them sat on his bed with one shoe off and his head in his hands until the clock boomed eleven. A small part of the hour he passed in asking himself unanswerable questions, — a man is likely to do that when he is disgusted; the remainder of the time he spent watching a certain egg-shaped leather ball which was continually being passed to him, and which, just as continually, slipped out of his hands and went bounding in an aerial zigzag into the clutches of another player. Slowly he pulled off his clothes and went to bed, to dream of a cursing coach who turned red with fury and told him to get off the field. And as he walked off, hundreds of eyes along the ropes followed him until at last people and field melted away into the clouds of sleep.

X

A COWARD'S HONOUR

YOU may meet a man every day for weeks at a time, you may give him your hand because custom compels you to, you may smile with him and say nothing bitter or hostile; but if your ideals are opposed to his lack of them, if you are humanly honest while you know him to be a rogue, if you have good impulses while you are aware he has hardly one, some condition must finally arise which will bring you into conflict with that other man. Eldredge and Desmond met daily, each treating the other with the courtesy of gentlemen. They met at their Society, they sat upon the Fence together, they shared the common interests of a college life. Once or twice Desmond and James mischanced to meet in some classmate's room. James did nothing childish, and Desmond did nothing low, but it seemed that James could not long bear the sight of him. Therefore that somewhat choleric idealist found a way of disappearing. He was much too much a gentleman to squabble in another man's room.

The great football match came and was fought with the desperate energy that two-and-twenty stalwart Anglo-Saxons are accustomed to put into that best of games. There were the yelling thousands upon the

BOYS AND MEN

bleachers with the chosen women and the brass bands. There were hard knocks and bruises, and bleeding but harmless wounds.

Into that conflict Tarbell went calmly, like a giant, trustful in his own strength, and sure of every signal that might be given. His brute force was that of three ordinary men, and he had the brains which are not absolutely necessary but highly useful in an athlete. Eldredge, likewise, was in the pink of condition; as perfect a man as one ever sees. Eldredge, too, had a level head, and he was also brilliant and fleet of foot (which is better still). With the ball once firm under his armpit, he would have dodged a bayonet with as little fear as he showed in eluding the agile hands outstretched to hurl him. Through the swift and well-drilled company of the other team he cleared never more than twenty yards, and more than once he was flung rudely without a foot of gain. Only once he dropped the ball, and it was immediately saved by a vigilant rusher. Such things will happen to the best of players and happened to him.

In the Middle Ages fair ladies foregathered at tourneys to watch their champion knights, and so it is still. But Margaret Glenn was not present. That was a disappointment, for Joe had said that she would be there. Afterwards she wrote a note of regret, which Jack carried in his coat-pocket, while he flung disgustedly into the waste-basket a letter from some unknown simpleton who, under the pretext of admiration for his athletic prowess, begged for a signed photograph.

Three weeks later came the mid-year examinations,

A COWARD'S HONOUR

and that was the time when the circumstances arose that set two men at odds, and broke a bond of friendship which was already severed in all but a single strand. What happened then had also happened in a different way many times before, but not with the same results.

On that particular day the usual horde of boisterous, nervous undergraduates surged through the portals of Alumni Hall. Grouped according to their studies, they sat in various rooms, at the octagonal, ink-stained tables, pen in hand, awaiting the ever-mysterious questions. Eldredge sat by the wall, with his head against a wainscot; near him, a yard or so away, was Desmond, a shade paler than usual, as a man is likely to be when he mistrusts his own brains. The clock struck the even hour, and proctors passed about, distributing the papers. In a minute every man was bending over his table, or gazing anxiously, vacantly into space, searching for the idea that was there if anywhere. Eldredge, who felt pretty sure of his knowledge, bent to his work with energy. Desmond sat with his hands in his hair, staring hopelessly at what to him was a riddle. He chewed his pen nervously, and wrote his name at the top of the blank. Had it been literature, he might have made some answer out of whole cloth, but mechanics cannot be manipulated in that way. There may be several ways of reaching it, but there can be only one solution.

After half an hour of this strain, Eldredge received permission from an overseer to get a drink of water. A few seconds later his neighbour followed him out of

BOYS AND MEN

the room and into a little hall. They reached it almost at the same instant. Eldredge was on the point of turning back when Desmond stopped him.

"Wait, Jack, a minute." Eldredge turned, but said nothing.

"Jack, what's the formula for the fall of an object?"

Eldredge hesitated a second.

"Quick! Jack, quick! Let me have it! They'll catch on if we stay too long." Eldredge flushed at the imputation and started to go.

"Tell, tell me, Jack. One of the proctors is coming this way." Beads of cold sweat were on the man's forehead, and the roots of his hair were itching. He put his hand on Jack's shoulder as if to detain him, and his face was sallow with fear.

"Give it to me, Jack, old man. I've failed already on three exams, and if I flunk this it means —"

"I can't," said Eldredge, in a low tone; "it's not right. We're on our honour."

"Oh, bosh!" exclaimed Desmond. "You don't mean to say you — Why, everybody does it. Come, Jack, don't be so virtuous; it's only doing the Faculty a little. How can that hurt you?"

The moments were pressing. Eldredge stood looking at Desmond with hard-set jaw; a flushed but almost expressionless face. Desmond's hand dropped; his lips began to quiver; his face was growing wan.

"I thought you were my friend, Eldredge, but I see you're not."

"No, I am not — in this instance," replied Eldredge, slowly.

A COWARD'S HONOUR

“After your professions,” sneered Desmond. “But you’re a damned hypocrite.”

The flush on Eldredge’s face faded. Anger rushed to his eyes; he drew back his arm as if to strike, but, mastering himself, turned and went back to his place. His heart was swelling with indignation and loathing. Desmond returned to his table with a face as bloodless as parchment; he stared for some minutes at the unwritten sheet, then, having scribbled an excuse of sudden illness, he left the room.

XI

INTO THE WORLD

CHRISTMAS holidays being over, there was much business on hand. Committees and more committees sat up nights and worked all day in their endeavour to make their Junior Promenade the smoothest and swellest that had ever been held. An army of upholsterers, of florists, of caterers, came and took their particular squints at the Armory ballroom, and each expressed several expensive opinions in the language of his craft. For three weeks before the night of the ball everybody scurried hither and thither, filling out cards of dances with the best names to be had. There was some politics, some trifling misrepresentation, a little irritation; much satisfaction on the part of those who could get what they wanted, and a good deal more putting up with it on the part of those who could n't.

It had not occurred to Tarbell, until some admirer asked for a dance, that his knowledge of that art was limited to a few hilarious jigs and the sort of *spiel* which ranchers dignify with the name waltz. Nevertheless he had a full card in no time, and therefore felt it incumbent upon himself to take lessons. For two weeks he laboured like a dray-horse. Professor de Riel had never taught a more conscientious nor a bigger pupil. Professor de Riel was "lady" most of

INTO THE WORLD

the time. He showed Tarbell how to reverse so that he could do it as skilfully as a twin-screw steamer, and he also explained to his disciple the meaning of "dozy-doe," and other delicate features of the dance. Young ladies came at the professor's behest, and Tarbell waltzed them up and down the terpsichorean floor and practised talking as he danced. After a while he could say a whole sentence during the reverse, as if he and his partner had been sitting by the wall. But, try as he might, his coat-tails bobbed like streamers in the breeze. The professor hinted facetiously that clasp-pins might accomplish something, and Tarbell thought of leaden weights, both of which schemes were abandoned as fantastic. But the coat-tails would not down.

Tarbell took counsel with James, who asked him what the deuce he cared. "*She* can't see through *you*, Tarb, and you'll be several times more picturesque."

Tarbell thought he might manage by timely manœuvres so that his partners should get only a front view. It's a strange thing that a man of his calibre can be embarrassed by mere coat-tails. Small things have a way of bothering big people. Barring that, everything was a perfection of studied preparation.

A few days before the ball came dames and damsels from every corner of the continent. The former were gracious and correct; the latter were nearly all of more than average distinction as to looks and raiment, by virtue of the Darwinian law which governs such affairs.

One of the loveliest was a dashing, incomprehensible brunette from the South. She and her chaperone

BOYS AND MEN

were in the charge of Mr. Fitzhugh Thorndyke, who had been extraordinarily complacent for a month.

Glenn was merely bringing his own sister. Consequently his elation was of a quiet, brotherly kind. In his own mind he was aware that Margaret was comely; also that she knew a great many things not usually contained in feminine heads. He took Jack and Billy and Tarbell to call, and the result of it was that those three men got together afterwards and made comparisons which sadly neglected the charms of every other girl they had seen.

“Joseph is n’t so painfully plain,” said James; “but who would imagine,” etc., etc. “What do you think, Tarb?”

“I don’t know quite what to think, pardner, but I hope she won’t notice those coat-tails.”

“Pshaw, man! How the deuce is she going to see them? You don’t imagine she’s going to jump over your shoulder, do you? Keep a firm grip, Tarb, and she’ll think you’re just alike on both sides.”

Eldredge was pensive, — wished he was cleverer, wished also that he had left a couple more dances open. The truth was that none of the three had any exact notions as to Miss Margaret Glenn, and each was quite right in not being too honest in the expression of those he had.

Of course there were teas preceding the Sophomore German and the ball, and swell turnouts ploughed or forded the streets with their loads of fashionable apparel and pretty faces. Undergraduates, who but a week before had gone about in caps and sweaters, came forth arrayed in silk hats and frock coats, and

INTO THE WORLD

their acquaintances geyed them harmlessly from the Fence whenever they went a-“fussing,” — which in Yale slang means paying social courtesies to ladies not of your own blood.

Resplendent with his high hat and shoes that glared, his curls adjusted with the utmost pains, stick in hand, and with a gait not his own, our old friend Budson was a joy to see. “Boys, you’re not in my class,” quoth he, gaily; and they shaded their eyes as if to shun the brilliant light that played on his auroral locks and silken tile.

Eldredge had reasons for believing that if he arrived at a certain place at a certain hour he would be much better pleased than if he arrived at some other time. He was therefore disappointed when James appeared and invited both him and Tarbell to go to the same place at the same hour. They started off together, Billy taking the inner edge of the sidewalk to gain in appearance a couple of inches in height.

When the three men arrived, a large number of handsome dresses had already assembled, and a somewhat smaller number of handsome persons. There was a swift and undistinguishable chatter of high-keyed voices, with an undertone of masculine speech; and the dresses passed to and fro, eying one another as dresses can, furtively and in an instant.

Our friends had hardly got by their hostess, when they were seized by Thorndyke, who presented them to Miss Merivale — “My Miss Merivale” — if he had said what he wished to think. Had she not been extraordinarily pretty, she would have been overdressed, but as she sat with a teacup poised in her fingers, her

BOYS AND MEN

dark hair waving on her forehead, the flush from an overheated room upon her cheeks, and a smile in her eyes, she seemed as lovely as some nodding orchid. To each of the three men she said something melodiously flattering in her irreproducible Southern speech. They bent nearer, and one of them asked if he might hold her cup, and Jack inquired very foolishly if she had been long in town.

“Oh, yes, indeed, and is n't it perfectly fascinating? I declare I wish I'd been born a man, and could live in this delightful old city, and study such interesting things. Is n't it lovely, Mr. James?”

“Which?” he asked.

“Living in this town, of course,” prompted Eldredge.

“Yes, it is rather nice,” said Billy. “Do you like the old Green?”

“It's beautiful,” replied Miss Merivale. “And my brother, who is in the freshman class, says it belongs to the College, but that the townspeople have the use of it.”

“The College is awfully good to the town in lots of other ways, but they don't appreciate us at our face value,” observed Tarbell, quite at his ease now, and studying the girl with the teacup as if she were something quite novel in his experience. “You see, Miss Merivale, we are noisy sometimes, and they don't like to have us run through the streets in our disreputable athletic togs.”

“Oh, Mr. Tarbell,” she cried of a sudden, “you're on the football team, are n't you? Will said you were a back-stop or something, and he has sent me bundles

INTO THE WORLD

of papers with your picture and Mr. Eldredge's. I would give anything to see one of those games. But we live so dreadfully far away! I'm coming, though, and you must n't forget that I'm in the Grand Stand. Will must bring me."

"Yes, he must, when it's said like that," put in James; and Miss Merivale laughed and looked so fetching that Tarbell and James, oblivious that it was only a tea, sat down by her and said hundreds of moderately clever things, while Colonel Fitzhugh racked his agitated brains for something that would keep him in the race. And Jack listened, too, but ever and anon he looked furtively into a mirror at the reflection of somebody who was pouring tea in a far-off corner of the room. About her was a crowd which seemed never to move away. Miss Glenn, almost hidden in large palms, poured tea, and the people about her crowded closer and closer until Jack suddenly came to and realized that he had been staring over his own shoulder. Miss Merivale cried, "Penny for your thoughts!" whereupon he said something commonplace and threaded his way through a thicket of people till he came to the samovar. There he stopped, and the tea-pourer held out her hand.

"I almost thought you were n't coming," she said. "That would have been very disappointing. Would you like some tea? Sit down here with the other tired person," she whispered, smiling; and Jack sat down almost mechanically.

"It must be very tiresome to pour tea so long," said Jack.

"No, that is n't so bad," she answered, "but it's

BOYS AND MEN

very hard to talk so much without saying anything. A hundred people must have been here, and I can't remember a word of all they said. I wonder what I have been telling them. . . . Who is that big man over there?" she asked.

"It's Tarbell. He called with us the other evening, you know."

"Will he come here?"

"Now, if you wish," said Jack. "Shall I get him?"

"No, never mind. Will you be at the german to-morrow night?"

"If I survive a few more teas," said Eldredge.

"I thought you liked teas," responded Margaret, looking at Jack for an instant with an expression that puzzled him. "Don't you like this one?"

"Yes, very much; but, after all, it seems a rather silly way of getting acquainted."

"Oh! Do you think so?" she answered. "There are other sillier ways. It does n't make much difference how. It's afterwards that makes the difference."

A moment later some one came and expressed a desire to present Jack to somebody or other, and Jack rose reluctantly from his seat by the palms.

"Good-bye until to-morrow," he said; and Margaret answered with a nod and a smile which seemed strangely familiar, and as he followed his leader through the crowd he wondered where he had seen it. Just as he was introduced to some garrulous men and maidens he remembered that the smile was also Joe's.

The group to which Eldredge was presented were

INTO THE WORLD

all talking at once. The men he knew, but the girls were evidently freshly arrived, for they were asking innumerable questions about the University with a volubility which seemed to seek no answer. One aggressively inquisitive damsel wanted to know all about the secret societies, what secrets they could have, and what they did at their meetings. The men looked very much embarrassed — which is the regular attitude in such matters — and hailed Eldredge with relief. He had scarcely joined the group when each one of the young women told him how often she had seen him at the football games, how excited she got, and a dozen other facts in such rapid succession that he could hardly say a word in reply.

“Oh, Mr. Eldredge,” exclaimed an ingénue, “is n’t it perfectly lovely to be a football man! But how horrible it must be to have somebody grab you and throw you down so awfully! How do you ever get up? But how perfectly fine it must be to have thousands of people cheering you, and to be carried off on the men’s shoulders! And then in college,” she rattled on, “football men must be envied by everybody. Is n’t it horrid that girls’ colleges have n’t any such things?”

Jack scarcely knew what to say in reply to her volley of exclamations, but remarked that football was good exercise, that the players rarely heard the cheers of the crowd while playing, and took leave of his feminine admirers, several of whom declared that they were dreadfully sorry not to have any dances with him. As he passed out, he caught a glimpse of

BOYS AND MEN

the pretty Southerner still surrounded by his three classmates. She was aglow with animation, and Tarbell seemed as entranced as if he were listening to a spirited comedy. James was apparently trying to get in a word edgewise, while Fitzhugh's back denoted a strong desire to be off with Miss Merivale before she could completely beguile his companions with her stream of Southern honey.

That evening there was an astonishingly motley display of apparel at the Gourmet Eating Club, — everything, in fact, from sweaters to raiment finer than the lilies', — and a cross play of bantering good humour and comic personalities. Somebody asked Tarbell whether he thought it polite to concentrate one's attention at a tea; a question which caused a somewhat glum expression to settle upon the features of Colonel Thorndyke. Eldredge had a happy way of distracting attention from himself without causing it to settle upon any one else, — a divine gift if you want to keep your friends. But most of the chaff and raillery he did not hear nor heed; he fancied himself in possession of Miss Margaret Glenn, taking her to supper, showing her the college grounds, escorting her to chapel, dancing with her and doing a hundred other possible and impossible things. Then he went to his study and tried to work, with a net result of three downright flunks on the following day, which passed unnoticed in the general ignorance brought on by a Junior Promenade.

Tarbell could n't be induced to attend the Sophomore German. He did n't wish to "queer" himself; besides, he had no partner, which is next worst to

INTO THE WORLD

having no invitation. But everybody went to the Glee Club Concert, where home-made songs are sung to German airs, and freshmen throw cards from the gallery and dangle puppets over pit and stage.

After the performance was half over, Eldredge went out upon the street to cool. There he met James.

“’Evening, Jack. Alone?”

“Do I look together, Bill? Where are you bound?”

“For violets; she — I mean Miss Merivale says she loves Yale blue — I’m getting some;” and James went his way with an exuberantly busy look on his clean-cut face. He was in the mood that causes barbarians to whistle and larks to sing. Eldredge had had enough of the concert. In an hour it would be over and the dancing would begin. With his hands in his pockets and his head down, he took a couple of turns about the Green, walking to kill time and to ponder what to say to Margaret. When Eldredge arrived at the ballroom, the musicians were making their preparatory flourish. His partner, who had come too late for the concert, entered; he met her, and the dancing began.

She remarked that it was awful slippery, to which he responded that it was generally so in February. The girl laughed. “I meant the floor, Mr. Eldredge.”

He reproved himself mentally for being an absent-minded dolt, and in ten seconds had again, all without knowing, turned his eyes to a part of the great room where he saw Margaret dancing. So evenly, so gracefully did she move that the music seemed

BOYS AND MEN

to keep time to her steps. Her abundant hair was gathered in a knot, in one hand she held the pale blue folds of her dress; she was smiling with the lovely expression of health and youth.

"I was so sorry to miss the concert," said Jack's partner.

"I was very sorry, too," replied Eldredge; "it was fine." And straightway he realized having told a lie, but did not care.

The figure changed. He was dancing with Miss Merivale. The swing and excitement of the first dance had reddened her dark cheeks. As they glided away, she cried, "Oh, my dreadful hair; it's going to come down!" and for an instant she dropped her partner's hand to stop with the dexterous push of a pin the threatened downfall.

"What a gorgeous bunch of violets!" said Jack, pretending to sniff their fragrance, though his nose was well out of range.

"My other flowers were crushed and wilted at the concert. If they had n't been, I should n't be wearing these. But they're sweet, are n't they? Will you have one, Mr. Eldredge?"

"Yes, just one," said Jack, "I'll put it in my scrapbook with the circumstances."

"But there are n't any," returned Miss Merivale, laughing.

At that instant, by a capricious turn of the dance, Eldredge came close to Miss Margaret Glenn. She nodded to him with a friendly look and passed by, moving with a swift and vigorous grace, as if borne onward by no effort of her own. Two immense

INTO THE WORLD

American Beauties blushed and bobbed their luxurious petals against the fairness of her skin. She was not talking, but seemed absorbed in the exhilarating movement of the dance.

Again the figure changed, and Jack found himself lugging an over-plump and clumsy little girl who remarked that she was dreadfully warm, and Jack replied that it *was* warm, though he scarcely heard what she was saying. He only knew that she puffed very hard, and that she reposed upon his arm like an animated ton.

Just then James went by. He was endeavouring to steer a Gothic tower of a girl who had evidently decided on some other course. The two men grinned, and James expressed his feelings in a vulgar but expressive wink. He was half a head shorter than his architectural damsel, and looked it.

Dance followed dance in intricate succession, but Fate had mixed such an evil lot of favours that all which was angular and uninteresting seemed to bestow itself upon Jack, who was rapidly developing an unkind opinion of an arrangement with which his will had so little to do. While the young man was in this mood, it came about that the ladies should choose partners. He saw that Miss Glenn was coming toward him. She might have taken another man who was nearer, but just at that point her handkerchief dropped. Both men started to pick it up, but Eldredge moved more swiftly. Miss Glenn took the handkerchief, and, as they passed to another part of the room, she said, "I was afraid you would n't be quick enough."

BOYS AND MEN

“ Did you drop it — ”

“ Yes, on purpose,” replied Margaret, deliberately. Her partner would have given much to see her face. They were dancing to the lazy strains of an American waltz. She moved so lightly, in such harmony, that Eldredge felt no weight save the slight pressure of her hand.

“ Why could n't you come into our box? ” she asked. “ Our visitors were very nice; they said pleasant things about Joe's guitar playing, though I could n't distinguish it from the rest. ”

Eldredge was relieved that she did not again ask him why he had not come. The truth was that Desmond had been ahead of him, and that he felt a repugnance to telling women about feuds with other men. For a few moments neither spoke, but they glided on in that glamour which comes from the spell of stringed instruments and the regular cadence of the dance.

“ Where is Mr. Tarbell to-night? ” asked Margaret.

“ He would n't come, ” replied her partner. “ Tarb has known how to dance just two weeks. ”

“ He should have begun sooner. Mr. Tarbell is n't a bit like other men, and is n't he enormous! Such big men are fascinating when they 're not stupid. ”

“ Those confounded Germans are going to stop, ” said Jack, as the music began its dying flourish. “ This waltz has been shorter than the rest. ”

“ The clock does n't say so, ” answered Miss Glenn; and Eldredge wondered if he had been foolish. The figure came to an end. The music stopped. Margaret's brother took her off to supper, and Eldredge

INTO THE WORLD

sought his own partner. He was in a state of exhilaration that made his tongue run fast, and he talked to her with such enthusiasm that she must have wondered what had come over him.

When Glenn and Eldredge went to bed, it was early morning. As the former threw off his clothes, he yawned between the words that he would be heartily glad when the fair visitors had packed their trunks and gone home.

“You’re sleepy,” said Jack.

“Dead, man, dead.” There was a pause.

Then Glenn said, “Jack, why the deuce did n’t you bring a sister to the Prom?”

“It’s too bad I had n’t one,” replied Jack.

“Oh, of course, — well, good-night.”

Eldredge heard his chum roll into a comfortable position. He felt quite awake himself, as if it had been mid-day, and he fell to wondering why. Also he asked himself more and more questions, until it occurred to him that he had never thought so much about his own affairs in his life before; certainly not at that time of night. As he lay in bed, everything rose brilliantly before him, — the lights, the men, the women and their flowers. He heard again the music and the murmur of voices and laughter, and two figures came upon the scene, — one of whom was himself, the other a tall and radiant girl, with hair yellow as goldenrod, and two nodding roses of a gorgeous red. The figures swept by and vanished, and his mind refused to conjure them back again.

XII

MARGARET GLENN

THE committee of arrangements for the Prom. had done its work to a nicety. Not a carriage collided, not a musician failed to come in time; the attendance was perfect. The Glenns asked Eldredge to occupy the fourth seat in their carriage, — which was just half as pleasant as it might have been. When they reached the Armory, the opening promenade had just begun, — a sort of skirmish for the dresses which eye one another slyly while they pretend to listen to phrases they scarcely hear. On one side is an orchestra; on the other, a band half hidden in flowers. The procession is quite young; its average age is hardly beyond the teens. Most of those who are marching have been looking forward to this occasion for months; some have come from as far as the Pacific Coast. Every State has sent a sample of its kind; some very fair, and others of the human average.

Presently the end of the line goes waltzing off and the others follow, moving in and out, but always in one direction, like the colours of a kaleidoscope. Off yonder a huge man is revolving with a little Miss Muffett. At times he completely hides her, so that he appears to be dancing alone, but the little Miss Muffett is safe from collisions. The big man's coat-

MARGARET GLENN

tails have a tendency to flop, and he is possibly counting One, Two, Three, One, Two, Three, while his partner prattles about little things that are easy to forget and that neither help nor harm.

"Have you been to many dances lately?" inquires little Miss Muffett.

"Yes, indeed," replies the big man; "every day except Sunday for the last three weeks."

"How delightful! But you must be dreadfully tired." The big man is again counting One, Two, Three, One, Two, Three, and answers her not.

The waltz ended, little Miss Muffett is returned to her chaperone, and the big man strides towards a certain box. In a second the band strikes up a two-step polka, and all the couples go off with a reckless dash. It is a peculiarly American dance, rollicksome as the Virginia reel.

"The german was very pretty," said the big man's new partner.

"I know it was," he responded; "the boys all say so."

"Why did n't you go, Mr. Tarbell?"

"I did n't dare risk it, Miss Glenn." Here he had to pay all his attention to a reverse.

"What a funny idea!" said Margaret. "Germans are perfectly harmless; you only have to follow the leader."

"But you have a partner," said Tarbell. "She might be trampled to death. It makes less difference here. There is more room."

At that instant some reckless youth collided with Tarbell, who kept his two hundred pounds moving as

BOYS AND MEN

if he had been a ship running against a snag and bearing it easily aside.

"Never mind, Miss Glenn, we're perfectly safe on that side. Luckily this is a two-step."

"Oh, I feel quite secure," said Margaret, laughing; "but I have a waltz with you — number seven." She suddenly remembered that Joe had offered two of her square dances to Tarbell, and that number seven had been reserved for her brother. Tarbell was thinking that he would much rather do number seven than not, and Margaret was wondering why her partner had n't learned to dance sooner.

"Do you dance for fun? No, no — I mean do you like to dance, Mr. Tarbell?"

"Yes," he said, "I've come to believe I do."

"I love it," said Margaret, "especially when the music is so beautiful. It seems as if we were floating away without effort; and how amusing it is to overhear a few words of some sentence and wonder what the rest of it might have been!"

Tarbell was wondering how she could say so much without losing the gait, but he felt he was learning faster than ever he had at Professor de Riel's. The music stopped; there was a clapping of hands, and the band struck up another air suggestive of a negro clog. A fat Teuton beat time with his baton, while the dancers sped more gayly still. Then the players blew a final blast, and rising together, stamped a jig for the end. Tarbell escorted Miss Glenn to her box and hastened to Miss Merivale, who was as lively as a freshly opened bottle of champagne. Whenever they had a clear floor Tarbell talked entertainingly,

MARGARET GLENN

and although Miss Merivale kept time with the sixteenth notes of the music, she really seemed to be saying something. Here was the second girl who could talk and dance at the same time. He began to suspect they must all be that way.

"I'm having a lovely time, Mr. Tarbell. Yale is a perfect dream. I reckon I'd like it so much I never *could* get away if I stayed much longer."

Something like half a minute later Tarbell said, "We like it," but so nearly stepped on the small foot of his partner that he resolved to keep silent unless compelled to speak.

Meanwhile Eldredge was dancing with Miss Glenn.

"Can't you stay longer than to-morrow?" asked Jack.

"No, I don't believe we can. Poor Joe is bothered to death already. He yawns every time I look at him."

"I had always supposed Joe was a man of sense."

"Be careful what you say about my brother."

"I do value him very highly, but it's possible for him to become a secondary consideration."

That was rash, for the girl retorted, "Not to me," so quickly that Jack wished he had said something else.

"And if you go to-morrow," he went on recklessly, "when are you coming back?"

"Perhaps in a year." They were at the end of the immense ball-room, freer from the blare of the band and the swirl of the crowded dancers.

"Let's sit down a moment by these palms," said Margaret. "How warm it is! My cheeks are like

BOYS AND MEN

two spots of fire." She threw her head back, as if to let the cool air blow upon her throat. As Eldredge watched the come and go of the dance, Tarbell and his partner passed and gave the couple on the bench a nod. For an instant Jack was inclined to laugh at Tarbell's determined glare; then he did n't, — the grim will of the man almost stirred him to awe.

As the couple passed on, Margaret's fan hid the intentness of the look with which she followed them.

"Mr. Tarbell has magnificent pluck," she exclaimed.

"He's the grittiest man in Yale," answered Eldredge. "If he was n't you would n't see him here. He's got a fearful idea into his head that he can't dance. Ridiculous, is n't it? I'd risk something that he's thinking of every little rule at this moment."

"He's quite right," said Margaret. "A man who steps on his partner's toes is sure to lose her good opinion."

"And if he does it figuratively?" inquired Jack, with unwonted brilliance.

"Figuratively, sometimes; literally, always. The music is going to stop. We'll go to the box. I wonder who my next is? Oh, yes! Mr. — Mr. Desmond. What horrid writing!"

"He's nearly illiterate," said Jack, so curtly that Miss Glenn might have noticed it.

"Some people who write very badly are really rather nice on nearer acquaintance," she replied with an air of indifference. "Perhaps I shall find him quite interesting."

MARGARET GLENN

Whereupon Eldredge left Miss Glenn in time to avoid a meeting, and started toward his next partner, — a very clever girl, who said things which in intellectual circles might have passed for epigrams, but they were wasted on Jack. He answered almost as mechanically as he was dancing, saying such things as will fit any question. And thus he went with another and another still, while the musicians behind the rows of palms scraped and tooted the night away, and the flowers grew more jaded, and the handsome apparel began to get the bedraggled look that even clothes may have from keeping late hours.

One person was certainly not entirely happy. His dignity — or vanity, if you will — was deeply wounded because a girl with blackest hair and a mellow voice that burred no rrs had allowed herself, after the unconsciously natural manner of her kind, to forget the delicate discrimination due. As he saw her there, time and again, dancing with a happy abandon, saying with a smile upon her lips the words he would have heard uttered in response to some brilliancy of his own, there arose in the breast of Mr. Fitzhugh Clifton Thorndyke a sensation which he believed to be warranted indignation at the infringement of the courtesy which one man owes another. Meanwhile the offender, who had really done no more than take by connivance what others had missed by chance, was making the best of flighty time by putting into one word what in all decency of respectable delay should go into three. As James and Miss Merivale floated, half dizzy with the sway and rapture of the dance, dominated by the sensuous spell of music, they said

BOYS AND MEN.

such words as could not well be spoken in cold blood when the length of acquaintance is but one brief week. The mellow Southerner had found in James a sort of virile likeness of her ways, the whimsical emotions, the quick and hearty response to the presence of an ideal, of which a hard and thin-lipped race is so often devoid.

“Is n’t it beautiful!” exclaimed Miss Merivale.

“Yes, but it is going to end very soon — in another hour. Are you going home in the morning?”

“At noon. Come and see me off, will you?”

James recollected that he had a class at that hour. If he “cut,” his marks would be within two of rustication; so he hedged.

“Would n’t Fitz think I was intruding?”

“Never mind Fitz; I could manage him right easily, Mr. James. You know Fitz and I were, you might say, bred and born in the very same town.”

“I’ll come,” said James. He would have done well to refuse.

It was a couple of hours before dawn when the dancers began to trip less briskly the final numbers of the Promenade. The wallflowers wore a look of protracted boredom, and the chaperones followed the movements of their wards with a weariness not always well concealed. Even the orchestra and band were beginning to show sleepy signs of wishing to cease altogether the notes which were no longer music. In the final lancers Jack danced with Margaret, and Tarbell with Mrs. Glenn. At last Tarbell was on an easy footing. Indeed, he was the only one in the set who knew the figures, which he called off in the

MARGARET GLENN

peculiar manner of Professor de Riel, — “*chassez, dozy-doe* ;” and the ladies executed the various convolutions, laughing again and again at Tarbell’s dry imitation of his dancing-master. Mrs. Glenn, charming with the grace that comes of blood, looked what Margaret would some day be. Resplendent with a beauty that the hours could not jade, at moments hardly conscious of those about her, and perfectly serene, Margaret went through the dance, while Tarbell jested, and Jack, a prey to the sensuous charm, could scarce refrain from betraying how utterly he had fallen under the spell. But none saw, save one alone, who beamed on him with impartial grace. As she put both hands in his, oblivious of all else, he felt the magic thrill, and there rose into his throat words he could not and dared not say.

XIII

WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT

THE expected and the unexpected happened. Shortly before a mid-day train drew out of the station with much of the beauty that was, she — the brown maid from the South — stood outside while her chaperone was attending to small luggage, and said several good-byes, each of which was very sad.

“Oh, Fitz, it has been lovely from beginning to end!” And then, as she saw his face, the realization came that she had been very unkind. His expression was saying plainly enough: “At my expense! and here you are putting pepper into the wound!” That is why she ventured to say: “My dear Fitz, how good you have been! I shall always think of the Promenade with so much pleasure. Don’t forget to send the photographs for my album;” but her sweet tones fell upon his heated brain like drops of water on a white-hot iron. He was sizzling within, and, despite his best efforts, could think of nothing cold or cutting to reply, — nothing that would show in a gentleman’s best style how she had trampled upon his rights, very gracefully indeed and in silken slippers, but trampled none the less. What stirred him to a still deeper indignation was the presence of this intruder who called himself a friend.

WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT

She said, "Good-bye, Fitz," once more, and he gave her a "Good-bye, Miss Merivale," which should have sent an arrow of compunction through her heart; but she had laid her well-shaped hand into the other's for one brief instant, and was saying, "You will remember" in a way which caused the other to press the hand, while a look passed between them of such meaning that the situation might have become extremely difficult had the train remained for the rest of the day. When it pulled out, the two men stood bowing to a certain window until it was lost to sight; then they looked at each other, and James said, —

"Fitz, are you going to take a car, or will you walk?"

"I'll walk," he replied very haughtily, and turning his back upon James, strode off with a wrathful expression on his brow, while James calmly stopped to light his pipe, and went his way as placidly as if he had cut no recitation and were merely out for a stroll. So completely was he absorbed in inward contemplation that he quite forgot his friend's curt departure, and thought of him no more till they sat face to face at dinner. Thorndyke had no word to say, but glowered as if every pea on his plate were causing him a separate offence. When Jack arrived, he slapped Fitzhugh playfully on the back with a, "Hello, Colonel! What's the good word from Dixie?"

"Careful there, Jack!" cried somebody else. "The Colonel's chewing a rag!" and everybody yelled, "Grouch! Grouch!"

"Let him be," said Billy; "don't you see the man

BOYS AND MEN

needs sleep? Get Budson to give you one of his celebrated Morpheus pills, Colonel. All you want is twenty-four hours of absolute rest." The glower was becoming more animated.

"I fear," remarked Glenn, "that the excitement of the past few days has unsettled the Colonel's nerves." The glower was changing to an expression of wrath.

"If anything has gone wrong, tell us," exclaimed Drake, with a gruesome attempt at pathos.

"What is it that it is?" said another, who had studied French.

"You fellows remind me of a pack of jackasses," growled the Colonel.

"Well said," remarked Tarbell, amidst the hubbub; "you've described their meat to a T."

"To a nice T," said some punster.

There were cries of "Slay him!" "Put him out!" "A man who'd do that would be capable of anything!" and there was such an uproar of good-natured invective and laughter that Mrs. Jones put her head through the doorway and asked if any of the gentlemen wished anything, which was a gentle fashion of telling them to make less noise. But Fitzhugh's face continued to wear an expression of sullen indignation, and a scorn that was all but comic. The Yale mood is not prone to investigation; it simply expects a man to be good-humoured in season and out of season.

From fish to dessert there was a popping of satirical remarks which at moments became a volley, and the unhappy victim of thwarted affection could do nothing but brook it, though the fires of his wrath were in-

WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT

wardly consuming. His indignation was rising to a dangerous degree, and poor James, from being an impertinent rival, was fast becoming an enemy. The diaphragm of Colonel Fitzhugh Thorndyke was turning to a Homeric black, and his combative blood was beginning to course through his veins as it had through the veins of his fighting ancestors. The highest pitch was reached when the Club passed into the street, for there the chief offender was so rash as to put his hand on the Southerner's shoulder and say, "Never mind, Colonel, old boy; your turn will come." Thorndyke flared up like a sputtering pin-wheel, and his emotion found utterance all at once.

"Take your hand off my shoulder!" he cried. "You're the worst of the lot, and you've got a cheek tryin' to pretend you are n't."

Billy burst out laughing, which made the Colonel so furious that he stood for an instant beneath a flickering street lamp, glaring at him with an expression of unutterable scorn.

"There's one thing, Mr. James, you'd do well to learn, and that is that you're not a gentleman. Your action is positively indecent, and has been from beginnin' to end. I must say," he went on in vague but passionate style, "I must say that your notions of courtesy seem to be of such a peculiar sort that I'll have nothing more to do with you."

"But, Colonel," gasped Billy, in astonishment well shammed, "what in the devil have I done? For goodness' sake, out with it and don't be an ass!"

"You need n't call me Colonel, and you'd better not call me an ass. I don't count on takin' any

BOYS AND MEN

more of your nonsense. If you've got an apology in you, make it right here; otherwise you may cease to reckon me among your friends."

James looked very stiffly at the Colonel and said: "You can go plumb to if you think I'm going to make any silly apologies. I've done no more than anybody else. If you want an apology, just draw one up and ask me to sign." The last sarcasm was more than Fitzhugh could stand. With a look of scorn, he strode off, leaving James both angry and perplexed. Tarbell, Eldredge, and Glenn had stood at a decent distance, waiting for the row to subside. Now they came up and asked James what the deuce he and the Colonel had been squabbling about.

"The Lord knows!" said James. "He's gone away red-hot, but maybe he'll sleep it off."

"Go and tell him you're sorry, Billy," advised Eldredge.

"Not on your life!" ejaculated James. "D'ye imagine I'm going to tell him I'm sorry because he has acted like a spoiled child?"

"Don't you care, Billy," said Glenn. "The Colonel will get well before morning; he probably needs sleep." (Glenn attributed every human emotion to some physical cause.) "Where are you bound for now?"

"To grind," said Tarbell.

"The same here," quoth Jack. "Well, 'evening, Bill! Don't sit up too late!"

They wended their separate ways, — James to his abode by the lumber yard, and the three others to their dens on the Campus. Each had a guess to

WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT

explain Thorndyke's dudgeon, but he alone really knew and he was too weak to tell. Human nature, in his person, was denying the truth with the self-deception usual in cases of offended vanity.

Eldredge could n't help thinking of a certain unpleasant experience of his own, but then he knew perfectly the why and wherefore of that matter. The resemblance did not go very far. For some weeks he had scrupulously avoided any meeting, and being of a sound temperament, rarely thought of Desmond and never worried. One fact puzzled him, and that was how the man had escaped being dropped. He had evidently failed in a sufficient number of examinations to warrant the Faculty in closing relations, but they had n't; and there was Desmond quite as before, the same interested place-hunter, the same skilful wire-puller, artfully bringing himself into prominence, enjoying the favour that he needed, flunking his lessons and cheating his tradesmen.

As Jack and his chum sat down to work, Jack asked Glenn in an indifferent way whether Desmond had got out of his difficulty with the Faculty.

"Which?" inquired Glenn.

"I was n't aware there were two," replied Eldredge.

Glenn rose and went to the window-seat, putting his back against it.

"It's a strange thing," he remarked reflectively, "what a fool that fellow is. I heard him say something in a certain place a few nights ago —"

"At —?"

"Yes, to a couple of bosom friends. Oh, it was pure chance."

BOYS AND MEN

“What was it, Joe?”

“In a dozen words just this: He flunked dead; wrote a windy excuse about being taken with sudden dizziness; thought that would n't go down, and walked out with his papers in his pocket.”

“How did that save him?”

“He *is* a low-lived animal, Jack. You've never seen him at his best. Just think of the cheek — and to tell it of himself! When the papers were corrected, his was missed, naturally. Well, he asked for his mark, and, when they said his paper was missing, he pretended to feel terribly bad. You ought to have heard his gall in telling it. He swore to the examiners, by all that's holy, he had handed in the paper, and that it was the best piece of work he'd ever done. Great heavens! The man seems to have no more honour than a pirate.”

“And they accepted his excuse!” exclaimed Eldredge, with disgust. “Joe, if ever I see my chance, I'll cook *his* goose. Is that all he said?”

“All I heard.”

“Did n't he mention me?”

“No; why should he?”

“Simply because he wanted me to help him on that occasion, and called me a blank hypocrite because I would n't — nice boy! Bill has some pretty tales, too; but for heaven's sake, let's talk of something pleasant! That man is worse than indigestion. What's the trig. for to-morrow, Joe?”

“Next three pages;” and nothing more was said of Desmond.

The two men sat down and “boned” for three

WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT

hours. Then Tarbell came in with Budson, and they played cards, while Budson told wonderful tales about games of poker in the Far West in which he had taken part, or of which he had heard tell, until Eldredge began to yawn continuously, and Budson trumped his partner's ace. Otherwise they might have played until morning. What more natural way of recovering four nights of lost sleep?

XIV

THE TEMPLE BAR

FOR a week the two men ignored each other so obviously that the Eating Club began to look upon the matter as a normal condition. Thorndyke glared in James's direction without appearing to see him, and James affected a don't-care look by which he himself was bored excessively. During the second week he made overtures which were met with chilling disdain. Then the Club began to be annoyed, and twitted the two men mercilessly, especially Thorndyke. He was immovable. Meanwhile James had been raking over the ashes of his recent history and had made a discovery, very vague at first, but then clearer and clearer, till he reached a solution which satisfied him. Having considered the ethics of the matter, he concluded that his behaviour had been correct beyond question, save in the one particular of going to the train, — a privilege which he might in all charity have left to Thorndyke. He made more overtures, and then withdrew under the impression that the Colonel had mistaken his flag of truce for the white rag of surrender. The absurd situation might have continued indefinitely had not Heaven and the Devil joined forces to set matters right.

THE TEMPLE BAR

It began in a small white house, in a small side street where the Golden Buck chases the Welsh Rabbit, and both are drowned in pewter tobies, — where upper classmen sit numerously at mahogany tables to retail the oldest and the youngest tales. To men of a certain kind it is a Holy of the Unholies, is the Temple Bar; for, since time out of mind, they who study little and they who study much have foregathered here, and you may still see the epitaphs of their youth graven on a mahogany slab which is fastened to the wall. T. T. — that stands for Thomas Tarbell; and J. E. Jr. means, no doubt, John Eldredge. Against the old-fashioned wall-paper hang ancient prints, and on the shelf above are mugs and tankards, some of them scratched with the rude initials of forgotten names. A quaint and orderly place it is, with its crooked halls and smoky ceilings.

At a corner table, on the evening of that February day, Fitzhugh sat alone. His gloom seemed to enfold him as thickly as the turgid smoke that issued from the browning meerschaum pipe. Men came and men went, but he saw them not. The Colonel was disgusted with the world and was beginning to be disgusted with himself. The unhappy idea was just dawning upon him that he perhaps had lost what he had really never owned; also, that he had quarrelled childishly with a friend and made a fool of himself. So he resorted to the toby to dull his discontent, and the toby made so many voyages to the vat that his mind began to see matters in an entirely different light. He was growing mellow and regretful. An environment may do strange things — especially when

BOYS AND MEN

it contains tobies. He longed to be his former self, to appear otherwise than in the humorous plight of being laughed at for an indignation which he had n't the courage to explain.

Several times he looked into the toby through the amber-tinted glass, as if seeking to straighten out his thoughts. Vicariously the toby began to do its work. Then James came, and as he passed the corner, he half nodded, and the man in the corner nodded back and said "Good-evening" in a subdued voice. The main room was crowded; so James returned and sat down near the man in the corner, and ordered grilled sardines. When the grilled sardines appeared, the toby had changed tables.

"I want you to understand," said the Colonel, "that this has been merely a misunderstanding'. I was a dog-gone fool. Yes, that's just what I was. Give me your hand, Billy. — That's very good! When a fellow gives me his hand, I know he means it. That's the reason I know you mean it. Are more explanations necessary? If so, let's have a toby. — Two tobies for two toppers. — No, excuse me, of course you are n't, but I am, and I'm sorry for it — I'm sorry for everything except this. What's the use of it anyway so long as a fellow's got friends! I say, let's share alike, and the man that wins is entitled to what he gets. Does that meet your approval? Waiter! Get my friend another toby and get me another toby."

James was beginning to be nervous. "Come, Fitz," said he, "you and I ought to be going now."

"Why so, Bill? What's the rush when a man is

THE TEMPLE BAR

happy and 's got nothing else to bother him? I propose to stay, and if you don't stay, then we'll have to dig up the hatchet again. I say stay — Stay, boys, stay, till light o' day — Drive care away!"

The improvised rhyme was sung discordantly to an improvised air.

For an hour James listened to his companion's ramblings and countermanded half-a-dozen tobies. Then he succeeded in convincing him that they should have a look at the stars. On the street Thorndyke began to sing, "For all my days I'll sing the praise" — dwelling on the wrong notes and beating time. James was disgusted, but he dragged the singer along.

Presently they came to a policeman, who was dangling his club beneath a flickering gas-jet.

"Hello, fat little Boy Blue!
What are you doin' there?
'f I had n't anything else to do,
I'd buy you a rockin'-chair."

"If you don't behave yourself, I'll learn you how!" growled the man.

"Shut up, Fitz," said Billy; "you'll get into trouble;" and he tried to drag him away.

"No, I'm not coming just now. I want to discuss with this gentleman."

James made a futile attempt to grab the Colonel, who slipped, went too far, and bumped into the minion of the law, seating him forcibly in the gutter while his club bounded and glided down the street. Both regained their feet in an instant. The man was

BOYS AND MEN

furiously profane. He sprang heavily, and would have seized the offender had not James got the latter by the arm and hauled him along at a miraculous rate. The policeman was close upon them, but slipped again on the icy walk and went down, swearing fearfully.

“Run, Fitz, run!” yelled James; and they ran till the pursuer was far behind. By a roundabout road they reached Thorndyke’s room and stopped, panting and dripping with sweat.

“Now go to bed,” said Billy, “and if you’ve got enough sense, say your prayers, because you never needed ’em more. Your eye is bunged and your clothes are a sight to see.”

“Billy,” he answered, “you’re my friend, and you’ve saved me from disgrace. I was a fool. Yes, I am a fool, and a fool I shall remain. Oh, you shall wear a golden, golden crown of glory, Bill!”

“Go to bed, I tell you.”

“I want you to kick me first.”

Instead of doing that, James seized a pitcher of cold water and emptied it ruthlessly upon his raving companion. The latter gasped and sputtered: “That’s right, Bill, soak it to me! Oh, what’d she say if she saw me now! No,” he went on, sitting drenched as he was, “I’m no good. I can see it now. You’re a better fellow. But I’m going to turn over a new leaf — right away — to-night.” He began to rip off his spoiled apparel, and James looked to him till he was well in bed.

Somehow this affair leaked out, and each man — one because he deserved it, the other because he was

THE TEMPLE BAR

unwilling to explain — got six weeks of enforced leave; but the sinner sinned no more. Thus a painful situation absolutely ceased to be — thanks to a small amount of good sense, inherent in every human being, and over-many tobies. But the end was not yet — for James.

XV

THE FENCE

IT was well-nigh May when the twain came back to the fold, and the air was full of such odours as welling saps give forth when they begin to feed the tender leaves. Hundreds of chattering sparrows were fighting for nests against the vine-clad walls of the Old Library and the Chapel, and as the evenings grew balmy, groups of singers gathered by the Fence, to relieve themselves by night of the sentiment which men are ashamed to show by day. And there were negro minstrels with voices that betrayed their colour even in the dark, and there were the minor chords, which are the charm of negro glees and joy of the negro's heart. Also, there were harps and horns and fiddles and things, which were applauded with the lavishness of uncritical youth.

Half our life depends on other people; the other half on the weather — and at Yale something goes for the Fence. For have we not sat there wasting the golden hours in the amiable exchange of our accumulated ignorance? Was it not there that we brooded and hatched the plans which then were everything, and which now we have forgotten as if they had not been?

Since the hour when he had last seen her, Eldredge had thought often of Margaret, but he would not have

THE FENCE

had it known for the shame that is in poetry, love, and prayers; the shame that bade him be silent till he should sometime tell her, and her alone.

Evidently Margaret was fond of her brother, for every Monday the postman left him a bulky little envelope, which he tucked into his pocket till he could read it after the first morning hour. Once or twice she sent a message to Jack, which was translated by the unsuspecting Glenn into: "Peggy sends you her regardlets," or, "Daisy sends you her blessing," which Eldredge knew to be garbled, and he wondered if Glenn ever forgot entirely. It was more than probable.

Tarbell, whose early education had been a wofully harum-scarum affair, was beginning to catch up. More than that, he was fast climbing to the top, and bade fair to be in good time a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, which is the society at Yale that puts a premium only on brains. Eldredge realized perfectly that he was not shaped in that mould, and simply kept himself in the uppermost third. Both men spent much time on a certain part of the Fence, listening to the notes of the Campus lark, and cementing a friendship that was not to die, not even when some men would have hated each other forever.

Each would gladly have been chosen captain of the Eleven, and each in the bottom of his heart hoped that the other might get the honour, — a generosity as rare as it was true.

"Now," remarked Tarbell one evening, "I figure it out this way, Jack. I'll vote for you, and then don't you go and vote for me. I might get elected

BOYS AND MEN

if we both voted for me. Besides that, pardner, I 'm afraid I may have to quit for a year."

"What? The devil!" ejaculated Eldredge, jumping off the Fence. "You 're joking!"

"I wish I were, Jack. No, I fear I 'm *bust*. The crime of '73 is raising the very Old Nick with my money."

Eldredge looked aghast at the gloomy grin on the other man's face. The humour did n't touch him.

"But, Tarb, quit your fooling, for heaven's sake!"

"Well, I get my grub free, and the College is kindly letting me borrow some of its money for tuition; but there are other things, you know. In some countries I might do without clothes, but the climate is too severe in these parts. The interest on my investments has gone from twelve per cent to just nix. How d' ye expect me to live on that?"

"Borrow of me!" exclaimed Eldredge. "How much do you want? A thousand? Five? Say the word, Tarb, and you can have all you want if I have to hock my last pair of socks."

"Put it there!" said Tarbell; and the two men clasped hands for a second. It was one of those unspoken acknowledgments that pass between man and man.

"This is a business arrangement, Jack; so what are the rates? My mortgage is n't worth a red. I 've got no security."

"The deuce you have n't!" cried Eldredge.

"Which?" asked Tarbell.

"Why, yourself!" Eldredge picked up a stick and flung it against a tree. Tarbell would have an-

THE FENCE

swered, but something got into his throat and stopped the words. There was a moment of silence.

“With business in such shape as it is now,” he went on, “I don’t know when I could pay up, Jack.”

“I don’t *care* when! What’s the diff? Tarb, I’ll let you have it just the same as if you were my brother. D’ ye see? My brother!”

“Yes, I do,” said Tarbell. “It’s a bargain.”

Eldredge, almost without knowing it, rested his arm on the other’s shoulder, and they went together down the long walk under the elms, saying never a word.

XVI

TORCH AND COWL

EVERYBODY was talking about it, and some were losing sleep, because it was a tremendous question, — these elections. The funny side of it was that some of the puppets pulled their own strings, whereas puppets are mostly jiggled about by some one else; then they began to dance for joy because they had been able to give themselves this small pleasure without much worry or sweat.

Naturally, Tarbell and Eldredge had n't the least bother, being athletes and good fellows. And James, who was moderately clever, managed to pull through; nor did he really need the help which Eldredge, out of the goodness of his heart and a certain confidence in himself, had expected to give.

For most of the men who were to be initiated into the junior year secret societies it meant exceedingly little. It was one of those useless honours which a man has to accept if he would not suffer harm. Therefore that kind selected a society after their fancy, and recommended to friends in the class above a certain remnant to whom it would mean considerably more. Empty as the honour seemed to those who must receive it, there were others, two hundred and fifty or more, who could not share, and some of them felt very sore and sad. To not a few it was as if they

TORCH AND COWL

had been utterly disregarded or deemed unworthy; and there were a few, a very few, who did not care.

Once there was a society called Omega Lambda Chi, which died because it was killed; but every year it is resurrected for two hours amid din and dancing. Every man in the College can belong to this society because it is dead. In the gloaming of an evening in May they gather a thousand strong, and these are the words they sing, —

Chi Hro Omega Lambda Chi!
We meet to-night to celebrate
The Omega Lambda Chi!

It is a regiment — seniors at the head — arranged in companies according to class; six or seven men in every row. With arms locked behind their backs, shoulder to shoulder, the ranks begin to move. As they advance, they sharpen the pace; each row sways from side to side, and the long line becomes a serpent with the freshmen for its tail. The single cry, the mystic verse, rings in chorus from a thousand throats. Swiftly the writhing line moves forward, doing a wild dance as it winds beneath the elms. Were the figures costumed in the ancient garb, one might say it was some orgy of the Roman sort. But there is no disorder, — nothing but enthusiasm, and that of the kind that makes and kills itself.

The procession moves toward a certain part of the Quadrangle, and for a moment a portion of the line goes more slowly. As it slackens its speed, the singing stops and a cheer goes up — Durfee! South Middle! Vanderbilt! — whatever the name may be;

BOYS AND MEN

and the motion is resumed till each building has been passed in review, and every wall has echoed its own name. The Quadrangle comes to have almost a personality; the very bricks and stone seem to receive a soul. It is as if the old College, with all its places where memories have been and friends have come and gone, were receiving a noisy homage in recognition of all that such things mean.

The next evening, which is ever a Tuesday, there is stillness on the Quadrangle until nine o'clock. Then one hears the sound of distant singing by male voices, and the air is like a dirge. The music grows louder; there is a glow of flickering light which plays on the dark walls in strange figures. Now a body of men clad in monastic gowns of various colours and designs follows a sputtering calcium light. They march down a walk, singing, and another band appears. Each company is chanting a different air, and all go solemnly, as if bent on a duty. Were it not for the calcium lights, one might almost fancy himself to be looking at mediæval, monkish orders engaged in the performance of some rite. Each society has its own songs, which it sings without regard to the rest. One is splendidly slap-dash, and well suited to the rhythm of tramping feet, —

For oh! we are so jolly oh! jolly oh! jolly oh!
For oh! we are so jolly oh! in jolly D. K. E.
Slap Bang! Here we are again for jolly D. K. E.

and the music almost seems to explode on the imitative words.

In the windows hundreds of eyes are following

TORCH AND COWL

these curious proceedings. Most of them have looked on the same scene before, but there is always a remnant of mystery to charm.

In certain rooms "candidates" have gathered, according to their predilections or their necessities, to receive an election. They have supplied themselves with cigars and other things, which the invaders are free to take when they burst into a room to inform its occupants of their election.

Tarbell, as well as Eldredge and Glenn, had selected the society most to his liking. James had been disappointed once; therefore he felt a certain gratification now. Yet, despite the Roman candles and the singing, it was an idle show, interesting in proportion to one's ignorance of the doings inside. The greatest show — the one that sends some scores of men into an ecstasy of joy, and brings the weaker ones to tears — was yet to come. What intrigues, trickery, and cajolery, and arduously infantile diplomacy were therein comprised is a tale yet to be told.

XVII

AT TURN OF TIDE

IN the midst of the June examinations Eldredge received a letter which set him thinking. His father wished to know whether Tarbell would like to work for him during the summer. Jack was not long in coming to a conclusion, so far as his crony was concerned; but then there was himself to consider. Mr. Eldredge spoke of a paymastership, for which he deemed Tarbell a proper man. As to any place for his son, there was not a word.

Letter in hand, Jack went to Tarbell's room and laid the matter before him. Tarbell declared that the job was a new one for him, but that he would tackle it and try to earn his salary. Jack was for telegraphing to find out whether there were a place for himself as well.

"Hold up," said Tarbell, "let's think it over."

"Why should I think it over?" replied Jack. "I can earn my salt as well as the next one."

He walked across the room a couple of times, threw himself into a chair, and re-read the letter.

"Well," inquired Tarbell, "what's your conclusion?"

"My conclusion? Oh, that's easy enough! Just wait awhile and I'll tell you. Let me see. What

AT TURN OF TIDE

are my accomplishments? In the first place, I can't keep books. There's one difficulty off my hands. And I don't want to be a conductor or a ticket agent. And not being a ducky, I can't be a sleeping-car porter. There's another. Now I might flag off absent-minded farmers at grade crossings; might n't I? Look here, Tarb, what do you think I could do? You ought to know."

"I ought to," observed Tarbell, "but I don't. Perhaps your father might suggest something, — something good and hard like, — well, trunks and that sort of thing."

"Say, Tarb," said Jack, "could n't you get me a place in the paymaster's department?"

"That's right, pardner, hit back; it's the law of life. You must n't mind if I put on a few airs. A man in my position" (here he took a second to refill his pipe), "a man in my position has to be careful whom he puts into responsible offices."

After some fidgeting about the room, Jack came to anchor, and began to eye Tarbell, who was tranquilly blowing rings while his gaze rested on his companion curiously.

"I am going to start in at the bottom," said Jack.

"Where's that?" asked Tarbell.

"Oh! anywhere. No matter about that; I can work up. In fact," he continued with unwonted philosophy, "that is about the only direction in which I can work. Now, what I'd like to know is this: So far as you know, is there any job that I could do and do well, barring yours, of course?"

BOYS AND MEN

“On a railroad?”

“Certainly.”

“Yes, a hundred. All you ’ve got to do is to pitch in the same as here, and by September you ’ll have found out, or my name ’s not Tarbell.”

XVIII

AFFINITIES

DURING the second summer of their friendship Eldredge and Tarbell had their experience in the great business of a railway. They worked tremendously. Tarbell was the man needed for his place. He never botched his accounts, never was behind, and won the respect of several hundred section hands by treating them like men. Very early in his railroading career he found it necessary to knock down a certain ruffian who had mistaken bulldozing for persuasion. It was a common report along his section that Tarbell could push a freight car, — an absurdity, no doubt; but he was fair and square and friendly in a man-to-man way, and something of a king.

Jack, much to his father's gratification but quite without suggestion, donned a fireman's garb and stoked for engine 339. His action had a certain dramatic aspect which tickled his fellow-toilers. Bill Atkins, a first-class engineer and proprietor of 339, would have it that there was n't another such fireman on the line. He bossed Jack when on duty and boasted of him when off. "That boy," said he, "is the toughest you ever see! He don't put on lugs, — though I'll bet ye he's rich enough in his own name to own the hull outfit."

BOYS AND MEN

This opinion was received with an awful admiration. But there was nothing so very strange about it. Jack was too near the source, too much his father's son, not to be in close touch with the grimy, workaday world. Moreover he had learned in the two years of college life how to deal with other men; and in the world there is no better wisdom.

For Jack, his summer's job was no affectation. He had too much common-sense not to recognize his limitations, and there was in his character the healthy kernel of democracy. He knew his strength, and with that knowledge there existed a certain security in the outcome of his efforts. And there was something greater still, urging him on from without and from within, — the secretly exuberant assurance that he would thus be undeniably more worthy of the one whose favour he prized more highly than that of all others. He never saw her, and he had ceased to share the letters of Glenn; but he thought of her daily, hourly, and builded for himself a castle of the future in which they should reign together and he should one day be king. He feared no hindrance to his hopes; for him nothing had a negative side; his imagination and his will conspired to raise for him a picture which was almost material in its intensity. In a word, he was continuously, ineffably happy in a golden dream that vanquished all the uncertainty of this earth.

Meanwhile James, who was growing more sober under the burden of his possibilities, had betaken himself to a certain camp in the North Woods with

AFFINITIES

some congenial companions, a few harmless firearms, and numerous virgin quires, which he was expecting to cover, as the inspiration came, with some of those fantastic tales which have since that time been lucky enough to sneak into various prints to the scandal of a philistine world. It is not pertinent here to tell how his greatness finally arrived, nor how he passed his apprenticeship by writing for college magazines matter which was thus doomed to an eternity unutterably obscure.

There were twelve in the party, chaperones comprised, and all gifted. Some could get music out of a banjo; others had voices, and all "wrote," — even the chaperones. It was a sort of Arcadia where the nymphs and swains dabbled in sonnets and fed themselves on ham and eggs. Save the chaperones and Joshua Drake, it was an idle company. They had drifted thither for reasons easy to explain, so far, at least, as two of them were concerned. It was a conspiracy in which the conspirators were their own victims.

On a certain fine day James was seated on the end of a log. That particular log had happened to fall about a hundred yards from the camp. Not only was he seated on the said log — a fact of considerable gravity in itself — but he was trying hard to sew a button on to his canvas coat. The thread, the needle, the button, and the coat were resisting to the utmost. At the other end of the log sat Miss Merivale. In one hand she held a palette, in the other a brush, with the end of which she was endeavouring to get the proportions of the young man's physiognomy.

BOYS AND MEN

“Now, don’t you move,” she was saying; “because if you do, I shall look for another model.”

At that moment the needle must have done something wicked, for the would-be seamstress cried, “Jee Whittaker! Right through the nail!”

“I told you to be careful,” exclaimed the artist. “Do you want another fellow to help you?”

“No, I’ll make a few more stabs at it.”

She laughed as she deposited a daub of paint upon the canvas.

“Do you know,” she went on, “that I think your nose is very hard to do? It’s too — too — something or other. Oh! I see now! It’s the high light on the tip.”

“My nose is all right. I won’t have it abused,” protested Billy. “What are you going to call it, Clare? The picture, I mean?”

“Study of a youth sewing on a button.”

“Good! I rather like that. May I come and see how it looks?”

“Not now, Billy. What a way of wearing a hat! All jammed down over your ears!” The girl left her paints and proceeded to pose the hat, sticking into the ribbon a few quills. Then she squinted at her model, half shutting her eyes and measuring him off into sections, by aid of the brush handle.

“May I talk a little?” asked James.

“Yes, all you want to; but mind you say nothing foolish!”

“Well, then,” he said, without a twitch of the eyelids, “do you believe in the Elective Affinities? I’d like your ideas on that subject.”

AFFINITIES

“No, I don’t so awfully much. Are they catching?”

“Very! Besides that, they’re incurable.”

“Then I don’t believe I’ve got them.” A silence ensued, during which the girl plied her brushes so skilfully that the man on the log began to stand out upon the canvas just as he was in life, from his slouch hat to his cowhide boots, with a touch of the river, which wandered by some rods away, for a background. Finally, the artist rose and scrutinized both picture and model.

“There!” she said, “I’ve got you at last, nose and all!”

“You’ve always had me,” ventured James.

“That is a very pretty compliment, but rather point-blank.”

“I did n’t mean it for a compliment — it was truth — I hate compliments. May I look around now?”

“In a moment. . . . Now you can come,” she said; and he came to where she was standing. “How does it suit you?”

“Well, it’s *me*. Only you might have made it a little handsomer.”

“Oh! it’s quite handsome enough as it is. I don’t think I’d like you if you were different from what you are. Will you be so good as to hold my paint-box?”

James did as he was bidden. When Miss Merivale had laden him with her various belongings, they started for the camp. They found the spot deserted, except for a red squirrel which had been foraging, and now fled in affright. James laid down his burden, and said, “Clare?”

BOYS AND MEN

“What?” she responded.

“I wanted to ask you if you’d go paddling with me. There’s a lovely place down the river, a big soft mossy rock, and I’ll bring a book so that you can read to me. You will read and I’ll smoke my pipe and wish I was n’t anywhere else.”

Each took a paddle, and they were soon drifting down the stream. On both sides were dense forests of pine, fragrant with balsam and the countless other perfumes of invisible blooms. As the canoe came around a bend, a flock of ducks suddenly rose and, forming in a triangle, flew swiftly before them and disappeared. The afternoon sun was brightening the tree-tops with its slanted light. James steered his craft out of the current and deftly urged it into a little cove.

“There’s my rock, Clare,” said he.

“Your rock?”

“Yes, yours and mine. Nice, isn’t it? Has a green velvet cover for us to sit on. And there is a fat old stump for you to lean against, just as if it had been made for you.” As he spread out a shawl for the girl to rest on, he began humming, —

“Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!”

The girl sat with her shoulders propped by the stump and her head pillowed in her abundant hair. In her lap she held the book which had been brought along as a justification. The young man lay upon his side, supporting his cheek in the palm of his

AFFINITIES

hand while his elbow rested upon the rock. She began to read in a low tone, for the sound was carried far on the still air of river and forest. The sun had sunken a little deeper below the tree-tops, and an evening breeze was making its almost imperceptible and ever-varying figures on the water of the cove. Still she read, and the sound of her voice, the very sense of the words, seemed to become a part of the fading day. Across the river a hedgehog was creeping slowly out to the end of an overhanging branch. As he proceeded on his foolhardy career, the branch bent lower and lower until the luckless animal, in spite of a clumsy attempt to turn back, slid and fell into the stream. The splash of his fall startled the reader and her hearer, but they burst out laughing when they realized what had happened. They were still more astonished, however, at another matter which they would not have noticed if the hedgehog had not given his ill-timed warning. The canoe had been caught broadside by the breeze and was majestically floating down the stream. The rope with which it had been fastened still dangled from a root as evidence that one end had been properly tied, but the boat was certainly at liberty and well out of reach from the bank.

“Wait for me there!” cried James. “I’ll have her back in a minute!” and dashing into the woods he made his way as best he could through the rough and almost impenetrable growth along the bank. She heard him for some time; then the sound of his plunging ceased. For a while she waited, expecting every moment to hear his returning steps or see the

BOYS AND MEN

canoe. It was almost dusk now, and the woods were beginning to utter strange sounds, rustling and creaking, while the shadows deepened and the night came down. She wondered if he could have lost his way and began to shout: "Oh, Billy, here! here I am!" No answer came. Then she mustered the courage to fold her hands into a calliope, but the result was a woful failure and she laughed at her effort. The girl sat perfectly still, waiting for her protector and fearful lest a bear or some other of the huge creatures which are fabled to inhabit the North Woods should come upon her. Suddenly she caught a crackling of the thicket, and in another instant James appeared.

"She's gone, Clare! Oh, I ought to have seen that the thing was well tied, but I did n't; so here we are, high and dry, and three miles to camp!"

"I don't care," she answered. "We're perfectly safe, are n't we? You can easily find the trail."

"Of course I can," said James, with a confidence which existed only in his voice. "Keep close behind me, and we'll soon be there." They started off together, stumbling through the woods, in search of a trail. Now anybody knows that, if it is difficult to find a trail and keep to it in the dark when you know where it runs, it is far more difficult to find your way when you are not sure even that a trail exists. However James plunged boldly into the thicket, and soon discovered what he believed to be a path. They followed it in silence for a time, while the lingering glow of daylight helped to guide. Then the forest

AFFINITIES

became so dark that he had to feel the way with his feet, groping from tree to tree.

“Clare,” he said, “I’m sorry to have got you into this. It would be tragic to die here in the forest—even together.” She laughed, but kept closely behind him, now and again grasping his arm to keep from falling.

“Are you tired, Clare?” he asked, after a while.

“No, not yet,” she answered; and they stumbled on, blindly trusting to the vagaries of that Providence which guides persons who have gone astray. After walking what seemed to him an interminable distance, James stopped, and expressed his opinion that it would be dangerous—as it was evidently useless—to go farther.

“We’ll camp right here for the night,” he remarked, “and wait for daybreak.” Miss Merivale sat upon a log, while her companion gathered sticks to build a fire.

“Billy, I don’t know what I should have done if you had n’t been along.”

“You would n’t have been here if *I* had n’t,” he answered. “Are you comfortable, Clare? Is n’t it very tiresome to sit on that log, without any back?”

“Yes, I think it would be if I had to sit here very long.”

“If you don’t mind, I’ll come and sit by you. And perhaps it would be well if I wound the big shawl around you to keep out the mist.”

“My shawl is so big that I really don’t need it all. Considering the circumstances, I feel sure it would be right to give you half. Don’t you?”

BOYS AND MEN

James put more fuel on his fire and seated himself upon the log close enough to his companion to share the warmth of her shawl. They sat for a while, staring into the fire, which sputtered as it caught the pitchy parts of the wood.

“Clare,” said Billy, “are you hungry?”

“Not so very; but it would be nice to have some supper. I wonder what they are having at the camp this evening. Do you suppose that it’s ham and eggs? I do like ham and eggs. We must be miles and miles away, and probably we’re lost in some different part of the woods, so that it will take us a long while to find our way back to camp. But don’t think I’m blaming you, Billy. I’d rather be lost with you than with anybody else. Probably they’re all very nervous, and think that we’ve been drowned, or that something else has happened.”

“It has,” said Billy, audaciously. “Something else has happened, and the best thing that ever happened to anybody!” How far Billy might have pursued the inspiring theme will never be known, for at that instant there was a crash in the bushes, and Joshua appeared with a lantern.

“Hello!” he shouted; “what do you think you’re doing here?”

XIX

CONFESSIONS

UNQUESTIONABLY the third year in the career of a Yalensian is the most uncertain yet the fullest, the most novel year of his college life. Barring a purely superficial appearance of childishness or frivolity, it is really the turning-point in his history, the end of boyhood, the threshold of that period when a man begins to take a more serious view of himself and to link his life to that of the world in a way which, unjustifiable or comic as it may seem to the deep and tried philosophers, is sure nevertheless to enlarge the sphere of his being and therefore to invest his existence, for him at least, with a profound and lasting significance. Alma Mater, having previously held him close bound in the swaddling clothes of certain conventions, having suckled him with the milk whereon she has bred numerous generations, proceeds to cast him off, to wean him intellectually, to make him his own master in the things of the mind, as she has long ago trusted him to control the comings and goings of his body.

On an evening in October a small crowd had gathered in a room of Durfee. Some were laughing, talking, playing, studying, and others were amusing themselves with the gentle art of doing nothing.

BOYS AND MEN

“Listen!” said one of them who was sitting on the window-seat with a book upon his knees. “Can any of you fellows tell me the meaning of this?” and he read: “If, then, being or entity postulates such an envisagement of the cognitive energies, it is clear that there can be no denial of this peculiar assumption which in itself and because of itself forces the mind to recognize certain facts or phenomena *as such* as plainly as a physical occurrence, which also may be demonstrated to have an external though not independent existence —”

“Dry up, Bill!” yelled a youth who was playing cards. “You disturb our game.”

“Go on, Jamesey!” cried another. “That is what we desire. You’re filling a long-felt want. I’d rather listen to that than to anything else in the world.” And sitting down at a piano, the fellow began the latest song from some New York concert hall. Then the reader closed his book with a bang and shied it at a wastebasket.

“Joe,” said he, “I’m convinced that philosophy is a fake. If anybody but the author and his incomprehensible Creator knows of what earthly use that subject may be, let him stand forth and deny it now!”

“William, you fail to comprehend that philosophy is the search for the Ultimate Reality,” remarked Glenn. “When you have once grasped that principle firmly in both fists, you will be another man. All your present misconceptions of life will vanish. Instead of being so material you will vaporize, so to speak, and your soul will become ethereal like that of a bird.”

CONFESSIONS

“Right you are!” said James. “But I don’t want to be ethereal. I prefer to leave to others their profound study of the Whatness of the Universal It. If I go to heaven, the matter will undoubtedly be explained to me there, and if I don’t (as I fear I may not), it will make no difference anyhow.”

“You ’ll probably never find out then,” observed Eldredge, who was gazing ruminatively out upon the darkness of the Quadrangle.

“I don’t care if I don’t,” he answered. “I confess, Jack, that I’m perfectly content with this world, though it ’s rotten enough, as you ’ve often heard me state!”

“Since when have you become so well pleased with yourself,” asked Eldredge, “and so irreverent? You’re the most irreverent man I know. Just take warning from the wise, Billy me boy, and go gently with your wild opinions. Some day when you are sitting on a hot gridiron, you’ll repent. Then don’t forget your grandfather.” As he spoke, Eldredge sprang lightly upon the window-seat and, bracing his feet against those of James, let his eyes rove upon the various men within the room. But James gazed at Jack with an expression of penetration mingled with a certain amount of miscomprehension. He was secretly wondering if Eldredge might not be in reality more material than himself, more earthy, even a greater believer, if an unconscious one, in the flesh-pots and other crassly enjoyable things of this century.

A new performer at the piano, having bawled out a half-dozen popular airs, now began something of

BOYS AND MEN

a maudlin sentimental kind, which he sang with touching fervour, slurring the tones for melancholy effects and playing peculiar notes of his own invention, —

“Oh, promise me that so-me day ye-ou and I—”

“That’s what I get for having moved on the Campus and hired a piano!” growled James, good-naturedly. “I ought to have stayed in the good old place by the lumber yard, but Joshua wanted to move to the Quadrangle, and I could not say him nay.”

“It’s a good thing for you,” replied Eldredge. “You’re too cranky to live alone.”

“Thanks, Jack. Evidently you want me to grow up in the proper way and become an angel of the type marked ‘Yale.’”

“Sure,” quoth Eldredge. “That’s easily the best kind.”

“Say, Jack,” said James, putting his hand to his mouth like a screen and whispering, “will you keep it close if I let you into something private?”

“Of course. Did you ever know me to blab?”

Eldredge descended from his seat, and went where he could put his head near his friend’s.

“Jack,” continued Billy, “it’s done. Your gravest suspicions are vindicated.”

“I’m glad of it,” exclaimed Eldredge, pressing the other man’s hand. “She’s a lovely girl, Billy, and she’s got one of the best fellows that ever lived.” He smiled in a warm caressing way, and his face flushed ever so slightly. It was just this readiness to share the lives of his fellows, a sort of merging of

CONFESSIONS

his personality into that of others, and the capacity of almost absorbing theirs into his own, which made Jack so lovable that he seemed almost to bear a charm. At such moments there was something in his smile, in the sparkle of his eyes, and the tones of his voice, which clings pleasantly in one's memory.

The two men, so utterly and innerly different, remained for a moment without speaking, each going over his own thoughts, and each unconscious of the incongruous din as of the very men who were making it.

"Well, Jack," observed James, at that point of his reverie, "all this won't make any difference a thousand years hence; but just at present I've narrowed the world down to me and mine, and the rest have ceased to exist. Poor Fitz! I feel guilty whenever I look that man in the face. Yet he's a second cousin or something like it; so I don't believe he was eligible anyway."

"Oh, he was eligible!" replied Eldredge; "only he didn't get the one vote necessary to elect him. But you've got a long while to wait, Bill."

"What do you take me for, Jack," asked Billy, — "a theologian? I'm no chump in a hurry. Besides, you know the laws. How do they run? 'Any student who contracts marriage' — I've forgotten the rest! But it would make no difference, anyway."

Just at this instant the pianist fired a heavy volley on his larger guns, and James took advantage of the roar to say something to Eldredge, which caused the latter to exclaim hilariously, "Of course you are! and if I had the chance I'd be so myself."

BOYS AND MEN

“Oh, you will, Jack. I’m no prophet, but I’m not blind in both eyes, either.”

“Perhaps I shall,” Eldredge answered vaguely. “Well, Billy,” he added earnestly, and resting his hand on his friend’s shoulder, “I’m very glad for your sake; you’ve my heart’s best wishes.”

The man at the piano ceased his pugilistic efforts for an instant.

“Pray, don’t stop playing on our account!” remarked Tarbell dryly, in his deep bass, “and don’t feel hurt; I was going anyhow!” and he passed down the stairs, which were so narrow that his great body blocked them almost completely. Glenn and Eldredge came after him. All three stopped for a moment at the Fence. Then Eldredge and his chum went together to the rooms which they were now inhabiting for the third year of their college life. While many of their classmates had moved into more showy quarters, they had kept the old abode, partly because Glenn objected to moving his innumerable traps, partly also because Eldredge had what he considered better ways of spending his extra money. But that was his own business; and if Jack now and then sent some less fortunate classmate the where-withal to make the struggle easier, the latter never knew whence it came, and Eldredge was not the man to tell him.

XX

JACK'S LIMITATIONS

THAT evening Eldredge set himself to the awful task of writing a letter inviting Miss Margaret Glenn to attend the great game between Yale and Harvard. One sheet after another was torn into small scraps and flung into the wastebasket. Had he only been willing to give James a few hints, that man could have done him one in any style for any effect; but Jack's literary talent was so deficient that not even the vantage of his subject could inspire him with anything remarkable. So what he finally said was jerky enough; but he went out at one o'clock in the morning and consigned it for good or evil to the mail. In three or four days he received an answer.

DEAR MR. ELDRIDGE, — I am very glad you wrote so early, because another invitation came a day after your own which I might have accepted. I am ever so anxious to see the game. Only it is too bad you can't play and be a spectator at the same time.

A friend of mine who is quite young, but married, is going to chaperone me, and Joe will help her. You were very nice to urge me to stay "as long as possible," but four days will be all. However, I shall see you often, I hope, and you will tell me about the game, and show me lots of interesting places. You were very good to

BOYS AND MEN

think of me so early, and you may be sure it will be a great pleasure to come.

Very sincerely,

MARGARET GLENN.

Into this note, the purport of which was simple enough, Jack read some of his own thoughts and read them out again. Also he put it away and began to hunt for a decent method of getting another.

Meanwhile there was an important election on hand, to choose a committee for the Promenade. It came very early in the year, and there was a deal of canvassing, and men who deemed their chances good went about with other men who had no chances at all. Those who belonged to secret societies of the exclusive kind had quickly settled on their candidates, and were now devising ways of getting the larger herd — “*hoi canaille*,” as James ironically expressed it — to cast their votes without inquiry.

On election night there was such a throng in a room of one of the old buildings that men were perched upon the very window-sills. In a few minutes the place was hazy with tobacco smoke. There was a continuous hum of conversation, broken by the louder report of some opportune sally. And the whole body sang everything that entered its head. Somebody exploded a cracker outside the door, whereupon there was a cry of, “Anarchists!” and “Put him out!” An invisible jester yelled, “Budson has been assassinated. Extry, extry!”

Whereat Budson arose and shouted, “Gentlemen, this report is absolutely false; I wish to deny it in

JACK'S LIMITATIONS

person!" Thereupon a crowd, under the lead of an instantaneously and spontaneously improvised conductor, began singing, —

"Here's to good old Budson, drink him down, drink him down.
Here's to good old Budson, drink him down, drink him down.
Here's to good old Budson, for he's got his Sunday duds on,
Drink him down, drink him down, drink him down, down,
down!"

Presently the chairman took his place, and the struggle began. Tarbell and Eldredge were both nominated, as if their names had occurred at once and without suggestion to most of the assembly. That was not according to the prearranged plan. The society to which the two men belonged knew they would both be acceptable to the remainder of the class, but there was another who needed the distinction badly; it would help him at the senior tapping in May.

"I nominate Mr. W. D. Perry," cried an obscure voice.

"I second that motion," cried another. Perry was simply a good fellow, who did not belong to the best society of any large city, and was also not a member of any society at Yale. He was therefore likely to have a goodly number of supporters.

Another motion was in order. "Mr. Chairman," said a man of questionable social state, "Mr. Chairman, I'd like to nominate Mr. Desmond." The motion was seconded by some ready satellite. Jack Eldredge arose and passed quietly amongst the voters, who would go as their whims led them unless they were led elsewhere. He knew the situation perfectly.

BOYS AND MEN

One of the things he knew was that several men were likely to drop a couple of extra ballots into the hat out of loyalty to their good friend Desmond. In a tactful way he asked a score of men to refrain from voting for himself and cast their ballots for Perry. The full number of nominations had been made, and the voting began. Hats were passed for the ballots, and then the nine nominees who had got the largest number were chalked upon a board with the number of the votes which each had received. Tarbell was pretty well toward the top, Eldredge fifth or sixth, and Perry next below him. Desmond had three or four votes less than the last man on the list of those who were to manage the Promenade. From where Jack sat, he could discern a rather ugly expression upon Desmond's face, — an expression not unlike the one which had come over it the day they had had their encounter at the examination. Their eyes met, and Eldredge caught in the other man's countenance a sinister look of hate. The crowd pressed rudely out of the room. In the crush the two men were pushed against each other.

"I congratulate you upon your election," said Desmond, with a pallid grin.

"Thank you," replied Eldredge; "but I'd have been awfully sorry to see Perry miss it."

He had hardly spoken the words when he would have given much never to have uttered them. Without going very deeply into the matter, he felt that he had belittled himself, and he went to his room with the uncomfortable feeling of having deteriorated. Then he fell to reasoning over the matter, and after a while

JACK'S LIMITATIONS

came to a conclusion which eased his conscience. After all, he had only done the right thing by one man, and, as for the other, he had prevented him in a perfectly justifiable way from receiving an honour which he did not deserve. Yet there still lurked in his heart the thought that there might be within himself something different from what he would like to find. As he sat musing over himself in the darkness of his room (for in his preoccupation he had not even thought of striking a light), his thoughts drifted away from a disagreeable examination of his own foibles, and he found himself talking to a beautiful girl who kept fading and reappearing. He drew his hand over his eyes, yawned, and lit the gas. Then he happened to see a letter lying open upon the table. It was written in a large fair hand, and even from a distance he could see it was from Margaret Glenn. Involuntarily he stepped a little nearer, and caught sight of the word "Eldredge." An irresistible temptation seized him to take the letter in his hand. Hardly conscious of his own action, he picked it up and read: "Mr. Eldredge has been so good as to invite me to the football game." He read no more than those simple words, for there flashed upon him the realization that he had done something unworthy. He dropped the letter upon the table so that it might lie exactly as before, and as he walked slowly into his chamber, there came upon him again a sensation that was creepy and persistent, and for the first time in his life it occurred to John Eldredge that there was within him another personality which had grown upon him without his knowledge, and which

BOYS AND MEN

threatened, unless he strove stoutly against it, to make him unhappy.

Jack sat for a long while a prey to the strange thoughts which held him as in fascination. Then Glenn came home, and, as he entered, cried out: "Hello, Jack! Are you still up? I got a letter from Peggy to-day. She says you've invited her to see the game."

"Yes, I have," Jack answered.

"I'm glad you did," said Glenn. "Peggy's a nice girl; and if you had n't invited her, I'd have done it myself. Say, Jack, she said something else too."

"What was it?" asked Eldredge, anxiously.

"Oh, she just remarked that you spell *always* with two *l*'s. Well, good-night, Jack."

"Good-night," answered Eldredge; and the poor boy went to bed thinking himself a deal worse than he was, and (worst of all!) that he had made a fool of himself to the one person before whom he would have wished to appear in all possible perfection.

XXI

A TEST

ELDREDGE found, on awaking the next morning, that he had wellnigh slept off his squeamishness. A perfectly healthy man suffers less from the pricks of conscience than one who is sickly, and Jack's abundant energy had restored him to that woful condition of indifference to his shortcomings of which men of his sort are sometimes guilty.

Coming out of Chapel, he was waylaid by three or four small Jews with the morning papers. One of the urchins held open before him a voluminous metropolitan daily containing an abominable woodcut, beneath which he read: "Eldredge, the great half-back, discusses Yale's chances of victory—" He bought the paper with a couple of others. As he walked to classroom, he read the whole article. It was a mass of lies from beginning to end, but the interview was signed with a caricature of his own name, a forgery of course. Of a sudden some one clapped him on the back, and looking around he saw Tarbell. The latter had got the same journal, and his face wore a look somewhere between laughter and consternation.

"Are you the author of that?" he asked.

"I should say not!" responded Eldredge. "But there is a liar in camp somewhere."

BOYS AND MEN

“Yes,” remarked Tarbell, “I should judge that somebody is rotten in the State of Denmark.” Jack tore the article from its vulgar surroundings and tucked it into his pocket. As he entered his morning lecture, he opened another, — a local paper. His eye caught this heading: “Election of the Promenade Committee — A Sensational Occurrence.”

Eldredge took his accustomed place. The lecturer was a brilliant man, and put everything so forcibly that the dullest were following him with interest. Jack began to jot down the striking points into his notebook, but presently he awoke to find that he no longer understood a word of what he was writing. He shook himself a bit and fell to writing again; but once more his mind drifted, quite without any will of his, into another field. Involuntarily, unconsciously, he had taken the second paper from his pocket and was reading about the election of the previous evening. Directly under the heading he saw the words: “Prominent man gets a setback.” His eye passed swiftly down the column till it stopped at the following sentence: “The class is rejoicing over the large vote cast for John Eldredge. Eldredge is considered the handsomest man in '95, and is popular not only among society men, but also among those who belong to no society. In a word, he is an ideal man for the place.”

Having perused this bit of journalism, Jack read a little further: “It is thought that a certain well-known member of the class missed election because a large number of votes were turned over to an obscure opponent who is a non-society man. This is

A TEST

all the more extraordinary —” But Jack got no further; for suddenly he felt that somebody was addressing him, — “I shall have to request the gentleman who is reading to put his paper away immediately.”

Eldredge felt the blood mount to his face, but in a second he had closed his notebook upon the paper, and with a furtive glance he saw that only two persons had observed him, one of whom was Drake. The rest of the class had interrupted their work for an instant, and were once more writing as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Jack felt a deep humiliation well up within him, and he waited restlessly for the hour to end. When all the class had gone, he went to the professor and said very bluntly, “I’m very sorry, sir; I was rude and thoughtless.” He blushed violently and, being an emotional fellow, could scarcely restrain the tears.

“Oh, you mustn’t take it so much to heart,” said the professor, seeing in Jack’s face how much the rebuke had cost him. “It was only an inadvertence.” He smiled in a warm way, and asked Eldredge what the outlook was for a victory. Then Jack went his way, feeling miserable enough; but gradually the humiliation wore away, and his rough exertion upon the football field blunted any tendency which he might otherwise have had to go prying into his own conscience. And as the days went by, he grew in favour and was aflame with exuberant animal life. The very men who were most used to him seemed to be under a spell when in his presence, and those who basked in his friendship or who enjoyed the merest acquaintance flocked about him and

BOYS AND MEN

idolized him until he came to believe that he possessed a sort of magic influence, and there grew upon him a feeling of vain contentment with himself and all the world. His friends, even the keen, whole-souled Tarbell, failed to notice the change that was coming over him; and they warmed themselves in the sunlight of his presence, enjoying the outward manifestation of the cause which was surely leading him to misfortune.

XXII

ON THE VERGE

ON an evening three or four days before Thanksgiving, Eldredge called at a house which stood and still stands not far from the Quadrangle, and was ushered ceremoniously into the presence of a fashionable lady, who seemed to him rather artificial and flighty, of her oldish and somewhat inferior husband, and of Miss Margaret Glenn, who *seemed* nothing at all, but was actually so superbly beautiful that Eldredge had some difficulty in concealing his emotions and in showing himself equally aware of his fashionable hostess and of the oldish gentleman.

The oldish gentleman had once been a member of the University football team, and was n't reluctant to tell what magnificent material the University used to get "in his day." Moreover, he had devised some tricks which, he was persuaded, would revolutionize the game. The next time Eldredge called he should see them for himself.

"I am sure that would be very interesting," said Jack; "but I'm neither a coach nor captain — and I don't believe it would be safe to introduce any innovations now."

"My husband is perfectly absorbed in the game," said the hostess; "but purely from a theoretical

BOYS AND MEN

standpoint, Mr. Eldredge. It's ever so long since you've really played, Harry," she observed slyly, to suggest the difference in age. "You understand, Mr. Eldredge, that Mr. Fortescue will talk of nothing but football at this season."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Margaret. "Really, Caroline, I envy you the opportunity of being coached by an expert!"

"The way to manage that," said Mr. Fortescue, with stupid complacency, "is to marry a man who knows the game." At this Miss Glenn blushed very slightly, but Jack, who had little control over such matters, turned scarlet and blurted out that he thought such a reason should be the last one.

Our hostess (who had not lost her composure for an instant) deftly turned the conversation into another channel, and after a few minutes of unintelligent attention, her husband, observing that he had an engagement, rose and departed.

If the lady hadn't been ready to prattle upon almost anything that passed through her head, Jack would have been sadly embarrassed, since, for the life of him, he could think of nothing that might interest both his entertainers. The almost monkish life a university man is forced to lead gets him quite out of the habit of talking with women. But the lady never searched for a thought nor wanted a word to express it. She talked on glibly, till the clumsy speech of her husband had quite vanished from Jack's mind and he found himself chatting merrily, while he sat in a deep chair listening with one ear to his hostess, and with the other and all his soul to the enchantress

ON THE VERGE

who knew how to win him, body and soul, without much more than a nod or a smile.

It makes small difference what is said, for there is something deeper, subtler than words, something which no one comprehends, which bears secretly a message that thrills and enthralls.

That is why Margaret, merely by talking of old china and queer people, and of how she had danced with Eldredge the year before and was hoping it might happen again, drew him into her spell.

In a moment, when for some errand or other his hostess was called away, Jack felt strange words rising to his lips, but he stopped them in time and merely said, "I have been waiting for a month — six weeks — to see you, and now you have come."

"Yes, I have," she answered very simply, smiling at him, while over her lips and eyes there passed a stealthy twinkle which would have meant to Jack, had he been a shade wiser, that she was laughing inwardly at his simplicity.

"You know I can stay only three days," Margaret continued, "so you may come oftener than if I were a college widow and lived here forever."

"I could come to-morrow evening," Jack ventured.

"And bring my brother?" she asked.

"Wouldn't he come without bringing?" said Eldredge, with a little amazement.

"Of course," she answered proudly, "Joe will do anything that I ask of him; but he might call in the afternoon — and, besides, I want you to come together. Joe," she said, twisting a corner of her handkerchief about her finger, "Joe will talk to Mrs. Fortescue."

BOYS AND MEN

The large portières were thrust aside, and that lady returned.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a pretty, despairing wave of her small hand, "I'm the servant of my servants. You must pardon me for neglecting you. I've been telling my butler, Mr. Eldredge, that you would dine with us to-morrow night."

"But I can't," said Jack. "It's too bad! They'd never allow it, though."

"And may I inquire who 'they' are?" demanded the young woman, "and what right they have to spoil my dinner?"

"It's the training table," replied Jack. "You know they give us beefsteak and ale and that sort of thing."

"But don't you suppose," exclaimed Mrs. Fortescue, before he could finish, "that I could do as well as that?"

At this Margaret burst out laughing. "Why, Caroline," she said, "have you never heard about that? They have to meet exactly at a certain hour, and be fed pounds and pounds of meat just like — lions in a menagerie."

"I am very sorry I can't come to your dinner," said Eldredge, "but I shall try to call on you during the evening."

"And we shall be much pleased to have you," said his hostess, sweetly. "You will tell me about real football, won't you?"

"It would n't be interesting to hear me describe the game," observed Jack, modestly.

"But my brother describes it beautifully," put in

ON THE VERGE

Margaret. "He analyzes it and tells me all about wasted energy, with lots of deep explanations as to the power to resist shocks, and all that sort of thing."

"Then he must come, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Fortescue.

"I think I might bring him," Eldredge replied, "if he is n't engaged already."

"If he is, I shall tell him to break his engagement," asserted Margaret. "Joe is my brother. But he would come anyway," she added, with no coquetry, though she looked so imperial that pretty Mrs. Fortescue seemed almost to shrink beside her.

With that Jack made the ladies a courteous bow, and took his leave. They watched his splendid figure as he disappeared into the hall; his broad shoulders, his slender, shapely limbs, and his dark curly hair making him look like one of those fair creatures whom the ancient Greeks used to chip out of marble and for want of a better name call gods.

Mrs. Fortescue, who had not yet lost all the impulsive animation of girlhood, threw herself into a chair. "Daisy," she said with a little gasp, "who is Mr. Eldredge?"

"My brother's room-mate," replied Margaret, composedly; and seating herself at the piano, she began to play a melody by Chaminade.

XXIII

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

“WELL, Joseph,” said Eldredge, as the two men were making ready for their evening call, “I made a brilliant record to-day, — two dead flunks, a fizzle, and a black eye. Thank Heaven, there are such things as leeches! I had an iridescent blue pouch under my left orb at five o’clock, but it is mostly gone now. Joseph, did you ever meet Mrs. Fortescue before this year? She’s fond of sports, apparently. It seems her husband used to be on the Eleven in the days when they had fifteen men on a side and wore stovepipe hats during the game.”

“That’s an interesting archæological fact,” responded Glenn. “You ought to have been a historian, Jack.”

“I know it, but — Hang it all! What has that confounded old sweep done with my sleeve-buttons? Oh, yes! I beg pardon, Andrew; here they are on the floor!”

Glenn threw himself into a chair and lit a cigarette, while Eldredge ransacked his wardrobe for the remainder of his apparel.

“Say, Jack,” Glenn remarked with irony, “you ought to have a couple of lackeys and a bookkeeper.”

“I know I am awfully footless, Joe, but where in

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

the — Oh, yes, here's the blasted contrivance; I've got you at last!"

In a few minutes Eldredge emerged from his cubby-hole of a bedroom, drawing on his hands a pair of dove-coloured gloves, the effeminacy of which contrasted amusingly with his brown and somewhat battered face, his stalwart figure, and the wilful expression which was perceptible in his very hair.

"How does my eye strike you, Joseph?"

"It strikes me that somebody must have struck it! Come on, Jack, and be thankful you've got both ears whole and haven't lost any teeth. You'll have to make up in brilliance what you lack in looks."

"I don't feel so terribly clever this evening, either," observed Jack, as they left their rooms. "If I can't think of anything bright to say to Mrs. Fortescue, Joe, just put in an oar for me, please. She told me last night that football was a charming game, — her hobby, or something of that sort, — and I promised that you'd tell her all about it."

"That was thoughtful of you, John, exceedingly thoughtful; but she looks young enough to learn."

"She's really quite fascinating."

"Of course she is," replied Glenn, grinning a little at the boyish simplicity of his chum.

As they were going out, they met Tarbell on the stairs with an Ararat of a trunk on his shoulders.

"Hello, boys!" he said with a dry smile; "it looks as if we had got our best clothes on our backs."

"Rather!" answered Glenn. "We're just going to make a duty call that Jack's been owing for the last twenty-four hours."

BOYS AND MEN

“ Oh ! ” exclaimed Tarbell. “ Well, I ’ m sorry for you ; ” and he continued his ascent, bearing his load as easily as a puny man would carry a handbox.

During the short walk from the Quadrangle to the Fortescues’ house, Glenn kept up a fire of amiable raillery ; while Eldredge, who was no match for his chum at repartee, would not venture a reply except now and then a monosyllable, or a mere grunt if his companion carried his witticisms to the point where Jack’s capacity to appreciate the humour ended. The two men had always been the best of friends, but there was a vein of satire in Glenn’s wit which found no response in Eldredge. Glenn was forever seeing the ideas of things, and adding to those ideas a hundred more of his own invention, while Eldredge saw the things themselves and little beyond. Therefore Jack took himself and every one else quite literally, without involving his conceptions in a web, or spinning around them any philosophy. So he wondered why his room-mate took such delight in playing with words ; and sometimes he all but suspected that Glenn was insincere, or thought him frivolous and unkind. If he could have gone deeper into the other man, he would have found a heart as untainted as his own. They were simply two different men ; and had Jack been more of a philosopher, he might have seen that it was not he, but his room-mate, Glenn, who took life in the safer, more amusing way.

As they reached the house, they could hear some one singing, and, looking into the brilliantly lighted parlour, they saw Margaret at the piano. Her head was thrown slightly back, and she seemed to be

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

mimicking the actions of some affected performer. Mrs. Fortescue was turning the leaves for her and laughing. As with a tragical flourish she played the last chord, they rang and were shown into the drawing-room.

How delighted Mrs. Fortescue was to see them; and how sorry that her husband was unable to be present! He would have enjoyed it so to meet both Mr. Glenn and Mr. Eldredge; and how cosey a dinner they might have had if Mr. Eldredge had not been bound to dine at the training table! She was flushed and pretty enough as she made all these declarations. But Margaret with her yellow hair, her glowing cheeks, and her playful cajoling blue eyes, seemed to Jack — and to her brother, for that matter — the incarnation of loveliness.

“By George! Daisy,” whispered Glenn to his sister, “you’re as pretty as a peach!”

“We heard you singing as we came,” put in Jack, for want of something better, “and waited till you had ended before we rang.”

“That was very considerate, Mr. Eldredge,” she answered, in such a way that he could not tell whether she was in earnest or not. “But it was unkind to snub our invitation. We were really dismal without you.”

“I’d have given anything to come,” said Jack.

“Oh, Mr. Glenn,” exclaimed Mrs. Fortescue at that instant, “are you really fond of old things?”

“Very!” replied Glenn. “Especially nice old things with ear-marks.”

“Then I am going to show you some of the queer-

BOYS AND MEN

est antique china which my grandfather brought from Peking ever so long ago. Daisy dear, you are to entertain Mr. Eldredge. I am sure you will pardon me for deserting you, will you not?"

Glenn followed his hostess into the dining-room, and Jack was left alone with Margaret. She rose and, passing into a great bay window which was hung with heavy brocaded silk, seated herself upon a sofa upholstered in flaming crimson which harmonized gorgeously, as she well knew, with her dress of cream and gold.

"It's ever so much nicer here than to sit out in the middle of this big place on those stiff-backed, formal little chairs. Don't you think so?"

"It does look more comfortable," replied Eldredge, simply; and he drew a chair to a respectful distance from where the girl was sitting.

"I saw you this afternoon," she said, "out at the Field. Mrs. Fortescue and I drove up just as that scuffle had occurred. You were stretched on the ground and a man was sopping your face with a big sponge. Caroline feared it was something dreadful, but I knew it was n't. You could not be hurt, could you?"

"Not fatally," he answered. "A rap now and then is nothing serious. Last year a two-hundred pounder sat down a little too hard on my neck and sort of cracked my collar-bone."

"What!" cried Margaret, with a smile at his off-hand way of putting it. "But you did n't tell me about it!"

"I should n't think it would have interested you,"

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

Jack answered. "Besides, when you came it had been well for weeks and I'd forgotten about it."

"But it must be horrible!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and looking at him as if seized for a moment by some mysterious fascination. "To think of having one's bones bend until they break! Ugh! it makes shivers go over me. When that struggle came to-day and I saw that it was you who had been hurt, my heart jumped. Of course," she added quickly, "it is dreadful to have an accident happen to anybody."

"I don't mind accidents very much," Eldredge answered in his matter-of-fact way. "They come like that, you know, in a second, and then it's all over and nothing's to pay but the doctor."

"And then," said Margaret, with a droll expression playing about her mouth, "it's worth a bone or two to be a hero. People have such a hard time to be heroes nowadays!" she exclaimed, with a mock sigh. "Some men get a chance once in a while, but it never comes to us. When you had been revived this afternoon and they helped you to your feet, the whole crowd cheered and clapped their hands. I was quite envious, but I clapped mine, too. Did you hear me?"

"I'm afraid not," he answered.

"Well, it's very sad not to be appreciated," she continued, "especially when the unappreciated person is one's self."

"I only wish I'd known you were coming out," said Jack. "But you did n't tell me."

"Oh, no, indeed! That would have made double interference. We were just out for a drive, you

BOYS AND MEN

know, and I thought it would be nice to see the teams at work; so we came. But it's too bad! I must be a bird of ill omen. You will have to cross your fingers every time you see me coming. Something dreadful may happen if you don't. Oh, I'm quite sure," she said sweetly, — and ever that puzzling smile upon her face, — "I'm quite sure my conscience would never bear such a heavy load! It's very weak, and if I should —"

"Oh, no, you won't!" he protested. "On the contrary, I'm certain you will bring me luck; you'll be my talisman," said Eldredge, dodging the word "mascot," which he associated with bulldogs in a vague sort of way.

A furtive smile came upon the girl's lips, and with her head slightly to one side she began to stroke the petals of a rose which lay upon her lap.

"No, I could n't be a talisman," she murmured.

"Is a talisman masculine?" asked Jack, with a start and some misgivings as to his grammar. For a moment Margaret continued to fondle the flower in silence.

"No," she said, "I was n't thinking about that. I was wondering — no — you'd think me too absurd if I told you such a thing!"

"What is it?" demanded Eldredge.

"My brother says I'm a hoodoo; he said it only to-day. You remember my saying to you that I arrived just in time to see you hurt. Well, now, if I tell you something ever so improbable, don't think I'm superstitious, because I'm not, the least bit! You won't, will you?"

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

“No, I surely will not,” declared Eldredge.

“Then I’ll tell you,” she said, “but you must n’t repeat a word of this to my brother. He thinks I have leanings toward spiritualism, theosophy, and that sort of thing ; and if he suspected that I had anything to do with such ideas, he would say very saucy things to me, and I might be made unhappy, because my brother seems to me as wise as Solon. But if I should tell you one of my secrets, you would keep it as if it were your own, would n’t you?”

“I would,” said Eldredge, fervently ; and picking up the rose which lay at her feet, he seated himself beside her.

“Now,” said Margaret, “I’ll tell my story. About six weeks ago I was riding one afternoon out through the country, miles from home and quite alone. It was beginning to grow dark, so I turned my horse into a short cut through some woods. We had n’t gone very far, when Potter (that’s the horse, you understand) trotted right into a gypsy camp. There were a lot of horses tethered near some tents, and when they caught sight of mine they began to neigh, and came running up as near as the ropes would let them. One of the beasts whirled around and let his heels fly at Potter, who jumped so hard that he almost threw me. Then one of the gypsies rushed out of his tent and caught my horse by the bridle. ‘You’d better get off a second, Miss,’ he said, ‘your saddle’s turnin’ ; I’ll jes’ tighten this here girth.’ He was a horrible-looking fellow. I dismounted, however, and while the man was straightening my saddle an old woman with a red handkerchief tied about her head

BOYS AND MEN

came up behind me. 'Pretty lady,' she said, with such a funny foreign accent, 'would you like to have your fortune told?' I thought it would be a lark; besides, you know, Mr. Eldredge, I feel like doing something romantic once in a while. So I told the man to hold my horse and went with the woman into her tent. She had a dreadfully dirty pack of cards, which she shuffled and laid out upon a board. Then she began to say all sorts of queer things. It was astonishing how much she knew."

"Won't you tell me some of them?" asked Eldredge.

"Oh, dear, no! They were mostly very silly things. Here is all I am going to tell. When the old woman had done with the cards, she took both my hands in hers, and told me by the lines in my palms ever so many things about the future."

"And you believed her?" inquired Eldredge.

"No, not altogether," answered Margaret. "If I did, I'd never tell what the gypsy foretold. It was horrible. She put it into a sort of doggerel, which I can't remember, for it was full of uncouth expressions and dreadfully ungrammatical. She said," continued Margaret, hesitating and clutching the rose tightly, — "she said that I was destined to meet somebody whom I should like very much, and whom I should one day make unhappy."

"Who was it?" asked Jack, with his heart in his throat.

"Oh, don't ask me! It's a silly old woman's tale, and I don't believe it anyhow."

"Is any part of it true?" Jack asked, in his

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

boyishly earnest way, and with a quaver in his voice.

“Yes,” she answered, “a very little part is true.” Their eyes met for only a second, but in that fateful moment of his life Jack Eldredge’s soul rose from its mysterious hiding-place, and, rushing into his face, betrayed him as plainly as if he had confessed in words.

Margaret played silently with the rose for a while, stroking its petals and burying her shapely nose within its scented bosom. Finally she raised her eyes to Jack’s, and added: “I have n’t told you all. When I left the gypsy she declared that if I wanted to ward off ill luck, I must have a counter charm. Here it is.” She detached from her *châtelaine* a tiny gold locket and handed it to Eldredge. “Open it,” she commanded. He pried the thing open, and saw, pressed beneath the glass, a four-leaved clover.

“That is my talisman!” exclaimed Margaret, triumphantly. “You’re sure to have good luck forever unless you lose it. But you mustn’t lose it. And besides,” she went on with a little raillery, “you mustn’t take this nonsense seriously. Just look at yourself in that mirror!” Eldredge rose, partly for the humour of the thing, partly to gratify the girl’s whim, and stood before the tall mirror, making a brave effort to seem unconcerned.

“Now,” she continued, “don’t you see how much like a funeral you look? But it’s my fault—though you mustn’t take me in such sober earnest.” She came and stood beside him in front of the mirror, and he saw her reflection in it with the mysterious

BOYS AND MEN

smile hovering about her eyes and lips. "You see," she observed, "how different we are."

"I hear Joe and Mrs. Fortescue coming," said Eldredge, uneasily. Margaret went to the piano, looking back at Eldredge over her shoulder. Her face had an expression of merriment which perplexed and rather nettled him; but, as if unconscious of his own movements, he followed her. At the instant when Glenn and Mrs. Fortescue entered the room, Margaret was playing softly, and Eldredge, bending over her, was turning the leaves.

"I have n't the least doubt," Glenn was saying, "that it's a genuine piece of old Imari."

"Well, Daisy," exclaimed her chaperone, with a sigh of regret, "I'm sorry you care so little about my antiquities. Your brother has been telling me all sorts of fascinating things. *He* is a connoisseur!"

"Yes," responded Margaret, "of antiquities."

The great mahogany clock in the hall was striking ever so much o'clock when Glenn and Eldredge rose to go.

"I fear," said Mrs. Fortescue, "that my husband won't be able to go, though he has counted on it for weeks, and has I don't know how many wagers on the game."

"Then, with his permission, I'll look out for both of you," answered Glenn. "May I?"

"Indeed you may," replied Mrs. Fortescue, smiling sweetly. "And after the game Mr. Eldredge will join us, and we'll all come back here and have the cosiest possible little supper."

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

"I'm sorry," said Jack, "that is another impossibility, for, if we win, I shall have to come back to New Haven with the team — and of course we shall win."

Mrs. Fortescue declared herself quite inconsolable. The Fates seemed to stand in her way, — the Fates!

"And I shan't be able to return with you," said Margaret. Then she added gravely, "I suppose I must go home immediately after the game."

When Eldredge took Margaret's hand and said good-night, she answered softly, "Good-night, Jack. Beware you never lose the four-leaved clover."

"I'd as soon think of losing my soul."

"Oh, but it would be less dangerous to part with that than to lose my clover!"

"Come along, Jack," said Glenn. "If we stay much longer, the clock will strike thirteen."

XXIV

AFTER THE BATTLE

HOW in the last November days of that memorable year the tried and chosen defenders of Yale's honour gathered to be instructed for the last time; how they were drawn away in coaches from the University yard to the din of crackers and the cheers of *hoi polloi* (just as it is told in the Iliad that a tremendous shout went up from the herd of men behind when the heroes rode forth to combat); how also the whole country read of these things and pinned its faith on the one set of champions or upon the other, — all this was set forth long ago with the details that serve to add interest to the truth, and therefore needs no second telling.

Nor indeed is it worth while to relate how the great battle at Springfield was fought and finished. The history of that conflict has been written by experts who were there (and by others who were not), as passionately as if it had been another Waterloo. The outer world has long since forgotten who fought upon that day and who was worsted; but in the halls of Yale and Harvard the story is still told, and the unhappy incidents connected with it are remembered, though the bitterness which was then engendered has been softened, if not quite eradicated, by the passage of years.

AFTER THE BATTLE

The mediæval chroniclers tell how lovely knights rode out to break a lance, while above and around them sat their fair partisans; how each lady who had a champion wore near to her heart the emblem of her favourite, and how he carried beneath his corselet some token of her faith. All this makes pleasant reading; for there is always a charm in resplendent costumes, in the shock of horses and the spilling of blood. Yet could any of these scenes have been fairer or more thrilling than this of our own times? Fancy the four banks of people rising high in masses of blue and crimson, the fluttering flags, the singing, the cheers, and beneath it all, the beating of hearts and the nervous fear of possible defeat. To those whose veins run water instead of blood, who have been refined and weakened by shunning the shock of life till their minds shrink at any battles save those in their books, such things seem brutal and out of place; but for those whose arteries are warm with the vigorous flow of primeval strength, the conflict of strong, healthy bodies is a glorious thing, and they enjoy it as the Homeric bards enjoyed the clash of combat long before "brutality" became a catchword of weak-kneed mortals.

When the twenty-two champions came running upon the field, living banks rose as if by one impulse, and a great cheer broke the air. Somewhere in the mass of blue stood the tall figure of Margaret Glenn, with a silk banner in her hand; her cheeks flushed with excitement, looking eagerly down upon the tumbling athletes as they warmed themselves for the struggle. In a lull of the play Jack scanned a cer-

BOYS AND MEN

tain part of the throng; he nodded, and the tiny blue flag fluttered violently.

In a moment the crowd sinks back upon the seats, and there is an intense silence as the opposing teams take their stations and poise themselves for the crash. A second more and they are lying in a heaving pile. They free their entangled bodies and line up in two swaying walls. There is a signal, and the mass swings around against its weakest point. It totters a moment, then falls a few yards nearer one of the goals. Harvard is working into Yale's ground, and the crimson tiers are shaken with a disorderly roar, while the dark-red banners wave tumultuously. As the players array themselves for the next struggle, men stationed at intervals along the lines turn to the crowd and give in unison the signal for a cheer. It comes, and with such volume that the combatants, unable to hear the secret numbers, stop for an instant, waiting for the noise to cease.

Slowly the ball is carried nearer and nearer to Yale's goal, till one bull-like rush carries it over. Then how the red flags flutter, what a yell issues from thousands of dry throats, how the substitutes along the Harvard side embrace each other and wave their sweaters with triumph and joy! It is short-lived, for the rival teams are engaged once more, and the Yalensians are doggedly pushing their antagonists down the field, yard by yard, with grim, set faces. Of a sudden there is heard the spat and thud of a heavy blow. A minute later a young fellow walks off the "gridiron" with his chin upon his breast. The knocking out of Tarbell's wind has for

AFTER THE BATTLE

an instant left his body as helpless as a big engine which has suddenly lost its steam. He lies helpless, rolling from side to side, but without a groan. When he gets to his feet, this unavoidable heroism is rewarded with a lusty cheer and a clapping of hands, — an attention which he acknowledges by plunging into the conflict with fresh energy, while his big hands and elbows play pitilessly upon his adversary.

Up to this point Yale has been fighting with the stubbornness of the bulldog, losing one yard but gaining six. Suddenly the tension is released, and an elusive sprinter dashing around the end lies down between Harvard's goal posts with the ball in his arms. After such a prodigious outlay of muscle the trick seems absurdly easy. The crimson side of the field is silent, but two thousand Yalensians with their five thousand hangers-on rise and send forth a lusty cheer.

It was a severe and at some moments almost sanguinary struggle. Divers heroes were carried *hors de combat*, and doubtless there were some troubled breasts amongst those who witnessed the fight, and saw their darlings damaged by others' darlings, whose every move was doubtless followed with the same anxious and tender fear. It was near the end of the game that Jack Eldredge got the blow which threatened for a while partially to destroy his sight, and left him so dizzy that he would certainly have swooned had not the excitement toughened his nerves and rendered him almost unconscious of his injury. So far from being disabled by the blow, he re-entered the conflict, after the first dazed, sickish feeling, with resistless energy. James has since declared

BOYS AND MEN

that when the mishap came he saw Margaret turn pale, while she clutched her brother by the arm; but there is ground for doubting the truth of this, since the man who told it had ever an inclination to shed a nimbus of romance about the incidents connected with Jack Eldredge.

The fact is that it was Eldredge who made, with Tarbell's help, the play which decided the issue of that year's struggle, and caused both their names to be written down amongst those of Yale's great heroes. And certainly it was a wonderful sight, comparable to some of the most thrilling of the fabulous things that happened by the Scamander. Else how could it have been that thousands of people went almost mad with excitement, tossing hats and umbrellas into the air and hugging each other in a sort of frenzy, shouting louder than before their voices had been lost?

As for the victors, they were hoisted upon the shoulders of the crowd and borne off in triumph, with Tarbell and Eldredge at the head, while a brass-band struck up a martial air, and open-mouthed urchins edged their way into the marching throng to get a look at the mighty champions.

It would not be hard to say how all this worship affected Tarbell; for, whatever his inner emotions may have been, he was too old in the ways of the world to let his head be turned, and he had gone through experiences so much more exciting in his wild boyhood that all the blare and exultation left him cool and self-contained. But to Jack it was an intoxication of glory. As he rode in triumph upon the shoulders of his admirers, and heard his name borne

AFTER THE BATTLE

aloft by the cheering thousands, there came over him an exaltation. In the excitement of that hour, oblivious of his wounded eye and all other paltry realities of life, he drank in his glory, — the sweetest draught that ever passes a man's lips and that leaves the bitterest dregs. There are moments in our lives when we are permitted a joy so intense, when we are seized by such an ecstasy, that there is hardly a man who would not rather live them, revelling for a single instant in the fever of his self-exaltation, than go forever the humdrum pace which stupidity or lack of opportunity sets as the common lot.

When Eldredge, Tarbell, and the others had been once more set upon the earth, they cast off their reeking, blood-stained armour, and soused themselves under icy showers, sputtering, dancing, slapping their skins to a glow, while a crowd of trainers, doctors, coaches, and all the crew of retainers stood by and exchanged opinions about the game. Had anybody seen how somebody thumped somebody else while the referee was n't looking? Was the ball actually in So-and-so's possession when he yelled Down? Would n't the score have been bigger with five minutes more to play? Were Slugger Mill's jeans actually ripped, or was he only getting his wind? etc., etc. Meanwhile the heroes were properly rubbed down and dried with alcohol. It was during this operation that Eldredge suddenly noticed that his eye was smarting as if it had been burned. He closed the other and tried to distinguish objects on the ceiling, but they were blurred. Then he called one of the doctors, and asked if there was anything peculiar about that.

BOYS AND MEN

"How does it feel?" asked the physician.

"It hurts like the deuce," Jack answered promptly. "But how does it look?"

"Well, I don't know," spoke the physician; "am inclined to think you 'd better have it looked into by an oculist. Meanwhile I 'll bandage you up with a poultice."

"Thank you very much, doctor, but I think I 'll not have any poultice on it this time. It 'll be all right in a day or two. People might think I 'd been fighting if I had a bandage wound around my head, might n't they?"

"If you don't catch cold in it, you 'll have no trouble," continued the doctor; "but you may not be able to see."

"See! of course I 'll be able to see," responded Jack, laughing and clapping a hand over the wounded member. "If one eye is no good, what's to hinder a fellow from using the other? That's why the Lord gave us two — in case one got hurt, you know."

Tarbell laid his hand affectionately on Jack's shoulder and told him not to be a fool, an injunction to which he added a description of glass eyes so accurate that Eldredge's stubbornness vanished. While the doctor was bandaging his head, a messenger boy entered and shouted, —

"'S there anybody here by the name of Eldredge?"

"I 'm your man," said Jack.

"Well, I 've bin lookin' fer ye everywhere. There ain't nothin' to pay." He delivered his message and marched out with his hands in his pockets, whistling.

Jack ripped the thing open and read: —

AFTER THE BATTLE

46 CHICOPEE STREET, SPRINGFIELD, 5.15 P. M.

DEAR JACK, — Mrs. Fortescue has just left us, that means Joe and myself, and gone back to New Haven. Would n't you like to dine with us? I am going home early to-morrow, you know, and this will be the last chance of seeing you. My brother has made an engagement to call on some people this evening, and he says he must keep it. So I want you to come; and indeed I am quite sure you will not be so unkind as to leave me alone.

MARGARET.

The word "Margaret" was scrawled as if in haste. Jack scanned the note closely, reading it over and over, astonished at Margaret's change of plan and wondering at the omission of the formula with which conventionality bids us conclude our letters. He thrust the note into one of his pockets and stood for a moment thinking.

The team were now completely dressed, and the captain shouted in a tone of command for every one to get into a coach which was waiting at the door. "We are to reach New Haven at half-past seven, sure. All preparations have been made for a banquet, and every man is expected to be there."

Eldredge hesitated for a moment. Then he went to the captain and said: "I'm awfully sorry, Mack, but I can't be there. The doctor thinks my eye should be looked to immediately; so I must ask you to excuse me."

"Is it anything serious?" asked the captain.

"Well, not now," he answered; "only it's one of those things that might turn out wrong if I did n't attend to it."

BOYS AND MEN

With this evasion upon his lips, Jack waved a good-bye and hastened from the room. He threaded his way through the great throng who were jostling along the narrow streets on their way to the railway station. As he hurried, he felt himself seized from behind. It was Budson.

“You were n’t badly hurt, were you, Jack?”

“Oh, no, Bud; just a little smack on the eye. Are you going by the first train?”

“Gracious, no! With three girls on my hands!”

“You don’t say so!” exclaimed Eldredge, and he was off before Budson could ask him to share the triple burden. Small boys were wriggling through the crowd, shouting: “Extry! Extry! Full description of the great victory! Here ye are, mister! Have one!” Jack was so bent on his errand that he did not think of buying a paper, though he caught sight of various impossible representations of his own face and several times heard some more garrulous youngster howling his name. He brushed past the fakirs, who were desperately trying to sell their left-over wares, or who, recognizing him as the great man of the day, thrust in his face the “winning colours.” With all speed he pushed through the carriages, down one street and up another, till he arrived at the number which he had read at the top of Margaret’s letter. He had forgotten his aching eye, nay, even the unsightly bandage, nor had it occurred to him that after all he was doing a strange thing to desert the feast of his peers and fib to them into the bargain. As he touched the bell of the house where she was staying, his room-mate issued from the door. Joseph gazed at him aghast.

AFTER THE BATTLE

“What in thunder!” he blurted — “Why, man, you look as if you had collided with a train!”

“Do I?” returned Eldredge. “And what’s your great hurry?”

“Some nice people to see off at the station, Jack; I’ll be back for dinner. Daisy is expecting you. And for heaven’s sake, don’t come on her too suddenly with that eye!”

Eldredge stopped for an instant in the hall and surveyed himself in a mirror. He was half minded to tear off the bandage, but then it occurred to him that the exposure might be worse than the concealment; so with a smile at his own damaged countenance, he entered the room. Margaret sat in front of a fire with her hat still on, toasting her feet. Hearing his step, she arose and looked at him with a face full of wonder. Eldredge said, “How do you do, Margaret?” but in so rueful a way that it sounded more as if he had begged her not to look at his eye. She laughed a little at his woebegone expression, and then exclaimed: “Isn’t it dreadful! Is it very serious? I saw when you were struck, but I didn’t imagine *you* could be hurt. Come here, please; you must sit upon this sofa and be my patient. I know lots of things about surgery, and maybe I can tell if it’s dangerous.”

“No,” said Jack, firmly but with some humour, “I’d rather lose the eye than have you look at it. Besides, it doesn’t hurt any longer. Perhaps it’s out! Unfortunately I can’t see whether it is or not.” He seated himself beside her upon the sofa, taking care to hide the bandage as much as possible.

BOYS AND MEN

Margaret took off her hat, and Jack held it while she smoothed her hair, which was as comely in disorder as when done up in the finest Grecian knot.

"Jack," she said, "will you please lay my hat upon a chair?" He obeyed and seated himself again upon the sofa.

"I was afraid," continued Margaret, "I was afraid the boy would n't find you."

"He did," said Jack.

"Yes, I see he did," she answered, with a little smile which rather disconcerted Eldredge. "But now that you 're here you must n't look so rueful."

"I've never been happier," he ventured.

"Are you?" she said, with a shade less irony in her tone. "Then we must be even more different than I had thought, and I must be very vain. Mercy!" she exclaimed, "how funny it would seem!" As she spoke, Margaret whipped a big blue handkerchief out of her muff and bound it dexterously over her yellow hair, leaving one eye exposed. Jack burst out laughing, but she looked so wonderfully lovely that he felt like throwing his arms about her. She had risen from her place on the sofa and thrown herself again into a chair before the fire. Eldredge went and leaned his elbow upon the mantel, where she could scarcely see him for the growing darkness of the short winter day; but the flickering lights and shadows played upon her face, brightening her cheeks to a brilliant red, while streaks of her hair were like fire and gold.

They remained silent for a while, — Jack with all his attention bent upon her, and she with her hands

AFTER THE BATTLE

folded upon her lap and her eyes intent upon the fascination of the fire as it cracked and leaped upward in white tongues of flame.

"I have n't told you," she said, "that I thought you played beautifully."

"Oh, it was nothing," answered Jack. "I could n't have done anything without the other fellows."

"I had always supposed," said Margaret, "that it took more than one man to play the game." On the lips of another — one for whom he cared nothing — the words might easily have seemed a transgression, but not on those of Margaret Glenn.

"And now that the battle is won," she went on, "I fancy they have all returned (is it so?), and that you are the only one who has stayed here."

"Yes," said Jack, "the team and coaches went back to New Haven immediately after the game. There is to be a banquet this evening. Afterwards the Eleven — I mean the Ten — will elect a captain."

"And you did not go!"

"No," he replied, "I could n't. Besides, Daisy, when I got your note I did n't want to."

"Oh, Jack," she exclaimed, "you are very nice to say that! But I did n't know there was to be a banquet, and if I had, I would n't have had you miss it on my account for all the world! And might n't it make some difference about the captaincy?"

"Hardly," said Eldredge, "unless I had voted for myself. They'll elect Tarbell when it's time. He's much the best man."

"Yes, he certainly would make a fine captain," said

BOYS AND MEN

Margaret, naïvely. "But I feel as if I had done wrong to keep you! Maybe it's not too late to go even now. What time is it?"

"I don't know," he answered.

"Oh, but you have a watch! Won't you tell me?"

He knelt down before the fireplace, and they looked at the watch together.

"You see, Daisy, it is somewhere between twelve and twelve."

"Yes," she answered, "I observe that it is, and I'm beginning to be quite hungry." As she spoke, there was a noise at the outer door, and Eldredge, rising, stood, with one hand thrust confidently into his pocket, before the fire.

Joseph Glenn entered, and with him a jovial elderly gentleman, who, to Jack's astonishment, kissed Margaret on the cheek.

"Jack," said Glenn, with small formality, "my uncle Bob."

"Oh, Joe!" cried Margaret, "what an absurd introduction!"

"I beg your pardon, Daisy," said her brother, with a courtesy none the less real for a touch of mockery; "Mr. Eldredge, — my uncle, Mr. Glenn."

The old gentleman appreciated the little pleasantry and laughed comfortably, while Margaret whispered to Jack, "Mr. Eldredge, isn't it strange that you never thought to ask me where you were?" and then she added, "My uncle is a little deaf, so if you don't speak loudly he may think you are whispering."

Presently dinner was announced, and they went into the dining-room, Mr. Glenn with his niece, while

AFTER THE BATTLE

Glenn and Eldredge followed. Jack hazarded a guess that the uncle must be either an old bachelor or a widower, but he had n't the temerity to risk any inquiries. His ignorance was due to the fact that his room-mate had never told him anything about the family of the Glenns, and though he had often talked to Joseph of his own father and mother, he knew little or nothing of the Glenns save what he had been able to surmise or had seen. Nor did Jack know nearly so much as he imagined of either his classmate or of Daisy Glenn.

Mrs. Fortescue would have been hurt enough if she could have seen where her dinner was being eaten, especially if she could have listened from behind a curtain, waiting anxiously for the sound of her own name. But she was never once mentioned; for Mr. Glenn was, like enough, quite ignorant of her existence, and she had slipped completely off Margaret's conscience, while to the young men she was barely more than a passing episode. After all, it was no great offence, under the circumstances.

The little company chatted happily over Mr. Glenn's wine, the old gentleman growing merrier every moment. He flattered Jack in a hundred little ways, alluding with great reverence to various heroes, jumbling them without much regard to their sort of heroism, setting them all on one pedestal, from which his wit could have toppled every one with equal grace. Joe was hilarious. He had won great sums of money with which he offered to buy for his sister whatever she might desire. Jack had been brought up in a different way, yet he was as gay as the rest,

BOYS AND MEN

despite his forlorn appearance and occasional inability to make a proper retort till some one else had stolen it from him. But Daisy was the liveliest of all. Her wit flowed unceasingly, playing upon Jack, and sparkling with an inexhaustible and sometimes too caustic irony. She was so radiant with the excitement of her own spirits that her uncle was quite carried away by her eloquence. He alternately complimented and teased her, while she parried his thrusts with fascinating tact and grace. Jack had never known himself quite as he then was. He would have shone in any other company. Yet, after all is said in praise of wit, his simplicity and his kindly lovable manner had their own charm, which is well worth all the sprightliness under the sun.

The dinner over, Joseph hurried away to keep his engagement, leaving Jack with his sister and Mr. Robert Glenn. The three sat before the fire, and Jack smoked the first cigar he had touched for months. They chatted, and gradually Mr. Glenn grew more silent. Then he began to nod and softly fell asleep.

XXV

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

IN the weeks that followed the incidents just narrated, Jack's fame waxed amazingly. Invitations poured upon him from every hand. He was the guest of honour at dinners innumerable. Fair young women by the score basked in his presence, and confided to one another what a fascinating man Mr. Eldredge was, — how very handsome and how witty. He was called upon for speeches at banquets and was requested to address small boys at church missions, in the belief that his shining example would inspire them to lead noble lives. All these attentions were flattering enough, but they kept the poor fellow in a continuous anxiety, so that he breathed easier when the mid-year examinations were over, and he could turn homeward, leaving all the cares of glory behind him.

Tarbell's little property in the West had suffered so from the hard times that he had almost decided on going there to look after it; but Jack scouted the idea, and succeeded after some argument in persuading his friend that he had better pass his Christmas at The Oaks. There must have been collusion in this, for Tarbell got a pretty note from Mrs. Eldredge, saying in a tactful way that she thought of him as a son, and that Mr. Eldredge often said how much he

BOYS AND MEN

looked forward to having Tarbell's company. Tarbell was deeply touched by the kindness of her note, for his own parents were dead, and he had never been so happy as in the three months which he had passed at the home of the Eldredges. So he left his small capital to the mercies of the hard times and his thriftless debtors, and went to spend his holiday at The Oaks.

As they were driven to the door, Jack clapped Tarbell on the knee enthusiastically. "Tarb, old man," said he, "are n't you glad to be home? By Jove, I am! and it makes me gloat to think of sleeping in a bed that is n't like the skin of a rhinoceros. What an orang-outang Andrew is, anyhow! Well, here we are. All out!"

The carriage had hardly stopped when Jack was on the piazza to greet his mother. "Jack, my boy," she exclaimed, "and Mr. Tarbell! It is so good to see you!"

As they passed into the house, she turned with a smile for Tarbell, saying, "Both of you are my boys now."

"I wonder, Mrs. Eldredge," responded Tarbell, gravely, "whether you would have suspected a couple of years ago that you might adopt a cowboy."

"Ex-mayor and deputy sheriff," said Jack; "put it all in, Tarb."

"So much the better," said Mrs. Eldredge; "Jack needs a good deal to keep him in order. If we don't take very good care, I fear he will some day be brought home in pieces, and I shall be heart-broken."

"No, my dear little *mutter*," he exclaimed, "no-

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

body shall ever whack me again; and if he does, I tell you what I'll do; I'll kick him in the head until he's dead, and I'll knock out his left eye, too! Come, Tarb," he went on, "get your pipe on fire and we'll go out and have a look at the horses."

As the two men entered the barn, they were greeted by a chorus of barks, and four dogs came rushing upon them. A great St. Bernard leaped at Jack, and resting his big paws on the boy's shoulders, kissed him roughly on the nose, while the little dogs twisted their bodies, wagging their stubby tails in a fury of pure joy, and raced about yelling as if they had gone quite mad. A bright-eyed fox terrier got hold of a piece of burlap, and flew about the stable shaking the thing and growling furiously.

"Ho, Timmy, you little scamp," cried Jack, "I've got you!" and he chased the little dog up and down till Timmy got tangled in the burlap and went head over heels onto a bucket full of water. Jack grabbed the terrier and held him high above his head, while the others stood around, violently wagging their tails and barking excitedly.

"Oh, I've got you now, little doggibus!" he exclaimed. "You *would* try to play tricks on Uncle Jack. Don't you know you mustn't make such a fuss when we've got visitors around? Now, Mr. Timothy, I'll put you on the floor, and you must be a good doggy and not wriggle yourself all out of shape just because you're glad to have me back!"

Tarbell had laid hold of a stick and was tussling with the St. Bernard, who was pulling hard in one direction while the big man hauled him the other

BOYS AND MEN

way. The horses were all at their gratings, sniffing with their ears pointed forward, and uttering little rumbling whinnies. Jack patted them all, saying something to each one as if they could understand what he meant. As he fondled the other horses, a small bay poked his nose through the iron bars of his box-stall, and looked at Jack wistfully. His velvety upper lip quivered, and he broke into a friendly neigh.

“Don’t get impatient, Toby,” said Jack. “I can’t say ‘How d’ ye do?’ to all at once.” He threw open the door of the stall and went in. Toby began to nuzzle him affectionately; and he, burying one hand in the horse’s mane, stroked the silken nose. “I’m very, very sorry, Toby, but I haven’t any sugar. You shall have some, Toby horse; and to-morrow, if it’s not too cold, we’ll go off for a ride together, and Tarb shall ride old Abe, who’s grinning at us from the next stall.” Toby smelt about Jack’s pockets, but finding nothing edible, rested his nose contentedly on the boy’s shoulder. Jack scratched the pony’s ear and whispered softly, “Some day, Toby, when you’re a couple of years older than you are now, and have stopped shying at little scraps of paper, I shall bring her here, and you must be very careful when she sits on your back to do nothing foolish, because, if you did, I’d have to cut off your supply of sugar, and that would be very sad.” He put his arms about the pony’s sleek neck and patted him as affectionately as if the animal had been a child. Then he shut the door gently on Toby’s nose, and the two men went out of the barn.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Till nightfall they wandered over the great place. They talked over their college life and all the friends they had there. Eldredge was in one of his extravagant moods, but while he rambled on, mentioning every subject as if it had some inherent connection with himself, saying what he had done and what he was going to do, Tarbell kept his own counsel. Having lived eight years more than Jack, and very rough years too, — years full of struggles, hardships, and disappointments, — he refrained from that mental plunging which was so easy to his companion. Yet, however much Jack raved about other matters, there was one which he guarded in sacred silence.

On entering the house, they found Mr. Eldredge, who had just returned from business, looking rather careworn in spite of his vigorous health. He welcomed the young men warmly.

“I understand, Tarbell,” said he, “that you’ve been adopted into the family. Well, there’s lots of room here, and you shall have a quarter of it whenever you choose to come. Are we going to have you on the railroad next summer?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Tarbell; “I’d like to try it again.”

“All right; you shall have your old place as soon as you care to take it. When you and Jack have finished college, some other business may please you better; but you shall have the opening if you want it.”

For three weeks Tarbell and Jack took life in the freest possible way. They played billiards, smoked, rode, and called on their neighbours. This lazy existence at an end, they returned to college. Both were

BOYS AND MEN

on the committee whose task it was to make ready the Junior Promenade, and they went to work heroically. Jack was selected, on account of his affable manner and prestige as an athlete, to collect subscriptions. He must have climbed miles of stairs on his thankless mission, and it is possible that he sometimes had an uneasy conscience because of all the cajolery he had to practise in order to sell men several tickets more than they could use, and to the freshmen tickets which they could not use at all. During the most of January Eldredge spent an hour a day on his studies, possibly less. His "stand" went down like mercury in a freeze, but he had thrown himself heart and soul into the task, and was determined that, at least so far as in him lay, the great dance should be the finest that had ever been given. One of his colleagues on the committee inquired one day what girl he was going to bring. "None," he answered, and that was quite true; for the only one whom he would have thought of asking had been invited some months before. Tarbell might have bidden some one; but the hundred dollars required for carriages, flowers, etc., would have been too heavy a drain. He therefore had also decided to go as a "stag," and that was high discretion. It was not difficult for two such men to fill their cards with the greatest belles. By special dispensation, Eldredge had Margaret's name four times upon his list; Tarbell was privileged to dance with her twice. If Margaret's card had been long enough, she might have had upon it every great light in the University, from the most renowned athlete down to those whose fame was of the humble

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

sort that comes from being clever at books or knowing how to wield a pen. But there were hardly more than a score of dances in all; therefore a hundred celebrities who must be disappointed.

For three weeks both Jack and Tarbell toiled tremendously. The work was by no means agreeable, but they were at it day and night with a dauntless zeal. Finally every preparation had been made and the guests began to arrive. Margaret came with a great trunk full of fine dresses, and was settled at Mrs. Fortescue's, where she held court. The hostess was thus enabled to share the effulgence of her guest, and was a sort of lady-in-waiting, though she did not know it.

How happy Jack was as he escorted Margaret Glenn from tea to tea! How he revelled each moment he could spend in her company! How he delighted in the very urchins who stared at her in the street as she swept by, stately as a princess and calm as a nun!

On the afternoon of the last day Glenn and Eldredge gave a most sumptuous reception at their rooms in Farnam College. They had borrowed every handsome rug or bit of old tapestry they could lay hands on. Some fine palms spread their ornamental fronds in the corners of the largest room, and on the centre-table was a great bowl full of punch. At Jack's suggestion, one bed had been removed, and four or five Hungarians installed in its place to play their bewitching music. Just outside the door stood the sable Andrew, dressed like a flunky, his duty being to announce the guests; a feat which he per-

BOYS AND MEN

formed to a charm, though his voice was so thick that it would have been impossible to tell what he said had not the smallness of the place made that perfectly evident. This masterpiece of humour was due to James, and very dearly Jack had to pay for it.

Miss Merivale came in a fine Parisian gown, which must have roused great envy, for it was a marvellous affair and set off her beauty wonderfully. On the day following it was described in the papers with an estimate of the yards of silk it contained, and of the price which it had probably cost in the Rue de la Paix. And there were other comely countenances, and other resplendent costumes which had no doubt cost thousands of poor worms many a month of toil.

But Margaret was the fairest of all. There was a sparkle in her eyes, a prudence in her wit, an impartiality in her manner which caused every one to say that no tea like this had ever been given.

When it was over, Margaret was escorted home by Tarbell, while Glenn and Jack set about restoring their apartment to its former usefulness and simplicity. The bed took the place of the musicians; the palms were carried off by the florist to do duty at the Promenade; the punch was emptied out lest Andrew should be led into temptation. Although Andrew was a deacon in his church, he had been known to be tipsy. It was well after seven when the last thing had been put to rights, and Jack must be at his post in little more than an hour.

“Now, Andrew,” said he, “you’ve done your work very well. I have n’t been so well satisfied with you for a long time. You may keep the white gloves and

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

the rest of my things, but there is still a little work to do."

"If it don't make no diff'rence I'll go off and get somethin' to eat; I ain't had a moufful sence twelve o'clock."

"No," repeated Jack, casting upon Andrew a look which caused the latter some misgivings, "I'm going to be busy, and you must stay here till I come back, and get my clothes ready for this evening."

"Wich close you mean? De one dat's bobbed off kinder like a waiter's jacket, or dis yere swallow tail?"

"The swallow tail, of course; the other is being cleaned. You took it to the tailor yourself."

"Wot you spect me to do wid it?"

"Smooth it out, and be sure your hands are clean when you put the buttons into my shirt." At this Andrew made so doleful a face that his employer fished out a two-dollar bill and handed it to him, hoping that a bribe added to his threats might work persuasion.

"Do you understand?" said Jack, imperiously.

"Yessir," replied the dusky *maitre Jacques*, with something like a growl (which was, like enough, appetite again getting hold of him). "Do you want me to lay out you' close, Mr. Glenn?" inquired Andrew, the *auri sacra fames* for a moment overcoming his other hunger.

"No, thank you; I'll dress now. Jack, go ahead to dinner. This won't take me fifteen minutes."

Eldredge went off in great haste, and Andrew began reluctantly to look for the clothes. He loi-

BOYS AND MEN

tered so over his task that he had scarcely found them when Glenn left the room. Andrew brushed the garments and laid them lazily upon the bed, then rummaged for a clean shirt, and having seated himself comfortably in an arm-chair, began with clumsy fingers to fix two gold studs into the spotless bosom, grumbling over his work and ever and anon muttering a *damn*. At last the studs were inserted, but the bosom was rumpled and smirched with another black than that of Andrew's skin. He started to lay the garment just as it was upon the bed, when discretion got the better of him, and he washed his hands. After another ten minutes of fumbling he had succeeded in putting the buttons into a fresh shirt. For an instant the negro stood uncertain, scratching his head and counting with a stubby finger the figures on the face of his watch; then quietly left the room, shutting the door behind him, but neglecting to spring the latch.

As he disappeared down the Campus, a disreputable creature, who had been lurking in the shadows, stole into the entry, and stopping for a moment, scanned his surroundings furtively. Fastened to the wall was a tablet containing the numbers of rooms and names of all who dwelt in that portion of the building. One glance satisfied his curiosity, and without further hesitation he climbed the three flights of stairs, and having listened a moment, opened the door which Andrew had failed to lock. Rapping softly, he said, "Excuse me; is there any one here would like to help an old soldier?" Then, a little louder: "I've had hard luck. One of me hands is

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

hurt an' I can't get no work. Would n't one of you gentlemen like to buy some pencils?"

Getting no answer to this tentative inquiry, the fellow entered and speedily went to work. With the directness of a messenger he crossed the study and entered one of the bedrooms. Upon the bed lay a dress suit, and beside it a shirt with two gold studs. Dexterously extracting the studs, he tucked them into his vest pocket, and folding the dress suit into a compact bundle, wrapped it in a piece of brown paper. The sound of a voice caused him to start, but it was only some one passing in the street below. He lingered just long enough to swallow a couple of sandwiches, then left the room, closing the door noiselessly.

Scarcely had he issued from the lighted entry to the dark Quadrangle when he was accosted by a person who had been waiting in the shadow of the building.

"Did you get it?" inquired the latter, nervously.

"Dead easy," responded the man. "Now what will I do wid it?"

"I want you to get it back somehow by to-morrow night," returned the second person, still more nervously. "Here's your ten dollars."

"Look here, young fellah, you're going to make that a twenty; if you don't, I'll give you away, an' if it's back here to-morrow night you've got to fork out twenty more. Oh, of course this ain't no steal, you know, and you'd certainly be robbin' me if I took any less 'n forty!"

"I'm not going to pay you forty. You agreed for

BOYS AND MEN

ten, and twenty is all you 're going to get. You can hide that bundle around here, and to-morrow morning somebody 'll find it."

"Hurry up wid that money," said the man, angrily, "or we 'll bot' get pinched."

"Will you hide it?" asked the young man.

"Hide it! Well, I just guess! I 'll put the outfit where it 'll have a chanst to get back fer sure. I can write that name you give me on the paper."

Without further parley the money was paid over and the scamp made off, holding the bundle under his arm in such a way as not to arouse suspicion, while his companion vanished into the darkness.

Meanwhile Jack had bolted his dinner and was giving final orders to his satellites at the Armory. In just forty minutes the ball would begin. He jumped into a carriage and was driven in great haste to the Campus.

"You need n't wait," he cried to the driver; "I 'll walk."

Eldredge entered his room and looked about him. "I wonder," he muttered, "where that darky has stowed himself. Andrew!" Every jet was lighted, but there was no answer. "Andrew!" He stepped into his bedroom and saw the rumpled shirt lying where it had fallen. He picked it up and gazed at the bed, aghast. A partial realization of what had happened came upon him in a flash, and he rushed downstairs, narrowly missing a collision with the delinquent Andrew, who was ascending at a leisurely pace.

"Where have you been?" he shouted.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

"I jes' stepped out for a miunte. I did n't s'pose —"

"You did n't suppose, you idiot! What business have you got s'posin' anything? You failed to do what I told you to, and now somebody has sneaked in and robbed me."

"Who do you reckon it could 'a' ben?" faltered Andrew, still sleepy with too much food.

Jack cast one wrathful glance upon the blinking darky and rushed out of the building. He ran to the room of a friend, and then to another and another. Only two or three were in, and they were dressing for the ball. So used was Jack to getting what he desired that it did not even occur to him to stop and weigh the plight he was in. In a great fury he increased his pace, running desperately about in the hope of finding some one to help him. Suddenly he saw a light brighten in Thorndyke's window. He stopped and cried, "Fitz! Oh, Fitz!"

Thorndyke thrust his head out. "Hello, Jack!" he shouted. "What's the trouble?"

"Everything, Fitz! That imbecile of an Andrew left my door open, and some scoundrel has sneaked in and gone off with my dress suit. By Gad! if I could lay hands on him, I'd choke it out of him! Can't you help me?"

"Stolen!" he ejaculated. "You don't say so! Let me see. Could you wear my room-mate's?"

"How, in thunder!" cried Eldredge. "He's two-thirds my size. Good-night, Fitz." With one longing look for a carriage, he set out on a dead run across the Green. In half an hour the dancing would

BOYS AND MEN

begin, and the first name on his list was that of Margaret Glenn. What would she think if he failed to be there? The absurdity and helplessness of his predicament infuriated him, but there was still a chance, and he kept on running with a feverish haste till he came to a shop whither he had once gone with a chronically impecunious classmate, who banked for the most part at the pawnbroker's. The proprietor had dress suits, but they were in every case too small. At another place he found one that fitted passably. On examination, he discovered that moths had eaten great patches out of the coat. The Hebrew in charge declared "nobody would efer dake de slidest notice of such a ting," but Jack was not persuaded. Again he set out running, and came soon to the last place of this kind he knew of. It was the lair of Solomon Solomons, Money Lender and Dealer in Misfit and Cast-off Clothing.

"Solomon," he cried, "find me a suit, a dress suit, quick! I'll give you fifty dollars if you fit me."

"Vell, vell," said the Jew, "have a chair und I'll see what I can do for you. What kind of a suit would you want?"

"Oh, anything! No, a dress suit. Are any of the ready-made places open?"

"Of course dey ain't," grunted the Jew, turning his curved beak upon the boy and glaring at him disdainfully. He went to a great heap of clothes and began to lay them out, piece by piece, upon his counter.

"How you gome to be in such a hurry?" he asked, eying Jack suspiciously.

"Look here, Solomon," said Jack, advancing toward

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

the Jew, "you've got just five minutes more. Somebody's hooked my clothes and I've no time for talk. If you find something decent, I'll give you sixty dollars; so be lively."

"Has somebody ropt you?" asked the Jew, with a show of astonishment.

"Yes, and not an hour ago; but stop asking questions. You've three minutes more to earn that money. I can't wait a second longer."

He flung himself at the smaller pile and began to search it furiously. Meanwhile Solomon laid the other heap upon the floor, keeping his back toward Eldredge. Ever so deftly he removed from the mass of clothing a dress suit which he slipped into some recess beneath the counter.

"Well," said Jack, "there are two minutes left, Solomon. Can you find anything?"

"I t'ought sure I had one," answered the Jew, "but I must have been thinkin' of somedint else." He rose from behind the counter and fixed his moist black eyes upon Eldredge. They were as expressionless as beads. Jack looked at him for a moment as if dazed and issued into the street.

After an hour of fruitless search he wrote a few words, saying that he had met with an accident and begged therefore to be excused. He went back to his room and threw himself into a chair, with his face between his hands. Had Jack been less heated and less desperate, he might have made himself sufficiently presentable to appear at the Promenade. To be sure, no one had ever ventured to present himself at that showy assemblage in any save evening dress,

BOYS AND MEN

but he was well known, and in a calmer mood could have carried off the situation triumphantly. Indeed, with a little of Tarbell's humour he might have had some amusement from his own discomfiture. Lacking that sense, the situation became a tragedy. Such was the mood which had come upon Eldredge. He sat in dire unhappiness, while some one else among the many who aspired to that honour was dancing with Margaret Glenn, and the ball was proceeding quite as smoothly as if he had been there. How gaily she smiled! How skilfully did she hold her skirts lest they should graze the floor! and how wondrously yellow was the hair that fell in a knot upon her comely neck! No wonder that Margaret without so much as a look could have drawn a hundred vassals into her train, and that more than one would have given up every name on his list for the privilege of dancing with her only once!

"I wonder who the chap is that's waltzing with Miss Glenn?" said Billy, as Margaret swept by.

"She is beautiful, isn't she?" responded Clare.

"Do you think she takes advantage of it?"

"I am sure she could if she wanted to."

"*That* there is no logical reason for doubting," remarked Billy, with a shade of sarcasm. "It's plain enough to me."

"You feel convinced, then?"

"I do."

"But sometimes even dreadfully clever people imagine they understand such things, and in the end it turns out that they were quite wrong."

"Well, maybe I don't know too much about it, but

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

I'd like to be a priest and have her come to a little *séance* at my confessional. I'd make her own up, if it took all day. By George! it would be pleasant to see Miss Haughty on her knees for a couple of hours!"

"I don't doubt it would," said Clare, "and I am equally certain that neither yourself nor anybody else could get her to tell."

"I'd accuse point blank and follow that up with a cross-examination which would be simply impossible to dodge."

"Billy, how long have you known me?"

"Oh, about one short year. Why do you ask?"

"I was just thinking how wonderfully little you know about women."

"Well, she's fairly good to look at, — if a fellow *can't* see what is going on inside of her, but I don't believe it's all soul."

"Billy, you are very unjust, and some day you will find it is n't wise to judge people until they have given you a chance to know them. Miss Glenn is lovely, and it is perfectly right that every one should admire her."

"It's perfectly natural."

"Billy, if you persist in saying such things we may quarrel."

"Then I won't," said Billy. "Besides, I'm inclined to think that I admire her just like everybody else."

"Oh, you must n't," retorted Clare; "I might become jealous." And with that James and Miss Merivale passed on in the throng of dancers who were

BOYS AND MEN

gliding in and out within the wavering endless chain that was slowly circling the hall.

Hardly had the music ceased when Tarbell got Jack's message. He made immediately for Margaret's box.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that something has happened to Jack. Will you excuse me if I am not on hand when my turn comes? You know I am a very poor dancer."

"Could it be something serious?" she asked. "Tell me, Mr. Tarbell."

"That is what I intend to find out," he answered, and left her without another word.

Tarbell found Jack stretched upon his bed.

"Jack," he exclaimed, "what has happened?"

"Nothing, Tarb, except that my cake has turned to dough. If Andrew had n't been Andrew, and if somebody else had n't been a thief, we'd all be happy. You see I had n't anything to wear except my pajamas, and they were rather too gay even for the Promenade."

"Do you mean to say that you have been robbed?"

"Yes," said Jack, "I've been robbed of a very fair dress suit and of a good time, to which I'd been looking forward for weeks. . . . Why the dickens have you troubled yourself to come here? It's kind of you, Tarb, old man, but you can't do me any good and you are missing somebody's dance. Next year I'll have three dress suits and hire a policeman to watch each one of 'em."

Tarbell sat down on the bed and laid his hand on Jack's arm.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

“Jack,” he said, “I wish to goodness you were in my clothes.”

“I know you do, Tarb; but never mind. Every dog has his day, and I’m having mine. Go back now, and please tell Margaret that I’m sorry, very sorry; and say that I ask her to the next Promenade and promise — if she comes — to be there. Will you tell her?”

“I’ll not forget,” responded Tarbell; and giving Jack’s hand a hearty clasp, he rose and returned to the ball, arriving just in time for his dance with Miss Glenn. He told her how Jack had been robbed, and how he had been charged to invite her in Jack’s behalf.

“Was he quite in earnest,” she asked, “to invite me so far ahead?”

“Jack is always in earnest,” answered Tarbell.

“But suppose I should accept and then be unable to come?”

“In that case,” said Tarbell, “he would be disappointed.”

They had emerged from the throng and were near the stand which held the orchestra.

“Mr. Tarbell,” she said, “unless you wish to continue, let us sit down here. It’s hard not to be frivolous when one is dancing, — I mean for me, of course, because you are never frivolous.” Tarbell scarcely knew what to reply to an assertion so abrupt and whimsical, but obeyed without a word.

“Do you know,” continued Margaret, when they were seated, “dancing seems to me a very foolish thing. Ever since I was a little tot I’ve known how;

BOYS AND MEN

but, for some reason or other, I can never get rid of the sensation that when I dance I'm a sort of puppet, and that every one else is a puppet too, turning round and round as if he were wound up and had to move whenever the music plays. Everything appears so unreal. Does it strike you that way?"

"No," he replied, "I can't say it does. I have just the contrary sensation. I'm very clumsy, Miss Glenn, and feel as if I weighed a ton. It's a wonder anybody has the courage to trust herself to such a giraffe."

"Oh, Mr. Tarbell," cried Margaret, "what a comparison!"

"Why? Do you think it's unfair to the giraffe?"

"Very," she replied, "because it's giving him something which he does n't deserve. But I'd rather dance even with a — a giraffe than some very little men; I always feel how easy it would be to lead them; and besides, they're not very safe. One is likely to be run into by some of those fellows who dance as if they were playing football. But then there are others with whom I feel as secure as if I were protected by — what shall I say?"

"A giraffe," suggested Tarbell.

Margaret spread out her fan and looked at it thoughtfully. Tarbell found himself studying her profile. The wavy hair rippled about a forehead as serene and comely as that of some antique marble. And how graciously uneven was the outline of her nose! What a fascinating curve there was to her lips, and how firm and admirable was her chin! The former cow-puncher and ex-mayor of Eureka, Arizona,

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

sat gazing at her like one of those enchanted knights we read about in the tales of chivalry, who were always slaying other champions in bloody combat and afterwards getting into the spell of some enchanting damsel. Like enough, that was why they slew one another in such quantities.

The enchantress, raising her eyes from her fan and turning her face upon Tarbell, said, without so much as a flutter of the eyelids, "Mr. Tarbell, it would have been tragic indeed if the thief had stolen your things as well as Jack's. Just imagine how sad I should have been! But poor Jack! I hope he's not very unhappy."

"He is," said Tarbell, more earnestly, "and I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart. Jack is one of the dearest fellows that ever lived. Everybody is fond of him because he's always so ready to do what he can for any one else."

"Then you and he are fast friends?"

"We are."

"Yet," she went on, "you have n't known him so very long, have you?"

"No, scarcely three years; but it's not a question of time. It's the man, Miss Glenn. Jack is so good a fellow that you have to like him, faults and all. As they say down in our country, he and I are *pardners*."

"That's a pretty expression," said Margaret.

"It is n't a bad one," he answered. Tarbell had become so absorbed in his talk of Jack that he failed to notice how the music was making its final flourish. Margaret glanced at her card indifferently and laid it

BOYS AND MEN

upon her fan. They were almost hidden from the other dancers. The musicians ceased for a moment. Then they began playing one of those crooning, sensuous melodies which are so well fitted to the American waltz. But Tarbell did not hear it. Nor did he even turn his head to catch a glimpse of the stream that moved behind him, but sat (even as Jack had done and would have been doing now) listening in a sort of trance to a music more bewitching than any that is ever played on fiddles; and while the stolen moments fled away, he found himself betraying to her his own life as he could never have done to any woman less persuasive than Margaret Glenn.

During those few minutes which Margaret had pilfered, and twice more during the evening, Tarbell told her a small part of his history: How he remembered living in Vermont in his dim childhood; how he had been deeply attached to a little girl of five, and shown his admiration and prowess by standing on his head upon her front doorsteps; how his father had moved out to try his fortune in the West, going from place to place until he had at last been struck down by an Apache; and how then his father's friends had taken care of him till he was big enough to make his own living. There was a modesty and candid good sense in the man's way of telling these bits of his life which gave them all the greater charm. And as Margaret compared him with the other men whom she had met that evening, they suffered beside this giant of the Arizona desert who had, like enough, already experienced more of the ordeal of life than half of them put together. Had she known Tarbell

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

to be a poor man, nay, even a debtor, the knowledge would have made no difference, save to give him in her eyes the dignity which comes of hard, successful struggles.

Thus it came to pass that while Jack lay sleepless upon his bed, tasting for the first time in his existence the gall of disappointment, the best of his friends — the one whom he loved most — was with Margaret Glenn and — they were happy.

XXVI

THE BAUBLE FAME

IN Jack's morning mail was a note from Margaret. It must have been written but a few hours before, — very likely as soon as she had returned from the Promenade.

DEAR JACK, — I am going away very early to-morrow — or *to-day* would be more truthful, because it is morning now. I am ever so sorry to have missed seeing you, and for such a reason. Mr. Tarbell gave me your message. It was nice of you to think of me so far ahead, and I only wish I could say Yes without hesitation. But what would you say if I made the promise and could not keep it? Indeed, it seems improbable that I could, for my father has been talking of passing next winter on the Riviera. Of course we shall return in time to see you graduate.

Joe has invited me to be present at the Senior Society elections, "to see me tapped." I think it would do him lots of good to have his plans upset, since everything seems to happen just as he says it will. At the same time I should feel dreadfully humiliated if my brother were not elected. Much to my regret, I shall not be able to come, but I have no doubt that you will be chosen amongst the first, or the very last, for it appears that is the highest honour. Inasmuch as I may not see

THE BAUBLE FAME

you for a long time, may I offer you my congratulations in advance?

I hope you have n't lost faith in the efficacy of four-leaved clovers. Some day mine is sure to bring you luck — infallibly.

Yours very sincerely,

MARGARET GLENN.

Jack took these disappointments seriously, so much so that his demeanour seemed for the moment to have lost its healthy gaiety. Those who did not know him (and many of those who did) attributed his gravity to the approaching elections, — a very natural suspicion arising from the tendency of a man when he is worried to imagine that his disease is epidemic. Had Eldredge known what some of his classmates were gossiping about, he would, like enough, have been disgusted that they should imagine he was fretting over a certainty. He was, however, perfectly unaware of their prattle, and his closest friends were no talebearers.

Early in March Jack yielded to persuasion and went into training for the Varsity crew. He had never swung an oar save in a scrub or class crew, but his ability to do almost anything in the athletic line, and the sudden departure from college of a famous rowing man, had caused the boating folk to hit upon Jack as the most likely candidate. The work was far from amusing, and used up four or five hours a day; but Jack, who was innocently inclined to look upon himself as a pillar of the University, gave up his amusements and toiled in the galleys.

It was about this time that James became a man of

BOYS AND MEN

letters. He was elected an editor of the "Literary Magazine," with a record of seven body-pieces (chiefly essays, and noble specimens of learning), of three poems (in which the word "ineffable" occurred four times), and of sundry "portfolios," — that being the Yale name for what literary folk are supposed to throw off in moments of the lesser inspiration. Billy and his four or five peers had laboured painfully, and merited the little golden triangles which are awarded at Yale to those who can wield a pen.

While all these things were going on, the spring days were at hand. Just as before great battles and notable assassinations the air is believed by some to be laden with storm clouds and strange lightnings, so now the atmosphere was charged with dreadful portents. The various soothsayers of the Quadrangle held their heads very close together, whispering secrets solemn as destiny. Their chief *haruspex*, *Divinus Ballentinus*, could be seen at any hour with his tablet and stylus, making notes and more notes, betting and hedging, foretelling and gainsaying, while all the other *haruspices* followed his auguries. *Divinus Ballentinus* had played the races, and dallied with the Uncertain, till he had acquired a skill that must have made Dame Fate rather uneasy, as to whether she could elude him or not. Concerning himself alone was the seer silent; rumour had it that he had lent a princely sum to a certain needy but important classmate, and that they would "go" together on the fateful day. Furthermore, it was suspected that a well-known senior had lost his heart to Miss Jane Ballentine, and that the young lady had

THE BAUBLE FAME

given him a strong hint as to the possibility of his being jilted if her brother failed to "make" his Society. Budson hoped; Desmond was pale, and indecently anxious lest he should be seen in humble company. Sallow fear sat upon his gills — to quote Milton (or was it James?) — and it was this hunted expression which caused Ballentine to bet that Desmond would "go," and also that Desmond would not "go." For a year past the man had wavered between the hard drinkers and the religious set, but his soul had finally yielded to the influences of religion. So complete had been his conversion, that he parted company with his room-mate, who came home very drunk on Saturday (as well as on any other week-day), and made night hideous with roystering song and ribald cries.

If Jack had been a prattler, he might have made short work of his enemy. A few words said at the right moment to the right person, and cautiously, sorrowfully repeated to some one else, would have travelled quickly enough to accomplish the damnation of a skilful liar, and done something for the purification of politics; but Jack held his peace. Desmond called upon him one day, and came away looking very sick and ugly. Whether, in his suspected capacity as a "packer," Desmond had endeavoured to pledge Eldredge for a certain society, or whether he had merely attempted a desirable reconciliation, must remain a mystery.

About the middle of April began the secret conclaves in the tomb-like houses of the Senior Societies. The walls were thick, and no windows could let the

BOYS AND MEN

awful plottings transpire to the outer world, for the windows were all in the roofs. Some time near twilight, the chosen proceeded to the deaf, dumb, and blind abodes, to feast and enjoy themselves before taking up the solemn task of choosing new members to fill their places. No one, save a few negro servants, and an occasional plumber or purveyor, pledged to secrecy, ever got within the walls. It is said that somewhere in the sixties a whimsical and reckless student, who cared nothing for his safety nor good name, broke into one of the houses; that he filched a number of priceless relics and escaped, afterwards demanding an election, which to the general surprise was granted him. But his end was tragic, for he died a ghastly death in the streets of Hong Kong, and the riddle continued to be a riddle. Had the wretch's vanity not been so great, what tales he might have told! What hair-raising descriptions he might have given of the things he saw! What pleasing explanations of symbols that charm through their very mystery! But what a scandal it would have raised, and how great would have been the disillusionments! Peace rest upon his unholy spirit! His marauding is over, and he has paid the penalty of his crime.

It is said, furthermore, that some inquisitive disconsolate tried to bribe a baker, whom he had seen entering the cellar of one of these tombs, to tell him what was within; but the man looked sourly at his tempter, and held his tongue. Had he, too, been pledged, or could it be that he had seen nothing more than bolted doors, while some mysterious hand had reached out of the darkness to receive his

THE BAUBLE FAME

wares? Mystery, and more mystery, and all is mystery!

There is nothing so magic in its works as the occult and invisible. That is why men have such curiosity about the after life. John of Patmos, sitting on some lonesome rock, devised a heaven full of gold and jewels, gathering in a gorgeous whole all the finest things he had ever looked upon, but men are suspicious that Heaven does not look that way. John had never been inside. Dante tried it, and he, too, made another world, according to that in which he lived. Besides him there's Œdipus, trying the Sphinx and finding the secret no such great one after all, and other prying mortals without number. What if all the riddles were solved? Ah! says your philosopher, in that case, my dear sir, life would become a bore, for nothing would be so wearisome after a while as omniscience. Nothing more to know? Preposterous!

Be that as it may, five-and-forty plotters in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-four were holding secret councils twice each week, planning, scheming, selecting, rejecting, in order that they might find five-and-forty others to join and succeed them in the observance of their festive rites. But there is the rub; for who outside of the three secret halls could know what choices were to be made? Could the electors themselves know with any certainty? Ballentine was "morally sure" that "Bones" and "Keys" had dickered for Glenn, despite the probability that Joe would follow upon his father's heels, and he was equally positive that James was

BOYS AND MEN

going to be bilked by Desmond, and that Jack and Tarbell would both go to "Bones." In fact, Ballentine had drawn up three lists with fifteen men in each, and had added the names of dark horses, — "solid men," who were going to get something, sure, if some one else did n't.

Of the three hundred juniors who might be chosen, a hundred, no doubt, were out of the race and knew it; another hundred *hoped*, amongst them Budson; a hundred others regarded their chances as considerable, while of these hundred seventy-five at least were either perfectly confident or horribly anxious. Some made as much of the matter as if life and fortune were at stake. There were a few friendships broken, and much snubbing on the part of snobs. Quiet suppers were given, costing several dollars a plate; for wealth has its methods too. H. de Godfrey de Kay, who knew as much about literature as a Patagonian, founded a literary club, and gave a great dinner, to which he invited all the literary lights in the University. He himself delivered a speech (which must have cost him dear), and was lauded by his friend Edgeworthy Small as "zhe patron of all zhe arts." It was a dreadful fiasco. Ballentine rubbed H. de Godfrey off his list, and much ridicule was cast upon his lordly hospitality. Stoutenborough Jones (whose family was one of the most recent in all the West) fell ill, very ill, and had to go to Bermuda, — a deprivation which caused him to drop a class. It was thought his chances would be better another year.

With the warmth of spring it became *de rigueur* to

THE BAUBLE FAME

go a-walking along the finest avenue in town. This matter was arranged by some, days beforehand. Tarbell, who had never got rid of his plain habits, was disgusted at the whole business. He and Jack and Billy slipped away, and spent their Sunday afternoons no one knew where. Frequently Budson went with them, and Joshua, too. Drake had been elected recently into a Junior Society, but nobody dreamed of him as a candidate, nor did the matter trouble him in the least. Joshua's continuous communion with Nature gave him an indifference to small social glories. Save his friends, to whom he was devoted, he looked upon men as he looked upon the rest of breathing things. He had no prejudice, if it came to picking up a pulpy worm, nor did he avoid any one of the human kind, provided the specimen was morally decent. Eldredge would not open his head, but he listened to James, who raved a bit now and then, and said some fine things about snobs, none of which have been preserved.

About the second week in May there appeared a pamphlet called the "Horoscope." Its contents consisted chiefly of a mass of vilification, divided up into brief biographies of all those who had a chance of election. Tarbell was lauded to the skies, but Jack was called a blockhead, who had won popularity simply and solely because he had a fine shape and knew how to use it. The biographer hinted subtly that Jack's father was a robber baron, and that his mother had been a domestic servant. Jack read the article, and was so cut by the reference to his parents that the tears came to his eyes, but he gritted

BOYS AND MEN

his teeth, and turning very red, swore that if ever he found out who the writer was he would punish him.

As the days went, the suspense of those who hoped for election became ever more terrible. Not a few looked as haggard and worn as if they had suffered some great misfortune. To many an election meant honour, prestige, worldly success, and happiness; a failure meant ignominy and social debasement, if not ruin. Few, indeed, were those who in their hearts did not prize an election to any of the three societies, however they might scoff and rail. In these days there was much talk as to the passing of democracy and of the Yale spirit. Some Campus philosophers asserted that things were not thus in the good old times. Then it was not wealth, but worth, that was rewarded. Many a glorious name was called up from the days of yore, of Yalensians who had come to college shabby and penniless, and then, by dint of energy, had risen, step by step, till their worth won recognition and fame.

On the afternoon of the last Thursday in May a crowd had gathered by the Fence, near an oak which stands close to the Chapel door. It was almost five o'clock; the air was sultry, and the dust, stirred up by many feet, rose and floated in a motionless mist. At every window whence the elections could be seen, men and women had gathered, some from distant cities. In the first storey students were perched upon the very sills. No vantage point was left unoccupied. Every foot of the Fence had been taken.

THE BAUBLE FAME

The crowd beneath the oak was so tightly packed that only those on the edges seemed free to move.

On the stroke of five there rose a murmur from the standing throng. It began to move slowly in the direction of the Old Library. Some of the most curious craned their necks, or bracing themselves on their neighbours' shoulders, strove to catch sight of the approaching figures. Presently a young man clad in black came toward the crowd. Entering where it was thinnest, he pushed his way silently through, while every eye strove to follow him. Suddenly stopping behind Tarbell, the young man smote him on the back, crying, "Go to your room!" There rose a cry of delight, but Tarbell simply looked about and made for his room, followed by the one who had tapped him. A second later, another mournful figure emerged from the alley between Durfee and the Chapel. He, too, forced his way into the thickest part of the throng, but not finding his man, came out. An outpost spoke to him, and turning, he walked along the Fence. A second more, and he slapped none other than Drake upon his unconscious back. Joshua looked about with astonishment. "Go to your room!" said the man; and Drake went off with his head down, while a friendly cheer went up from many a throat. Ballentine consulted his list.

Meanwhile other figures were silently threading their way through the crowd, their eyes straight ahead, and with the grim expression which a man gets when he is doing awful deeds. The crowd surged slowly to and fro, but there was scarcely a

BOYS AND MEN

sound, except a cheer as some one was tapped and headed for his room. As man after man received an election, the excitement grew more intense. Just as when passengers are being taken from a ship that is gradually sinking, those who remain upon the deck wait anxiously for their turn to come, and their faces are drawn and white, though they may struggle to express their joy at the rescue of their companions; so upon that day, as each new man is chosen, those who have set their hearts upon it struggle ever harder to hide their feelings as the probability grows with each election less.

When James was elected, some of his worst enemies leaped up, waving their hats and slapping one another on the back, while their cheer rose huskily like a gasp on the stifling air. Billy went straight to his room, as if in a daze, and hardly daring to look around. In a minute or so he returned to the Quadrangle, and was warmly congratulated by Eldredge and Tarbell, who seized both his hands in such a grip that he winced.

"Bill, you're a bully boy," said Tarbell. "I was afraid some other man would get you."

"I was afraid nobody'd get me," answered James.

"It looks bad for me," observed Jack, with a smile. "There are only two places left and — there goes one of them now!"

The three men looked in the same direction. Evidently there had been a great surprise, for the crowd uttered a queer yell, and every one seemed to be exclaiming to his neighbour. A junior was making for his room with his face scarlet, and his chin on his

THE BAUBLE FAME

breast. He was closely followed by a senior. Suddenly the senior quickened his step, and, just as the two reached the entry whither they were headed, he laid his hand on the junior's shoulder.

"I'm sorry," he faltered, "I've made a mistake; you're not the man I was after. Please forgive me." With these words he turned rapidly back to his hall. The junior's face was deathly white. He staggered a few steps, and would have fallen, had he not been caught and supported by a couple of classmates, who put their arms about his waist and helped him to his room. For a moment the throng beneath the oak had scattered, in order to see what had happened, but in that instant of excitement the incident had scarcely any effect. Afterwards it was spoken of as a "tragedy."

Scarcely had the crowd reassembled, when Glenn was seen to refuse one society and a few seconds later receive election to another. The next instant Desmond was tapped. His partisans, some of whose faces were ghastly for the fear that was on them, raised a fierce yell, and danced with histrionic joy, shouting hoarsely, and breaking into laughter that sounded more like a hysterical paroxysm than the utterance of healthy human beings.

An hour had passed, and each of the three societies had chosen all but one or two of its men. As the result of the election became more certain, the excitement seemed to lessen. Various men were beginning to compare notebooks, and discuss the justice or injustice of the choices. Jack slipped quietly into the densest part of the throng still gathered beneath the

BOYS AND MEN

oak. Presently another man was chosen. A shout went up, more careless and enthusiastic now.

"It's Benbow!" some one shouted; "it's old Chub Benbow! Well, well, well! Bully for you, Chub! Go straight to your room!" There must have been some allusion, for a shout of laughter rose as the newly elected and his tapper issued from the press, and hurried down the Durfee walk. How little we know what is to become of a man! Two years later this very fellow, mounted on a table in a street of Athens, was reciting some verses of Homer, which he had once been forced to learn, while a delirious swarm of Greeks hearkened to his ravings as if he had been a Byron. The next day he took ship, and was later fighting amongst the Turks!

The surprise and amusement aroused by the election of this man had put the on-lookers into good humour. Believing that Eldredge was to be the last man chosen, they closed around him five or six deep. Apparently the awe felt during the earlier stages of the performance was giving place to a desire to have a little fun at the expense of the Senior Societies. It is said that persons who go to funerals are often affected in this way.

A sombre fellow, fresh from his mausoleum, came toward the crowd with a dreadfully humbug expression on his countenance. The jesters wedged Jack all the closer, and looked at the solemn young man with curiosity. There were a few foolish witticisms.

"It's very close here," said one.

"Hush!" said another; "speak gently; my leg is asleep;" and some one whispered: "I wonder what

THE BAUBLE FAME

the gentleman wants?" The gentleman was rather nettled. His dignity, and in him the dignity of his society, was being put to a test impertinent, if not vulgar. The game lasted so long that the mysterious young man, after prowling about the crowd like a wolf that is trying to get his booty from the midst of a lot of old horned cattle, began to look disgusted in a refined way. Then he started off. The little crowd fell apart for an instant. In that instant an unknown gentleman, who had approached unseen, stepped behind Eldredge and slapped him lustily between the shoulders.

"Go to your room," said he. Jack turned about, and observing that the gentleman wore on the lower left side of his bosom a piratical gold symbol, he made for his room. A lusty cheer went up. There was a clapping of hands from the windows, and many an exchange of congratulations. Poor Wilbur Fay, who for three years had thrown his studies by the board and licked boots every day of that time, burst into tears; and faith, there was many a sour supper eaten that night.

XXVII

LOVE AND GLOOM

SOME men, when they have been elected to what the College esteems as highly as if it were a demi-deification, relapse quickly into the idleness which ambition or love of badges has for a while disturbed. They have played with bat and ball, suffered their bodies to be bruised in harsher struggles, written essays on subjects of which their ignorance was deep, and tales that failed to thrill; they may have wheedled, shirked, or beguiled, or (be it heartily confessed) they may have taken themselves seriously, and believed it was simply the Ideal. Suddenly the goal is reached, and they go no farther. Such, for instance, was the case with the late Parker Hay — “late,” for once he was thought a great man, and rather thought so himself, but it was merely mutual and self deception. He rose to the height of his fame in his twenty-second year, has ever since been rotting — and is now worse than dead.

Ballentine, on the other hand, was disappointed but still lives. He acquitted his bets long ago (though Mr. Harmsby the haberdasher and others still regret his remarkable power of purchase and his small tendency to pay). As for James, he settled back into his editorial chair, and read effusions without number, of which the relatively best were con-

LOVE AND GLOOM

signed to a place called Heaven, while others waited in the basket called Purgatory, or were flung into that marked Hell. Meanwhile he wrote sonnets to an Unknown, read the Chapbooks, and discussed the world's failings with remarkable grace of style.

During those days of June Tarbell, with a pound or two of clothes on his two hundred weight of body, cast huge iron balls and hammers, and the uncovered parts of his skin turned browner and browner till he looked like a prehistoric man. Somebody with a dash of learning nicknamed him "Dante," and, of a truth, his face, especially from the side, bore a strong resemblance to that of the stern Florentine.

Meanwhile Jack was toiling like a galley-slave on the Varsity crew, and working at his books whenever he got the time. It was hard work, even for the splendid men who took part in it. Nor was there any noisy approval, nor any personal parade; each man was only a variable fraction in an orderly machine, and each man's business was to lose his personality for the sake of all.

How fine they looked in their glistening duck breeches, their blue jackets with the white initials of the crew upon the breast pocket, and their broad-visored caps! And what a pleasing thing to see their stalwart forms covered only with a sleeveless shirt, short trunks, and heavy loose-fitting socks, as they raised the shell with a dexterous swing above their heads, and laid it gracefully upon the water!

Four, even five hours a day, they trained steadily, obeying in silence whatever they were told to do. As the shell sped through the often choppy waters

BOYS AND MEN

of the harbour, a coach followed them closely in the launch, yelling his orders through a broad-mouthed trumpet: "Number Five, don't drag your oar. Lift clean. Shoot out your arms. Now steady! All together!" and the shell glided along each day more smoothly. The little coxswain sang: "All together, All together, Now! Now!" keeping time to the stroke's oar; and on rough days the waves came smacking against the side of the shell, and threw a salt spray into the faces of the crew, and little streams trickled down their backs mingling with the sweat.

As the day of the great race drew nearer, each oar fell into the water with a smoother dip, and on the end of the pull was swung through the air with an ever evener and swifter grace, so that the boat ceased gradually to rock and lunge forward like a tired horse at the goal. There was something beautiful in the obedience, the silence, the harmony of it all.

Jack had grown very serious in those last days of June. Bad news had come from home. Mrs. Eldredge was ill, indeed she was worse off than Jack knew; but Mr. Eldredge had written that she might soon be better, and that Jack should know if there was any danger. Besides that, there sometimes lurked in his mind an uneasy feeling, which he could not define. Now and then he heard of Margaret's doings through his room-mate Glenn. She had gone to New York to study singing under a famous master. Occasionally she slipped into her letters to Joe some little word of remembrance, but that was all. Jack would have liked to find some excuse for writing to her; yet she had never asked him to do so, and the boy could not

LOVE AND GLOOM

have written if he would, for his mind was of an eminently practical kind, and it would have seemed to him, no doubt, almost like the assumption of something which had no recognized existence. Margaret was very proud, and her dignity was of a queenly kind. Sometimes she had seemed very girlish and friendly; but then she had a way of surrounding herself with a certain atmosphere that would have kept the most reckless man at his distance. Jack held her in a sort of awe, while more and more the remembrance of her beauty and the fascination of her ways clung upon him.

James, who had the intuition of a woman, knew something was amiss, and in one of those confidential moments which one man may have with another, he asked Eldredge what was the matter.

"I'm getting bad news from home," said Eldredge. "My mother isn't well, Billy. It looks as if they were hiding something from me. I hardly know what to make of it. My father's not in the habit of covering things over, but I feel it, you know. I've told them I'd give up rowing for a while — for good if necessary, and come home, but they say everything will be right soon, and that I'd better stay here. They will tell me — my father will tell me — if she gets worse." There was a tremor in the boy's voice, and he looked at Billy with a very hard expression on his face, as if there was a struggle within and he was trying to conceal it. It was just this that caused some of Eldredge's classmates to say he had got a "swelled head" and imagined he was the great mogul of all creation.

BOYS AND MEN

Just before the final examination the crew went to New London, and took up quarters at Gale's Ferry on the Thames. The Harvard Eight were some distance down the river. They had not been there long, when Jack got a letter from his father. His mother was much better; she had been able to sit out on the piazza, and had read all the papers that said anything about the crew. Jack became more cheerful, and pulled his oar so well that the coach seldom blamed him. The other men were rowing splendidly, and from what could be seen with a spyglass of the Harvard crew, it looked as if there were to be a hard-fought race.

A proctor was sent down from the University to supervise the examinations of the crew. He had been a rowing man in his day, and knew so well with what breed of men he had to do, that they were left to their honour, which in crew men is very high. While the proctor sat outside to catch the breeze from the Thames, ten men (to say nothing of the coxswain), sat inside and answered questions. Meanwhile they continued to row, and the coxswain learnt where the worst of the eelgrass grew, where the tide swerved trickily, how to dodge the swiftest parts of the current, and above all, how to steer so thriftily that his left hand would not have to sin because the right had pulled too strong.

On the day before the race, Eldredge received a letter written in the hand he knew so well. It was from Margaret. Her father had delayed sailing for a week, and she was coming to look on from somebody's private car; she was to be under escort of Mr.

LOVE AND GLOOM

Tarbell; would Jack try to see her after the race? She named a place where she expected to be, but that was all.

On the evening of that day Eldredge slipped away from his companions, and went down upon the float, where he sat staring at the moonlit water and wondering. So her father had chosen a later sailing, and she was coming, coming with Tarbell. For a moment there flashed into his thoughts a fancy which he had not known before. He rose, and began to walk slowly to and fro, thinking. She was coming to-morrow with Tarbell, and at home his mother was lying ill. If he saw Margaret, it could be for only a moment after the race, for then he must go home; and in that moment? And how was it that her brother was not mentioned? But after all, no one was to blame. Mr. Glenn had changed his plans, and Tarbell could easily have found that out, and would naturally not have hesitated to extend to her such a courtesy. Eldredge stopped for an instant, and looked at the dark blue river. A breeze was gradually freshening from the southeast, and masses of bluish clouds began to obscure the moon. Perhaps a storm would come, and make rowing impossible, and then he would be able to see her more, for he knew that she would not fail. Ever Margaret, Margaret! Even in absence she possessed him. He could almost hear the ring of her voice and see her form. He stood quite still, and the emotion flooded his soul until he forgot all that was about him and could think of her alone. The clouds had grown murkier and thicker, they were hurrying across the

BOYS AND MEN

moon; rain-drops were falling slowly on his bare head, but his body alone perceived them. Suddenly he felt a hand laid gently on his shoulder, and some one spoke. It was the captain of the crew.

"Jack," he said, "don't you see it's raining?"

Eldredge turned and said, "Yes, I know it," though he had not known it until then.

"How is your mother?" asked the other man, gently. "I hope she's better, Jack."

"She is," he answered. "She is much better."

The words were uttered in an odd tone, but the captain did not notice.

"It's a bad night," he muttered. "Looks now as if we were going to have a choppy course to-morrow."

"Yes, I'm afraid to-morrow will be a rough day," Eldredge answered, as his companion turned and walked up to the quarters. Jack did not follow him immediately, but stepped absent-mindedly to the edge of the float, where the water was bubbling along the planks, purling and chuckling to itself as it played beneath him. He was suffering as he had not suffered before. The thought that his own wishes had carried him beyond the power of his will; that he had utterly forgotten, in his own selfish absorption, the one who had never forgotten him an instant of his life, but had watched, prayed, and dreamed for him, was like anguish. On the other hand, what had the other done? Why was it that the very thought of her seized him and made him oblivious of all else, as if she had been an angel of goodness, his angel, ready to endure for his sake all things, to give a year of her

LOVE AND GLOOM

life, if need be, that his own might be happy? Is there a sadder truth in nature than that a man should ever forget that tie, and let the spell of another being seize him body and soul with such force that the love and goodness of her who would sacrifice the last drop of her blood become as nothing?

Eldredge stood for a while a prey to his confused emotions, staring sadly out upon the waters. Then he passed by his friends with a quiet good-night, and went to his room. He drew from his pocket a small gold thing, — a locket containing a four-leaved clover, withered a little now, but still green. His eyes rested on it earnestly, as if it had been a symbol instead of a mere toy given to him in a moment of caprice. Well he remembered the touch of her finger-tips and her smile, the lurking mysterious expression in her eyes, and the tone of each word she had uttered. Then Tarbell came into his mind, and he fell to wondering why he, rather than some one else, had happened to be Margaret's escort; but, after all, she had spoken often to him of Tarbell. Indeed, how could she help it; for there was a man stanch and loyal to the core, his best and ablest friend, well worthy of what favour she might show him? Tarb had done well to ask her, and to-morrow he, Jack, would see them. His thoughts came pell-mell, hurtling one another, passing so swiftly that they hardly seemed to desire a conclusion. Finally, Eldredge heard some of his companions approaching, and so with his mind still in a whirl, anxious as well as somewhat guilty and sad, he threw off his clothes, and his tired body slowly won back its sway, so that the sweetest queller of sorrows came

BOYS AND MEN

upon him, driving away for a while the cares that were not soon to end.

Hardly had the crew breakfasted, when a postman came with a special delivery letter for Eldredge. Jack tore it open anxiously, and went off to read its contents alone. Mrs. Eldredge had suffered a relapse; she had fainted, but her physicians said she was now no longer in great danger; she might be well within a week or two. At all events, the crisis had passed, and Jack should stand by the crew till the race was over. The letter ended cheerfully, with an admonition to do his best.

Eldredge relied so thoroughly on the good sense of his father, that it scarcely occurred to him to give up his place. No, he would stick to his post for the few hours which remained, and then he would go home. Having read the letter once more, he tucked it into his pocket, and rejoined the crew, who were receiving instructions from the coach, — the final touches.

Meanwhile, gaily decorated steamers from New York, New Haven, and Boston were slowly working their way to a vantage-point on the river. Many steam yachts with streamers flying were manœuvring for a good position, and dozens of smaller craft were tacking in and out amongst the steamers in search of the safest anchorage.

Clouds, still rising out of the stormy southeast, were moving in gray masses across the sky, and the harbour was whitened in places by the breaking crests of its greenish waves, while an ocean breeze meeting the river's current roughened it so much as to keep

LOVE AND GLOOM

the smaller boats ashore. If the weather did not abate by noon, the race would have to be postponed.

By eleven o'clock a long train of flat cars, crowded with the partisans of Harvard, arrived opposite the starting line. A few hundred feet behind came another train densely laden with people, indistinguishable behind a mass of waving blue. In a closed car of this train, near the front, were Tarbell and Margaret Glenn.

Shortly before noon the wind began to die down, the Thames grew smoother, and the white caps on the harbour disappeared. Sodden clouds hung motionless, but the sunlight was stealing through them, lightening their edges to a silvery gray. Presently one of the crews was seen to launch its shell and move slowly toward the line. A cheer went up from thousands of people along the river-banks, whistles blew, and flags went shooting up and down the hal-yards of many a yacht. A minute later Yale's crew was seen nearing the line. The two shells, held by their sterns, were allowed to swing down the current. Sixteen oars swung back together, and remained for an instant motionless over the stream. A second later they struck the water, and the two boats were moving evenly down the river.

"Which is our crew?" asked Margaret.

"The one this way," answered Tarbell.

"Can you see?" she continued. "You may look over my shoulder, if you will." Margaret moved a little nearer the edge of her chair, and Tarbell placed his own so that they both could get a good view. Margaret removed her hat, and laid it upon her lap.

BOYS AND MEN

A ray of sunlight stole through the clouds, and shone on her face and hair.

"They are rowing finely," she said. "How straight their backs are! And isn't it beautiful the way they all come forward together — so smoothly! I wish we were near enough to see their faces. Have you ever noticed those long-legged insects that go skipping across little pools?"

"Yes, indeed," said Tarbell. "But I don't suppose they ever imagine themselves to resemble Varsity crews."

"Perhaps not," answered Margaret; "but they certainly know how to manage their oars." She smiled a little at the nonsensical comparison, and taking an opera glass, followed silently for a few moments the progress of the two shells.

"Would you like to look through my glass?" she said, turning partly around toward Tarbell. "Perhaps you can tell me who is at each oar."

"Well," said Tarbell, scanning closely while she awaited his answer, "Number Four is Jack."

"Is it?" she responded; "and who are the others?" He named them one by one. The Harvard men were quickening their stroke, and seemed to be drawing slowly ahead of Yale.

"Why don't you row on the Varsity crew?" asked Margaret.

"They tried me one day," he answered.

"Only one day?"

"Only one. The coach said I was too big and clumsy."

"I don't think you are clumsy," she answered.

LOVE AND GLOOM

Tarbell was on the point of saying that it was a good thing for the University she did n't manage the crew, but remembered that she was a woman, and held his tongue. Margaret continued to gaze out through the window, as if intent upon the steady glide of the crews. Suddenly she turned half around and spoke in a low tone.

"Did you know," she asked, "that in another week I was going away?"

"Joe told me you were," said Tarbell; "but he did n't say when you were coming back."

"Would you like to know?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. The two boats were moving swiftly down the Thames, but Tarbell did not see them. He was looking at his big hands awkwardly. There had come upon him a sensation, once vaguely felt, now subtle and pervasive as a thrill. He almost feared to look up lest she might see. Margaret drew a long silver pin from her hat, and laid the heavier end of it upon her lips.

"I am glad we are going," she said. "No one knows, and you cannot understand." There was a momentary silence. Tarbell looked at her face a single instant. She smiled, but rather sadly. He stared at the racing crews, hardly realizing what they were doing out there on the river, and all this while Yale had been creeping up on the Harvard boat, and three miles of the course were done. Other people in the car were following the race eagerly, but they did not speak.

It was at this moment that a messenger arrived at the quarters of the Yale University crew, and asked

BOYS AND MEN

for Eldredge. A man in charge told the boy to sit down and wait. The Varsity would be back in less than an hour. "All right," observed the boy, who was anxious to see the crew. "I'll sit down here till they come. But this telegram's marked 'Haste.'"

"Well, just take it easy, young man," remarked the keeper. "They'll be back in a while."

"How near the end are they?" asked Margaret.

"They have been rowing seventeen minutes," said Tarbell. "I should think a mile."

"Our crew is a length ahead, is it not?"

"And drawing away," he added. "The Harvard people are getting tired. Do you see how they splash? Our boys are as steady as if they were being towed. In three or four minutes we'll have it won. May I have another look through your glass, Miss Glenn?"

He peered for a while through the two barrels, adjusting them to the distance. Half or three-quarters of a mile from the train, each boat, a colourless streak upon the leaden Thames, was moving nearer and nearer to the goal. The oars moved more swiftly but less evenly now. Between the nose of one shell and the rudder of the other was a rod or so of open water. A sound of cheering rose above the rumble of the trains, while off there across the now hazy river the hardly distinguishable blue of countless flags waved from the decks of crowded steamers and yachts. Whistles were beginning to blow, and there came from out on the Thames the faint sound of a cheer. Tarbell handed the glass to Miss Glenn, who looked earnestly toward the finishing line.

LOVE AND GLOOM

"How many minutes have gone?" she asked.

"Twenty-two," said Tarbell, "and they are over the line."

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Margaret. "Something has happened. A man has fainted. It's Number Four!"

"It's Jack," said Tarbell.

Unconsciously Margaret had laid her hand on Tarbell's arm. In the other she clutched her forgotten glass and was straining her eyes to see all that had happened. A moment later the observation train had begun to move slowly toward New London.

A flush had overspread Margaret's face, which heightened when she realized that for a single instant she had lost her self-possession. She drew back with a slightly averted glance.

"What is the matter?" said Tarbell, in a low, firm voice. "You're not afraid of me, are you?"

"No, no," she answered, "it was n't that. I was wondering — Joe has told me — you do not understand."

"I think I do," he whispered. Their eyes met; there was a recognition, a thousand unspoken words passed between them in a moment.

"Now you see," continued Margaret, in a voice so low that he alone could hear. "You see why I want to go away. My brother has told me that Jack's mother is very ill; but that is not all. She will be well again, I'm sure."

"I hope she will," he answered. "It would be very hard for Jack; he feels such things — he feels everything more than most men do. Besides, Jack has never known what it is to be wretched."

BOYS AND MEN

"He is beginning to know now," she answered.

There ensued a moment of silence. The train was coming into New London.

"You said you were going away," Tarbell ventured.

"Yes," she replied; "this afternoon. In a week we sail. You see," Margaret went on, with an effort to smile, "I'm running away from my crimes. I've done very wrong, and there's a heavy burden on my conscience — my punishment has already begun. It's dreadful to think of. I could not bear to have added to anybody's misfortunes. You are his friend."

"I'm almost his brother," said Tarbell.

"Then some day, when I am gone, you will tell him — Oh, no! I could not ask you that; it would be too cowardly. Oh, how weak it is of me to shift my faults on you!"

"No," he said, "it is not weak or cowardly. You have done no wrong; only Jack was self-deceived."

"You don't blame me, then?"

"No one is to blame," he answered; "it's only a misfortune. If Jack suffers, I shall stand by him."

"How fond you are of him!"

"I could n't very well be anything else," said Tarbell.

The train was slowing down as it entered the station. The other persons in the car who had been jubilantly discussing the race rose and moved toward the door. Tarbell helped Margaret to put on her jacket, and handed her the little blue banner, which neither had thought to wave. He started to say something, but the words clogged in his throat.

"This is the end," said Margaret.

LOVE AND GLOOM

"Yes," he answered, "this is the end. Are you coming again soon?"

"In a year."

"A year is a long while. How am I to know what has become of you?"

"I shall tell you," she answered. They descended from the train, and joining their party, made their way slowly through the jostling crowd. It was still early in the afternoon. The storm clouds had drifted away upon the horizon, and a July sun was shining cheerily into the thoroughfares of the old town. For some moments neither Tarbell nor Margaret had spoken. Both moved forward with the crowd, almost as if in a dream. The new life had come, shining into the mournful shadows, and the old fancies had been of a sudden stricken out; but the ghosts of them were there, the ruthless memories of moments passed in unthinking happiness and the loyalty of man to man, greater but far less enthralling than any love of woman.

An hour later a carriage, driven in haste, stopped before the entrance to a house in Huntington Street.

"Wait a minute," said Eldredge to the driver. "This seems to be the place." He ascended the steps quickly and rang. A servant came to the door, and looked startled at the white face of this man who came to interrupt a feast.

"Give this card to Miss Glenn," he said, "and tell Mr. Tarbell I wish to see him." He entered the parlour, but remained standing. A moment later Margaret appeared, and coming toward Jack, held out both her hands. Tarbell stood beside her. Jack

BOYS AND MEN

tried to speak, but the words failed him and his eyes filled with tears.

“You’ve come,” said Margaret, faltering. “I hoped you would come.” Tarbell stepped forward and laid his hand on Jack’s shoulder tenderly.

“Good-bye, Margaret,” said Eldredge. “Good-bye, Tarb.”

“Oh, Jack,” cried Margaret, bursting into a flood of tears, “she is dead, your dear mother is dead!”

For an instant he stood there speechless, holding their outstretched hands, his face pale as death. He turned away then, saying, “Good-bye, Margaret; good-bye, Tarb. I’m going home.” A moment later he had gone.

XXVIII

ON THE RAILWAY

OUTSIDE the house of Eldredge flowers were blooming and nodding their perfumed heads in the breezes as if nothing had ever happened. Timothy and his companions frisked over the lawns thoughtlessly, too, as in the days of old. But within there was stillness, for the figures that had passed silently to and fro were gone, leaving three men alone, one of whom at least had borne it all to the end gently, as becomes a gentleman who has known some of the worst and some of the best things the world has to give. Jack, being less self-controlled than his father, was more visibly affected. When the first, most painful signs had disappeared, he gave vent, like the boy he was, to an emotion stronger than his will. And Tarbell stood by him, grim and strong and comforting. More and more Jack trusted in Tarbell, who became to him what few brothers are in fact, though less in name.

And one day Tarbell disappeared. He left no word of explanation except a note which he laid on Jack's table, saying that he had been called away. A fortnight later there came from him a letter dated at some out-of-the-way place in Arizona, whither he had gone to look after a certain number of "city lots," the value of which had fallen fifty per cent.

BOYS AND MEN

Mr. Eldredge smiled when Jack read him the letter.

“Tell Tarbell not to bother about his property,” he said. “I’ll make it worth his while to come back. His salary will be enough to make up for any losses he may suffer out there.”

“I’d rather not,” said Jack. “Tarbell is n’t that sort. It took him ten years to save the money he’s buried there, and it’s the principle of the thing.”

“You’re right, Jack,” replied Mr. Eldredge. “I remember now how he feels. But we must have him if we can get him to come.”

A week later Tarbell came back. He had sold his land for a fair sum to “Eastern parties,” he did n’t know whom. Mr. Eldredge did, but said nothing. Tarbell and Jack spent two months that summer helping to build a branch line. Partly for comfort’s sake and partly out of pure good-will, Eldredge had taken board and lodgings in a farmhouse not far from the tracks, while Tarbell slept amongst his books and papers in a shanty nearer the line. Their work was quite different, but they got together evenings sometimes with the other men, oftenest alone; and Sundays they spent at The Oaks with Mr. Eldredge. He was fonder than ever of their company now that Mrs. Eldredge was gone. So they lived more and more as if the breach of years had been bridged over, and the fact of memories dear to all and common aims was binding them in an ever closer friendship. What a pity it is that the liking of man for man should ever be blighted or marred — even by love of woman!

ON THE RAILWAY

One evening Jack came to Tarbell, in an unusually cheery and somewhat excited state.

“Tarb,” he said, “I got a letter from Joe to-day.”

“Did you? And what’s he doing? What’s he got to say?”

“Oh, they’re travelling,” Jack answered, drawing his chair near the lamp. “Margaret sends me her regards. Here it is: ‘Daisy wishes to be remembered.’” Then he added kindly, “She’d have sent you a word too, partner; but I don’t suppose she knows where you are.” Tarbell made no answer, and Jack went on slowly, holding the letter before him to the light: “Let me see, Tarb. To-night’s Thursday and to-morrow’s Friday; hence the following day will be Saturday. Now, if I answer this evening, it’ll catch that midnight train and be in time for Saturday’s steamer. By the tenth or eleventh of September my epistle should reach Dresden, and that will catch him, sure. Joe is going to leave them there. Shall I put in your remembrances or anything?”

“Yes,” said Tarbell, stopping a moment to look at Jack, who was testing a pen on his nail. “You might send them my regards. Good-night, Jack.”

“Good-night, Tarb,” responded Eldredge, with a smile. “God bless you!”

Tarbell went to his rough lodging-place, lit a lamp, and sitting down before a pine table, hid his face between his crossed arms. He remained so for some minutes, motionless, then rose and went to a trunk from which he took a bundle containing perhaps a dozen letters, all written in the same hand and on

BOYS AND MEN

the same kind of paper. Some he merely glanced at; others he read from beginning to end. One enclosed a spray of withered foreign flowers — forget-me-nots — a little different from our own. He held them in the palm of his hand for a while, then laid them within their envelope carefully. One of the letters he read several times, and having done so, walked to and fro slowly, staring at the floor like a man whose soul is away from the body. Presently he sat down and fell to writing, halting every now and then to wipe the beads of perspiration off his glasses. It was a hot night in August. When Tarbell had ended his letter, he put on his hat, took his heavy walking-stick, and started down the stairs. His foot had scarcely touched the first step when he heard some one calling him at his window. It was Eldredge.

“Tarb,” he called, “are you up?”

“Yes,” said Tarbell. “Is there anything I can do for you?”

“I should say so,” he answered. “I want a five cent stamp, and every mother’s son in the town that ought to have one has gone to bed. Have you got one?”

“Yes,” said Tarbell, “I believe I have. Wait a minute, I’ve got something to mail, too—I’ll be with you.” Tarbell locked his door carefully, descended to the street where Jack was waiting, and handed him the stamp.

“It’s funny,” said Eldredge, “I should n’t have had one on hand; but then I’m an absent-minded duffer. I’m glad you did n’t have to be routed out of bed, but there is no reason why you should go way

ON THE RAILWAY

down to the office. Give me your letter. I was bound there anyhow."

"No," said Tarbell, "I'll go along with you."

"That's a good idea," answered Eldredge. "Some of those dagos we've got working on the tracks might tackle us, in which case we'd need your stick."

They walked on without saying much until they reached the letter-box. Then Jack spoke.

"Well, Tarb," said he, "I was n't aware that you burned the midnight oil, writing letters; but it's a good thing for a man now and then. Besides, it's enabled me to get a five cent stamp without having to wake you up. I think I'll take a short cut across the fields. That'll give me plenty of room to run if anybody gets after me. Good-night, again, Tarb. I did n't forget to give Joe and Daisy your regards."

"Good-night, Jack," replied Tarbell; and each of them went his way. It would be hard to say which of the two men had the better right to be happy.

XXIX

WHEN STORMS ARISE

FIVE weeks after the occurrence just narrated, Jack and Tarbell had returned to College. Their summer's work had been more than ordinarily trying, and, though each knew that he had hardened his shoulder to the wheel, they were not sorry to take up again the less exacting labours of college life. Not being place-hunters, neither of them refused to do whatever he could for the University's prowess, and neither forewent the chance to have fame while it lasted. Their hand-to-hand experience had given them a point of view unknown to most undergraduates, — an ability to recognize the points in common between the world that thinks for thought's sake and the world that thinks for money. Tarbell had learned something of the matter years before; but his education had begun, as the saying is, cart before the horse, whereas Jack had got his lessons in the usual way. It is largely a question of maturity.

At Oxford a man is a man from the beginning, because an Englishman acquires through hard knocks and inborn soberness of thinking what comes later to his American kinsman. For an Oxonian the title is not a claim. The Yalensian calls himself a man as early as freshman year, but as he grows older he is less and less likely to assert his maturity, and, once

WHEN STORMS ARISE

out of college, will call himself a boy. Tarbell, who was in his day the oldest living undergraduate, had become a man years before he entered college. Jack, on the other hand, was a boy until sometime in his twentieth year. Yet it must be owned that neither of these men could be cited as an average case, for their earlier years had been passed in the opposite extremes of stress and ease.

Since his mother's death, Eldredge had aged five years; five years measured by as many months. The grasp of his hand was as warm and his smile as cheery as in the boyhood days, but his expression had become graver and at times there was a tinge of bitterness at the corners of the lips. His grief at the first blow of misfortune had been all the more violent because of his effort to control it; but now the inborn buoyancy of his character, the redeeming strength of a healthy body, were again exerting their sway. Jack was not the man to put on sackcloth and ashes, though his loyalty was not the less steadfast, nor could it be shaken by the fulsome admiration of which he was daily the victim.

Meanwhile Tarbell went his way, minding his business so closely that he was hardly to be seen except on the athletic field or at his studies. Ballentine had long since ceased to make a haunt of Tarbell's room, and the remainder of the easy-going brotherhood had scattered in search of new diversions. Being now in his thirty-first year, he refrained from spinning tops as well as from the other traditional follies of senior year which Budson practised with the zeal of a Moslem.

BOYS AND MEN

Autumn fled, and on its trail hastened the short winter days when men bake their brains over hot window-seats and talk of heroes. Then suddenly the dead leaves which had clung through six months of frost and storms began to fall from the oak, little green buds burgeoned on every branch, and it was spring.

In May, Glenn received word from his family that they would soon come home. Indeed they would have returned long before had it not been for Margaret, who had her way. She sent her brother a marvellous picture of herself, a photograph taken by the Herr Graf von Hohenhausen, in Baden-Baden, upon the back of which he had put his name with a foolish inscription. "He has proposed to me twice," she wrote, "and was so unhappy the second time that I feared he would take his life, or do something still more unreasonable. That is why I allowed him to make this photograph, which was a wild performance, but it would have been a great pity to think the Herr Lieutenant had drowned himself on my account."

However great a simpleton the Herr Graf may have been in other respects, he had at least succeeded in making an admirable picture of Margaret Glenn. With what nicety he had contrived the harmonies of light and shadows! How judicious or how lucky he had been in seizing the moment when Margaret's face wore the expression which best symbolized her character! The suggestion of pride, deep-seated, the irony, the apparent simplicity, the winsomeness, and, beneath them all, the possibility of some sudden whim awaiting only the moment to enforce itself wilfully

WHEN STORMS ARISE

and to be gratified,—each of these traits was there, but so mingled with the others as to give the face a most inscrutable charm. Deep set in a frame of ebony, Margaret's likeness hung over her brother's desk between medallions of other members of Glenn's family. One of these, representing a girl of sixteen, was a portrait of a great-great-grandmother. So striking was the resemblance to Margaret that only the old-fashioned tone of the ivory and something antique about the lady's dress could have prevented the conclusion that they were the same person. In one of his few confidential moments Glenn had told Jack something of the lady's history.

When Virginia rose in rebellion, she, too, had rebelled ; not so much against the iniquitous taxes of King George III. as against parental despotism, and one dark night she had slipped out of the house and ridden off with Captain Glenn, whose likeness faced hers, scowling somewhat stiffly across Margaret's picture. Jack, who was fond of romantic tales provided they had actually happened, recounted the story to Tarbell.

“Just think what courage she must have had,” observed Jack, “to give up her family and all that sort of thing for a conviction.”

“You mean for the captain, don't you?” returned Tarbell. “Do you imagine any girl of sixteen ever had political convictions?”

“What makes you think she was only sixteen?” asked Jack.

Using a penholder for a pointer, Tarbell indicated certain features of the photograph and of the medal-

BOYS AND MEN

lion. "There is," said he, "about five years' difference in the forehead, three in the eyes and mouth, and four and a quarter in the bust. That averages about four, does n't it?"

"I don't quite grasp your arithmetic," laughed Eldredge.

"Look here," said Tarbell, "it's like this: Some parts of a face are always behind or ahead of the others, are n't they? Now you just make a little calculation, divide the result by x , and if you don't reach my result there's no truth in Buncombe. In other words, Margaret knows more than her great-great-grandmother probably did when she eloped with Captain Glenn; but I'm mighty glad she was that rash."

"So am I," said Jack, with earnestness.

"Have you heard when Margaret is to arrive?" asked Tarbell.

"Yes, I've got an idea, from what Joe said to-day, that she would be here in four weeks."

"Do you know by what steamer?"

"Joe mentioned the German Lloyd. I did n't ask further; you know he never says much about his family."

"No," responded Tarbell, who had begun to sharpen a pencil, "I don't imagine he does." He raised his eyes carelessly toward Jack, blew the dust from his fingers, and started to go. At that instant there came upon him a desire to reveal the truth, but something in Jack's face frightened him, and, deeper still, he felt within himself the prompting of reason and justice, bidding him never to give her up. Yet

WHEN STORMS ARISE

it was a great pity, for some one must suffer, inevitably, and then what might not happen? Jack was his friend, his "brother," and no doubt, if occasion required, would be ready to make for him almost any sacrifice — almost any — and would it not be wiser after all to stifle his own longings and give up the possibility of great happiness? But could he do so in a way compatible with loyalty and honour?

In the midst of Tarbell's meditation Jack had come beside him and rested his arm on Tarbell's shoulder. For a minute the two men stood looking at Margaret's photograph in silence. She was smiling rather vaguely, and in the expression of the face there was a glimmer of artificiality which was not without its charm. If people were only as constant as their portraits, how strangely monotonous a place the world would be! In Margaret's smile was something mysterious, with just that element of witchery which keeps Mona Lisa from being a very ordinary woman.

Tarbell and Jack continued to look at Margaret's likeness for a few moments, intensely and in silence, as if probing the secret of its charm. She was smiling upon them with an air of amiable indifference, just as she had smiled upon the Herr Graf von Hohenhausen in Baden-baden. As they started to go, Jack turned toward Tarbell and said, "Tarb, I've been thinking what I might have done if I had been the Count."

"What would you have done?" asked Tarbell.

"I think," said Jack, "that I would have carried out my threat in the most comfortable way possible."

BOYS AND MEN

A week after the occurrence just related, Glenn was startled in his sleep by some one shaking violently the door between the hall outside and the study. It was at the dead of night, and Jack, weary with the day's labour, was sleeping like a dead man in the opposite chamber. Glenn rose drowsily, struck a light, and opening the door, was confronted by a boy in uniform.

"Does Mr. Eldredge live here?" asked the boy, sleepily holding out a yellow envelope.

"Wait a moment," replied Glenn, and passing into his chum's room, woke him with difficulty.

"Jack," he said, "Jack, there's a message for you."

Eldredge rubbed his eyes and looked about him in a dazed way. "A message," he repeated; "for me? What is it?"

"I don't know," said Glenn. "You'll have to get up and sign. Perhaps you will want to send an answer."

"I hate these telegrams," muttered Jack, as he went to the door. "Now I wonder what's in this one."

He tore open the envelope, and held the yellow paper to the light. His face grew suddenly pale, he walked unsteadily toward the centre-table, where he stood still clinging to the yellow paper. It was so pitiful a sight that even the little messenger stared at the man's tall still figure anxiously.

"Jack!" cried Glenn, "Jack, for God's sake, what has happened?"

Eldredge made no answer, but moved slowly to a

WHEN STORMS ARISE

chair, in which he sank with his head resting limply upon his arms. Glenn came beside him and said softly, "Jack, can't you tell me what is the matter?"

Eldredge raised his head and looked at Glenn dully.

"It's from Smythe," he muttered. "He says my father was struck to-night while crossing the tracks and can't live many hours." Jack's voice failed him, and he fell to sobbing convulsively. Glenn stood silent until Jack burst out passionately: "What have I done that all this trouble should come to me? There is no one left — not one."

In the early morning a train moved out, bearing Jack to a silent house and to the millions which at that moment he would gladly have given for any condition unlike his own. Tarbell and Glenn stood by the track in silence, and watched him standing motionless upon the rear platform of the train until the last car rounded a curve and disappeared.

XXX

THE POINT OF HONOUR

TARBELL had followed Jack a few days after the latter's departure, had done what he could to make the burden easier, and now they were again at College. In two weeks their university life would be over. Four years! They had passed swiftly, as all that is good must pass, and, for Jack, how bitter had been the end! He had aged visibly, and seemed preoccupied and unable to adjust himself to new conditions or to find comfort in any thought but one. And in that, too, he felt a restlessness, due, not so much to any definable suspicion as to a belief that some mishap must befall wherever his interests were concerned. Half persuaded though he was that it would be wise to unburden himself to Tarbell, a sense of chivalric obligation toward Margaret kept him from making the confidence. Never had he been so possessed by one ambition, and all the glories that had once meant so much were relegated to a boyish past. Grief, too, was losing some of its sting. To his mind Margaret was the best of living creatures, pure-souled, high-minded, incapable of injustice; beautiful, too, — but, boyishly, he did not stop to consider whether that was at the bottom of his adoration.

THE POINT OF HONOUR

In the last days of their college life Eldredge and Tarbell were so busy in the fulfilment of the various duties which had been intrusted to them by their classmates that neither of them was able to meet the steamer which brought the Glenns. They called, however, on the day following, the Glenns having come immediately to New Haven. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn were out, but Margaret announced that she would see them in a few minutes. Jack had picked up a book and was turning the leaves and listening. As Margaret entered, he rose almost with a start. "Jack," she said, "how glad I am to see you!" For a second she held his hand as if to express by a sympathetic clasp a thought she was powerless to utter; then turning, while her lips said, "It is good to see you again, Mr. Tarbell," her eyes questioned, "Does Jack know?" but Tarbell's did not answer, and his face wore only its ordinary look of self-possession. "You have n't changed," she added; and Tarbell said gravely, "No, it's not my way to change — not in so short a time as a year."

"Where is Joe?" asked Eldredge, and there was something in his manner of putting the question which showed that he had not said what was uppermost in his mind.

"I think," answered Margaret, "that he is making arrangements for the dance this evening."

"Of course," exclaimed Jack, a little embarrassed. "I wonder how I could forget he was on the committee. Do you intend to go, Daisy?"

"Yes," she answered; "Joe has made plans for

BOYS AND MEN

me, and I can hardly refuse — though it will be so unlike old times with both of you away.”

“Why, I thought you were going, Tarb,” cried Jack.

“No,” said Tarbell, “I’ve made up my mind not to go.” He spoke with an abruptness which deterred Jack from further inquiry, yet it occurred to him that Tarbell’s reason must be the same as his own. Margaret looked at Jack for an instant searchingly, but there was nothing in his expression to show that he had noticed her inadvertence.

“On the whole,” continued Tarbell, “I am inclined to think that it will be a benefit to everybody for you and me, Jack, to stay at home. Alumni Hall was so jammed last year that it was impossible even to fall down.”

“But was n’t that a senior dance?” asked Margaret.

“Yes,” answered Tarbell, “I just looked through the doors. Of course they would n’t have let me in.” His eyes twinkled as he added: “I don’t see why they’re making all this talk about a football game between some female college and Yale. It’s easy enough to see which side would win if you look at our Senior Promenade.”

Margaret and Jack laughed at Tarbell’s sally, and the conversation turned into a safer channel. Margaret chatted of her experiences in Europe, avoiding any mention of Graf von Hohenhausen or others who had paid her court, and as the talk ran on lightly from one thing to another, she seemed herself again, a shade older, to be sure, and a little graver and less given to the delicate ironies which had once

THE POINT OF HONOUR

kept, for Jack at least, the deeper part of her character in darkness. The joy of Margaret's presence made Tarbell oblivious of his forebodings, and he was only recalled when he caught the note of anxiety in Jack's inquiry as to how long Margaret would remain.

"That will depend on my brother," she answered. "My father and mother will stay here until he is quite ready to leave, and then we shall all go together."

"Joe told me this morning," said Jack, "that he was expecting to get away the day after graduation; so you will be here till then?"

"Yes," she replied, "I think we shall." Her face had grown suddenly serious, but there was no other evidence of her returning apprehension. Tarbell was on the point of speaking when Jack rose. "Tarb," he said, "had n't we better be going? It is past five."

"You must go now?" asked Margaret.

"We have a committee meeting in ten minutes," said Tarbell.

"I am very glad to have seen you," said Margaret. "A year can be a long time for old friends, you know."

"When shall I see you again?" asked Jack.

"To-morrow at the concert."

"No," he answered, "I can't very well go there."

A natural impulse led Margaret to try to atone for her thoughtlessness. "I shall be free on Thursday morning," she said, "and glad to see you."

Tarbell took Eldredge by the arm. "Come, Jack," said he; "we must not keep them waiting."

BOYS AND MEN

The two men had scarcely gone when Margaret wrote a hurried note, and despatched it by a messenger, saying there would be no answer.

A few hours later, dressed for the ball, she was sitting alone in a private drawing-room of the hotel. More than once she glanced at a clock which was ticking loudly at the other end of the room. Presently, hearing a step, she rose, and stood face to face with Tarbell. He came toward her without a word.

"Oh, Tom," she exclaimed, "I feared you might not come! And Jack — he does not know?"

"Not that I am here," answered Tarbell, calmly; "but I have deceived him for the last time." He spoke deliberately, with no tone of rebuke; but Margaret, for the instant taking his words amiss, flushed, and her eyes sparkled disdainfully.

"I hope," said she, "that you don't mean to reproach me, Tom."

"No," he answered, "no thought could have been less in my mind. If anybody has sinned against Jack, I am the one. He has trusted me and made me his closest friend, and it seems to me as if he were receiving a poor reward. In return for his friendship I have come between him and possible happiness."

"What do you mean?" asked Margaret, her eyes flashing. "Does Jack think he has a claim upon me?"

"No," said Tarbell, "I would not call it a claim. He loves you, Margaret, but that is hardly a claim."

"And you have come to speak for him?"

"No," he answered; "I came both because you asked me and because I hoped we could plan some

THE POINT OF HONOUR

way to spare him a humiliation such as no man should be made to suffer. He has borne enough; I cannot see him suffer any more."

"Do you think that Jack needs a champion to defend him against me, or that I would willingly hurt him? I am fond of Jack, but not in a way that would make me think of marrying him if he were the only man left."

While Margaret was speaking, Tarbell, in obedience to her gesture, had dropped into a chair facing hers. He made no reply to her question, but, resting his elbows on his knees, fell to touching his fingertips lightly one against another, in an absent sort of way. A lamp's deep glow lit his face, and there Margaret saw an expression melancholy and wistful, as if some memory had struggled to the surface to make itself incomprehensibly visible, as dreams sometimes are on the faces of sleepers who cannot tell them when they wake. Margaret, with her chin in her hand, sat watching him, fascinated by his power. Presently, in an altered tone, as if the transparent truthfulness of Tarbell's nature had compelled her to search her own conscience, she said: "I am afraid, Tom, I might have saved Jack from making any mistake if I had acted wisely at the beginning. He seemed to me only a charming boy, and it was cruel of me to let him go so far, after I began to see that he was misconstruing my liking into something warmer than friendship. Of course, he never told you about the gypsy's prediction and the four-leaved clover I gave him as a talisman. I regretted that silliness as soon as I saw how seriously he took it.

BOYS AND MEN

When I saw how fond of me he was growing, it seemed impossible to change my manner without wounding him. I hoped, too, that he would get over his fancy when I was so long away. Poor Jack! I seem to have been the worst of his misfortunes."

For an instant she buried her face in her arms. Hearing Tarbell rise, she looked up. "Margaret," he said, "I have about decided."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going to tell him; it's the only fair thing to do."

"When?" demanded Margaret.

"Now, if I can find him alone. Joe must have gone out before this. It is twenty minutes to nine."

"He is not coming for me till nine," she answered. Something in Tarbell's face almost frightened her. She rose, too, and stood quite still before him, with one hand clutching an edge of the table. "Tom," she said, "what are you going to tell Jack?"

"I don't know, Margaret," he responded with an effort; "I must think a little more, alone."

"Then," cried Margaret, vehemently, "I can tell you. Say that it is useless. No regret for any wrong that I have done can make me love him ever. He does not love me. It is blind infatuation for him even to hope. And you," she went on with passion, — "will he dare to do you an injustice?"

"An injustice?"

"Yes," she answered; "if he lacks courage, he will be ready to lay the blame on you. I do not know it, but I fear he will. Do you expect him to give up his delusion generously? If he is blind enough to

THE POINT OF HONOUR

cling to it in spite of all that I have done to undeceive him, why should he not be blind enough to ask some sacrifice of you?"

Tarbell did not reply, but dropped into a chair, bewildered. For an instant he felt a temptation to sacrifice anything except his own happiness; but, after all, happiness gained in such a way would be only the egotist's name for misery. Margaret had used the word "infatuation," and he longed to agree; yet might she not be giving some other kind of love than his own a name to ease her conscience? Some instinct bade him follow her, right or wrong; but stronger still were the promptings of a justice that might wound but could not stain.

In the midst of his distressful revery he heard Margaret speak his name, and looking up, he saw in her face no longer the expression of injured pride, but something wonderfully mournful and tender, as if she had at last read to the bottom of his heart. It was a look of great compassion, disdaining pity, ennobling both to her and to him. She seated herself near and rested her fingers on his arm. "My dear Tom," she said, "how much I have made you bear! and yet you know the reason; there is only one, — I love you. Do what you think is right, and that will be right to me. Go, Tom," she went on, her voice trembling and scarcely audible, "it is almost nine; Joe will soon be here, and I must pull myself together before I meet him."

Tarbell and Margaret rose and walked silently to the door. The clock was ticking loudly, as the large pointer jogged persistently toward the hour. There

BOYS AND MEN

rose to their ears a murmur of confused voices and ripples of laughter, but there was no profaning eye to witness the parting, no ear to catch the quiet "Good-night."

On leaving Margaret, Tarbell, to avoid the crowd in the hall-way of the hotel, went out by a side door to the street. It was a warm night, dimly illuminated by the lights of the city and a multitude of stars. Still uncertain as to what would be the wisest course to pursue, and wishing to put himself into a calmer frame of mind, Tarbell did not immediately return to his college rooms, but entered a street in an old-fashioned part of the town, where he found himself almost alone. Having stopped a second to light his pipe, he walked, without heeding the direction, until it burned out. Again he filled it, and turning into another street, began to quicken his steps. Presently he halted beneath a lamp and looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes past nine. By going slowly he would reach the Quadrangle at ten. Then he felt sure not only of finding Jack in his room, but that the others would have gone to the ball. During the few moments which remained before his interview with Eldredge, Tarbell knew that he must find in himself alone the guiding counsel. One word ill-chosen, or the right word spoken at the wrong instant would suffice to bring on the catastrophe which he was determined to avert. Yet what could he know? All his comradeship with Eldredge could furnish but the slimmest clues to the solution of this puzzle. That his happiness was a link in the chain which he

THE POINT OF HONOUR

and Margaret and Jack had welded was to Tarbell perfectly clear; and to that happiness had he no right? Was it unfair for him to make what Nature had given him his own?

As he climbed the stairs which led to Eldredge's room, Tarbell experienced a revolt against his own persistent endeavour to reach by logic a conclusion fatal to the nobler impulses that kept welling up within him. Hesitating then no longer, he went to his friend's door and knocked.

"Come in," said Jack. "Oh, Tarb, it's you! I was wondering where you had gone." He got no further, for, spying suddenly the gloom of Tarbell's face, he stood with half-parted lips, suspicious of some ill. Like a sensitive needle quivering before the storm, Jack's emotions became visible in a second. His face darkened, and he stood motionless, waiting for Tarbell to speak. Softly closing the door, Tarbell went straight to Eldredge and laid both hands upon his shoulders. For an instant they remained stock still, staring into each other's souls, conscious that the cardinal moment of their lives had come.

"Jack," said Tarbell, "I have been to see Margaret and that is why I am here."

"Did she send you?"

"No, I came of my own free will."

"Oh! I understand," said Eldredge, turning ashen gray. "You love her."

"Yes," replied Tarbell, with terrible agitation, "I love her." He dropped his hands from Eldredge's shoulders. Sure as Jack had been of some evil tidings, Tarbell's utterance sent the blood into his face. His

BOYS AND MEN

lips became suddenly parched, his throat contracted and dry. For a moment there came to him the impulse to say something utterly ignoble, but, half maddened though he was, the deeper fineness of his nature restrained him and he gave his thought no tongue.

“Jack,” said Tarbell, “there was no help for what has happened to you and me. My dear fellow, it seems as if some fatality has been pursuing us. My life is bound up in yours — has been so almost since the day we struck our partnership nearly four years ago. That I should have added one drop to your bitterness is something I hate to think, but it’s true — true as we’re standing here. Now what are we going to do?”

“Only justice,” said Eldredge. “I do not ask you to make a sacrifice for me.” He spoke feverishly, and there was something rasping in his tone which cut Tarbell like a rough-edged knife. But in the great charity of his heart he bore the cruelly suggestive words as a man who is dealing with a boy. “Do you mean to imply,” burst out Eldredge, “that Margaret has never cared for me, or am I to believe that she has changed in a single year, as if it made no difference whether she trod upon my life? Damn it! Have I no right to happiness?”

“Jack, Jack! I beg you not to speak rashly. Think, man, think what you’re saying before you condemn. If it were impossible to err, you would have no need of pardoning either her or me, but it’s only justice for you to look facts squarely in the face. Margaret does not love you.”

THE POINT OF HONOUR

“You know it,” said Eldredge; “I ask you how?”

“Because she told me so hardly an hour ago.” To this Eldredge made no reply, but threw himself into a chair and stared at Tarbell with a look of desperation. And in that look was an expression of such utter loneliness that Tarbell’s heart was torn with responsive anguish. He thought of their early days together, of Jack’s ready affection and cheery helpfulness when times went ill. They had been brothers, not by the chance of blood, but in a surer, better way. And as he entered deeper into their common past, there came to his mind their journeys to The Oaks, and gentle Mrs. Eldredge, who had made him her son. In the days when disaster pressed upon him, threatening to thwart the ambitions which he had striven so long to attain, the Eldredges had come to his aid simply, with no possible thought of gain. Through Mr. and Mrs. Eldredge, who had liked him at first as Jack’s friend but later had come to esteem him for his own sake, he had succeeded. They were dead, and the debt was still unpaid. Like ghosts rising to warn him, the memories came thronging, — visions born in his brain to be his honour’s guardians. If the debt was to be annulled, whom could he repay but their heir, his friend Jack Eldredge? And how would gratitude deferred be different from ingratitude? But if he followed such logic to the bitter end, by what means could he avoid an act of intolerable cowardice? To Margaret he had given a pledge which involved not only her happiness but his honour. Whichever way he turned, there rose in his path an insurmountable barrier. In

BOYS AND MEN

speechless bewilderment he began to pace the room, and Eldredge, forgetful of any agony but his own, followed him with restless eyes, expectant, almost hoping that in another instant Tarbell would utter words of self-damnation. Indeed, he trusted in Tarbell's very loftiness of soul to give him what he believed was his by right. Strangest of all, Eldredge clung stubbornly to the delusion that Margaret loved him even though another had won her.

Meanwhile Tarbell continued walking to and fro, absorbed in the desire to find some solution which would enable him to save his honour without wrecking his happiness. In vain he struggled to persuade himself that Margaret might not know her own heart. His knowledge of her, gained at critical moments, and a feeling impossible to define forced him to a contrary opinion. And the consciousness of her love uplifted him now, giving him strength for stoic resolve, — even such strength as he needed to hazard his own happiness for the sake of his friend. Beneath the fascination which Eldredge felt, Tarbell had discerned the deep loveliness of Margaret's nature, and her yielding to the temptation to make use of her power had seemed to him so natural as to require no pardon.

In the stress and turmoil of his heart there flashed into his mind a saving thought. He turned for an instant toward Eldredge. "Jack," he said, "there is just one way to settle this. As soon as our work here is done, I am going back to Arizona."

"What!" exclaimed Eldredge. "No, Tarb, I'll never consent to that — never. I cannot let you

THE POINT OF HONOUR

ruin your life for me." He rose with flushed cheeks and tears in his eyes, but his face was no longer tense with disappointment and galling fear. If Tarbell had been less moved, he might have caught the ray of pleasure with which Jack received his renunciation. Yet he did not fail to perceive in Eldredge's words a false ring which caused him a certain gladness, for in that sign he recognized the fulness of his friend's delusion.

"Jack," he said, "I'm not ruining my life, but simply giving you the chance to better yours. Never mind me. Each of us has the right to do for himself the best he can. I'll go my way. Never think hard of me. You and I have been partners from the start, and, by Heaven, the firm sha'n't go into bankruptcy now!" He clapped Eldredge on the shoulder and looked him squarely in the face. "My dear boy," he said, "if there's one thing I earnestly desire, it's your welfare! and I am going to take the only way I can think of to prove it."

"But, Tarb," said Eldredge, "I need you here. You know my father's wish. He told me again and again that you could work your way to a high place in the Company. What is there for you in Arizona? You can't make your fortune on a desert."

"Jack," answered Tarbell, "don't ask me to turn my back on good resolutions. If you believe in the bottom of your soul that I have n't acted like I ought to, I want you to tell me. One of us is wrong, but we're going to be older, and one of these days we'll find out whether it was you or I."

"Tarb," cried Jack, impulsively, "I beg you not

BOYS AND MEN

to think that way. You and I have always dealt squarely with each other, and I feel terribly sorry that you are going away. Neither of us is to blame, and I have nothing to forgive you."

At this outburst Tarbell was cut to the quick, but, beyond a quivering of the lips, his face gave no more evidence of his pain than if it had been a mask. The note of self-pity jarred him, but he felt a compensating joy in the thought that Margaret had read Jack truly. He saw, too, with sudden clearness of vision, that the misfortunes which Jack had suffered had not been such as to purge away the dross of egotism. The generosity which involves self-sacrifice he had still to learn. Knowing Jack's limitations, Tarbell had hardly looked for magnanimity, and his wide experience of men strengthened his belief in the saving power of time. Hence he faced the situation with dignity, charity, and courage. Tarbell had looked deep enough into life to know how shallow is the wisdom which judges a man either by the best or the worst that he can do. In his eyes Eldredge was still the friend who had helped him, his comrade and "brother."

"Well, Jack," he said, as he turned to go, "you and I have been a good while in the dark, but, thank God, we're once more out in the light. Let's stay there till the end of our lives." He paused for an instant, and his lips trembled. "Good-night, partner," he said. "I'll see you to-morrow."

Without another word Tarbell left the room. Crossing the hall, he shut and locked his door against intruders. He struck no light, but went

THE POINT OF HONOUR

straight to the open window, and looked out across the Quadrangle to a building which glowed in the blue darkness. Through the still air there came soothingly to his ears faint music.

For a long while he stood there in a sort of lethargy, his almost only sensation being one of profound relief. So pleasant was this feeling that he made no effort to recall the phases of the recent ordeal, but allowed his mind to wander vaguely over incoherent happenings of his college life. Presently the clock chimed, and he noticed for the first time that it was out of tune. Then he began to count the strokes, and, not being sure whether it was eleven or midnight, lighted the gas, and looked at his watch. About two hours had passed since he had set forth on his errand. They seemed an indefinite time. It was true that within those two hours he had lived a considerable portion of his life, and that each minute had been exceedingly unhappy. Yet somehow he felt a tranquillity of soul such as he had not known in months, and he looked forward to whatever might come with abundant courage. And courage he needed, for the burden still rested on his shoulders, but he did not flinch at the hazard of his fortunes.

At the conclusion of his second summer of railroad-ing Tarbell had paid off the last penny of his debt, and there even remained a small sum to his credit. In addition, he had most of the money which Mr. Eldredge had given for his real estate, and upon this capital he relied to tide him over to better times. His single troublesome thought was how he should justify his exile to Margaret. Having pondered for a

BOYS AND MEN

long time, he determined that absolute consistency with his resolution, and faith to Eldredge left him but one way. With this determination, he sat down at his desk and wrote to Margaret, endeavouring to word his letter in such a way as to avoid any biasing emotion.

DEAR MARGARET, — I have talked with Jack, but I fear there is only one way to persuade him. For his sake as well as mine, do all you can to open his eyes and set him right. I am sorry this task must fall to you and that I can do nothing more to help. I have decided to leave to-morrow for Arizona. You must forgive my not coming to tell you all that happened. I would give the world to see you before I leave, but I have determined that Jack shall not have further reason for believing me disloyal. Be kind to him, and help him to get some more of the good sense which a man needs to live fairly with his friends. I cannot tell you now where I am going to be, but my old address will do. Good-bye, sweetheart. I sha'n't give you a chance to forget me. Be good to Jack. He has suffered a great deal, and we must overlook his faults for the sake of old memories.

Your ever faithful

TOM.

Having posted this letter, Tarbell returned to his rooms and fell to the task of packing. It was a gloomy undertaking. Amongst these relics he had dwelt for four years, living joyfully his belated boyhood. How many bygone scenes flashed back to his mind as he laid away the treasures of his college life! Moleskin trousers patched and stained, torn sweaters, and other shabby gear, society emblems, a pewter toby scratched with the names of good companions,

THE POINT OF HONOUR

old text-books, and a hundred other things. To him the meanest of them seemed to have a soul. They, too, were his friends, and he would have been as loath to cast them aside as a man would be to discard some crony who had grown seedy from hard trials or old age.

When Tarbell had finished his labours, he lit his pipe, and sat for a while on the window-seat, thinking. Across the Campus he could see the gleam of many burners and catch the strains of music dulled by rumbling carriages. He recalled his apprenticeship in the world of fashion, and there passed over his face the glimmer of a smile. Once more the clock chimed, and this time he made no mistake in counting, for it struck but two.

XXXI

REPARATION

ON the following day Tarbell was present at the last function of his college life. Hardly had he received his degree when he bade good-bye to his classmates and disappeared. Margaret had not seen him, nor had he caught a glimpse of her, but he knew that she must have been somewhere amongst the throng, and he wondered whether she could already know. Margaret had gone to the Senior Promenade, not merely to gratify her brother, but also because she feared to stir his suspicions, for he would not have failed to press her for an explanation had he imagined that anything was wrong. Once, when his turn came to dance with her he asked why she kept so quiet.

“Do I seem unusually quiet, Joe?” returned Margaret, with a certain air of wonder, and by an adroit digression she guided him into another channel. Despite her outward composure, Margaret was heart-sick and eager to be rid of it all — to be alone, free to think her thoughts to the end. As it was, she needed all the power of her will to find answers even to the conversation of a ballroom.

On returning to the hotel, Margaret could hardly resist the temptation to inquire for letters, being anxious to learn how Tarbell had carried out his

REPARATION

resolution, but was restrained by the presence of her brother. So she bade him good-night and went to her room in a most unhappy mood. It was not until nine o'clock the next morning that she received Tarbell's letter. Her first feeling was one of indignation and anger. Had Eldredge appeared at that instant, his shrift would have been short indeed, but Margaret read the letter again and again, until finally the stalwart nobility of Tarbell's renunciation lifted her to a broader consideration. Nor was Margaret so sure of her conscience that she could give way to the passionate resentment aroused in her by the thought that Jack had driven Tarbell into the desert in order that *he* might coddle his pet delusion.

When Eldredge called at the hotel, on the afternoon of Commencement Day, he found that the Glens had gone, leaving Joe to dispose of his numerous belongings and follow at leisure. After a few futile attempts to write a satisfactory letter, he made up his mind to await an opportunity for an interview, thinking that as the Glens were to open their summer home, it would not be long in coming. But those first weeks of Tarbell's exile were so bitter to Margaret, and the effort to conceal his own struggle was so manifest in Tarbell's letters, that Margaret peremptorily negatived her brother's suggestion of inviting Jack for a visit. To be kind to him would have been an impossibility in her present mood. But more and more, as Margaret grew to realize the largeness of Tarbell's nature, she strove to soften her displeasure, knowing that she must be prepared not only to disabuse Jack's mind concerning

BOYS AND MEN

herself, but to show him how unworthily he had acted toward Tarbell. How to achieve this generously became her ruling idea. At a house party given in the late autumn by Mr. and Mrs. Billy James the opportunity came, and found Margaret fully prepared.

On their first meeting Jack saw, although he did not comprehend, the change which a few months had made. Her beauty dazzled him still, nor was there any decrease in her charm, but she seemed years older, infinitely more serious, and held him almost in awe. Nevertheless, possessed by his old idea, he sought an interview, which sufficed to open his eyes and bring his stock of self-esteem to the verge of bankruptcy. Then a letter from Tarbell to Joseph Glenn, inquiring in the old hearty way what Jack had been doing since graduation, completed Jack's conviction of his own injustice. For the first time he realized the difference between the giving of gifts and the giving of one's self. Making the best excuse he could devise, he departed; every generous impulse in his awakened soul demanding that he make immediate reparation.

The first available train found Eldredge on his way to Arizona. The journey was intolerably long, but in the dragging hours of day and night he had time to rear some new ideals; to view life from a higher, less personal plane. Incidents long forgotten came back to his mind, — his meeting with Tarbell and the mere chance which had brought about their friendship; how that friendship had grown and stood like a rock smitten but not shattered by the storm. How often, too, Tarbell had held him back when

REPARATION

he had been on the brink of some boyish folly! He realized now the worth of Tarbell's friendship, and fell to wondering why he had never before taken a full measure of the man. Yet it was not so strange, since he had but recently come to see himself; for it happens sometimes that we go a good piece of life's road without stopping to consider that hidden bundle of faults and virtues which we call soul.

Eldredge arrived at last at Tucson only to find that Tarbell had left for Phoenix the week before, to enter somebody's law office, the postmaster said, vouchsafing that Tucson was a better place for the study of law. Jack did not venture his opinion that neither was a promising field for that profession, but posted back to the railway station to catch the first train for Phoenix. After a dreary wait of some hours, he was again on the way. Nothing could have been less cheering than the stretch of country between Tucson and Phoenix. As Jack looked out upon the blighted land, where there was no sign of verdure, nothing but stunted brush and burning rock, he could but wonder that Tarbell had chosen this for a land of exile. Had he thought deeper, he could not have failed to know the reason.

When the train arrived in Phoenix about seven o'clock, Eldredge went immediately to the most promising hotel and inquired for Tarbell.

"Tarbell?" said the clerk; "why, certainly. He's here."

"Where?" asked Jack, with his heart in his throat.

BOYS AND MEN

At that instant he felt on his shoulder the pressure of a hand. He turned with a start and stood face to face with Tarbell. "Jack," said he, "you've found your man."

Eldredge seized him by the hand. His lips trembled, and he seemed hardly able to speak. Instinctively the two moved away from the crowd. "Tarb," said Jack, breaking the silence, "I've come to take you home."

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